

Grey Riders

Frederic F. Van de Water

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Major George Fletcher Chandler
Superintendent, New York State Troopers

Grey Riders

The Story of
The New York State Troopers

By
Frederic F. Van de Water

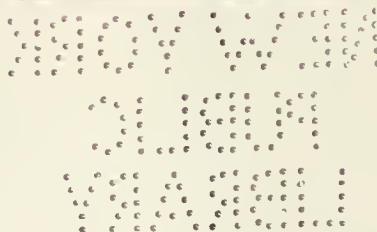
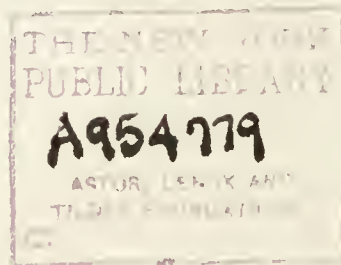
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by
Frederic F. Van de Water

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FORMER GOVERNOR SMITH'S ENDORSEMENT

DURING my two years as Governor of the State of New York, the Department of State Police, sometimes referred to as the "State Troopers," came under my personal observation and I have abundant reason to believe that the State should be very proud of its line of first defense in the rural communities as well as in some of the smaller cities when their service was called for by local authority.

The risk and danger makes the trooper's life one of constant devotion to the maintenance of the dignity and the majesty of the law.

ALFRED E. SMITH.

February 7th, 1922.



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FOREWORD

ABOUT three years ago the New York *Tribune* wrote, asking if it would be possible to get a story of the State Police. As a result of the correspondence which followed Mr. F. F. Van de Water called upon me in Albany, and after talking with him it occurred to me that if he would don the uniform of a trooper, live at one of our barracks, and ride about on patrol he could get the spirit of the organization, study its personnel, and be able to write understandingly of it. Since then he has spent his vacations with us, for he was so popular with the men that I made him an "Honorary Trooper," he being the only man holding such a warrant. He has passed a good deal of time with the members of this command and probably knows more about this department than anyone who is not a salaried member.

I have read his book, *Grey Riders*, and can say that it is based upon actual facts and depicts the life and spirit of the New York State Troopers

as they are, with one exception, and that is his reference to me. In this matter I am convinced he is biased, for the position that the New York State Troopers hold in this State is due to the splendid officers and men who comprise the force who have done their work so well.

The book I believe will appeal to all citizens both young and old who stand for law and order, and the fascinating manner in which the story is told cannot but be a source of pleasure. Every member of this department is deeply grateful to, and proud of, Honorary Trooper F. F. Van de Water.

GEORGE FLETCHER CHANDLER.

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Grey Riders

Grey Riders

CHAPTER I

FOREBEARS

THE snow had come sweeping in from the west to meet the dawn. It had caught the day at its birth and smothered it. The grey twilight that had presaged sunrise had lingered all morning. Between the February sun and the storm-lashed reaches of Western New York a blizzard, a mile thick and a hundred miles broad was driving.

The mercury had dropped to zero during the night. Now that noon had passed, it was sinking still lower. There were at the moment no streets in Lowville. Where they had run the snow stretched level from fence top to fence top. Presently, if the storm endured there would be no houses either. Drifts that had banked up on their windward walls were already reaching toward the second story.

Through windows heavily etched with frost, the villagers looked out upon the great white clouds roaring past like steam and thanked God for their own warm shelters. Nothing seemed abroad that 21st of February, 1920, but the whirling flakes and the shrieking wind.

At 2:30 that afternoon a cry for help came across ten miles of blizzard-swept fields to certain men in grey who waited at their substation in Lowville. Faintly heard above the drone of wind-strained telephone wires, Sergeant Williams, commanding the substation, caught the hysterical voice of a woman in New Bremen.

"My husband's going to kill me," the message ran. "He's shot at me. He's going to kill me. My husband's going to kill me."

The sergeant broke in upon the frightened babbling and learned the woman's name and the location of her home. He also learned that she was crouching behind a locked door in that home, while on the other side a maniacal man waited pistol in hand.

"It's all right," he told her, "we're coming."

The snow tapped and sputtered on the frosted window. There was a note of ironic laughter in the scream of the gale. As Williams turned from the telephone, another man in grey was

struggling into a sheepskin coat. To him, Trooper Meehan, the sergeant gave the message.

“Get there,” he added, “Get there—somehow.”

A moment later, Meehan was lurching through the blast toward the stable. Five minutes thereafter, Lowville saw a horseman go storming down the street into the teeth of the wind.

“Get there—somehow.”

There was no use in trying to follow the road. Where possible, he rode along ridges kept bare by the gale. Where drifts intervened and could not be circled he slapped spurs into his horse and plowed his way through.

Landmarks had been swept away by the cold white cloud. The wind buffeted him and tried to steal away his breath. Fingers grew numb on the bridle rein; feet scarcely felt the stirrups to which they clung.

Meehan fought his way along. For five miles he went forward through that blizzard. Then, punished by the wind and the cold, weakened by interminable floundering through drifts, his horse staggered and fell. The rider extricated himself and got his mount to his feet. Nearby, through the whirling snow clouds, there loomed the shadowy bulk of a farmhouse. Toward

this Meehan struggled with his exhausted animal.

Of the amazed farmer who answered his knock, he asked permission to stable his horse. When he had done this, he turned the high collar of his coat about his ears and spoke to the man who had come out to aid him.

“How far to New Bremen?”

“Well,” the other debated, “’bout five miles, I guess. Might as well be fifty. Come on into the house.”

“Get there—somehow.”

Meehan shook his head and after a few brief instructions as to what his would-be host should do in event of certain emergencies, pushed out again into the storm to face five miles of drift and snow and cruel wind on foot.

For an instant behind him he heard the voice of the farmer shouting a Jeremiad. Then the scream of the tempest shut out all other sounds.

The snow lashed and stung at his face. It drifted into his collar. It caked on his eyelashes and bleared his sight. Sometimes there were drifts through which he swam rather than walked. Sometimes there were bare patches of road where the wind blew so fiercely that he could scarcely stand against it.

The twilight that had endured all day, unchanged, was now thickening, and wintry darkness came creeping up through the white hollows of an empty world. No living thing was abroad but this single man in the sheepskin jacket and grey uniform, fighting the blizzard single-handed; pushing on across a wintry desert because he was part of a service that has yet to fail to answer a cry of distress.

The dusk had deepened into blackness when there came a knock at the door of a house in New Bremen that had sheltered impending tragedy that day. The man who had waited outside a barricaded door, pistol in hand and murder in his heart, turned and then raised his arms in token of surrender as another entered.

White marks where the frost had nipped were on the stranger's face. Snow clung to his uniform, to his hair, his eyebrows, to the gauntleted hand that held a revolver.

"State trooper," this apparition said hoarsely, "What's the matter here?——"

A little later, the telephone in the substation at Lowville rang again. The man who had tried to kill his wife had been locked up. The woman was safe.

Trooper Meehan of the New York State Police had got there—somehow.

In the Executive Law of the State of New York, you will find them recorded as “The Department of State Police.” That is their official title which the folk they serve do not recognize. To the people of rural New York they have always been “The State Troopers.”

In the four and a half years of the troopers’ existence, these people, originally far from enthusiastic, have learned to respect, and to trust them.

For the first four years, they were only 233 in number—four troops, a bare cavalry squadron in strength. In June of 1921, two more troops were added. To-day, 350 men patrol by horse and motor vehicle, a precinct that runs from New York City’s limit to the Canadian line; from where their State reaches furthest westward, to the New England border.

Some forty-five thousand square miles of open country are in the troopers’ keeping. Cities they avoid. At their limits the authority of the grey riders ends, unless the Governor sends them in. They are rural police and their proper patrols are the little roads where people are far apart and crimes of late years have been close together.

Theirs is a more difficult problem than the intensive work of a city police force. Their charges are far-flung. The criminal whom they pursue has territory the size of a Balkan kingdom in which to hide. And they, themselves, are ridiculously few for the work they do.

Yet in 1920, this handful of quiet grey horsemen arrested some eleven thousand persons, an average of about fifty per man. In the same year, the New York City Police who are fond of hailing themselves as "the finest," made an average of twenty-four arrests per man per year.

From these arrests, the city police obtained 80 per cent convictions. The troopers got from theirs 94.6 per cent. Twenty out of every hundred men arrested in New York City were discharged. Of every hundred arrested by the troopers, less than six went scot free.

For stark efficiency—which is only part of the story—the record of the grey riders in 1920 has never been equalled in the history of rural police of this continent.

They were born in wartime. This handicapped their organization. They faced, when they rode out on their first patrols, the suspicion of farmer folk who had only a vague and generally erroneous idea of their purpose. The crea-

tion of a Republican administration, they were forced to confront within sixteen months of the beginning of their work, the hostility of a Democratic Governor.

These handicaps they have overcome by unspectacular faithful performance of their duty as interpreted to them by their superintendent, Major George F. Chandler, a man with extraordinarily high ideals of police work, wide military experience and an exceptional gift of leadership.

Political influence has never been able to reach them. They have faced the ordeal of quelling industrial strife but have never wavered in their impartial enforcement of the law. They have kept clear of partisanship in local disputes. Unsoiled and unafraid, they have held to a creed that ranks service to the people they guard on the same level as their protection.

No police force has ever had a higher ideal or has followed it with greater devotion. The New York State Troopers, by grace of that steadfastness, stand to-day in the foremost rank of rural police, the world over.

Grey is their color; the neutral hue of weather-beaten granite. Grey campaign hats shield their eyes from the glare and dust of the roads.

Purple cords on these, purple ties binding the throats of the flannel shirts are the sole touches of color about the sober horsemen. Tunics and riding breeches of English cut, high laced leather boots or puttees, and broad brown belts holding against lean thighs the weight of the Colt 45, complete the uniform. For dress wear there is a military cap, also of grey, and a dress overcoat. Fur caps and sheepskin coats are issued for winter.

The urban population of the State knows little of these men who, two by two, patrol the rural districts, winter and summer; in heat wave and blizzard. The city dwellers for the most part are unaware of the splendid tradition that these grey shuttles are weaving as they pass to and fro across the warp of the commonwealth.

Persistent publicity is an art of which the troopers know little; possibly because the triumph of work well done in a lofty service is of itself sufficient reward; possibly, also, because they are too busy to seek the limelight.

“We’ve too much to do to want to sit around and talk about what we’ve done,” troop commanders will tell you.

The records of the service—every last one of them—are open to the seeker for information.

Each year, a report, telling briefly of an achievement finer than that of the year before is submitted to the governor. That is all. The tale is in the records for the man who wishes to read it, but no grey rider is going to insist on reading it to him.

The war clouds that came rolling in from overseas, obscured their birth. They were riding forth, equipped and ready for duty, before more than a small fraction of the State knew they had come into being. So born, and lacking the services of an able press agent, they dropped out of view of the general public, which would have been an extremely bad thing for a service differently organized and directed.

This is one reason they were neglected by film and print. Another was the fact that they resembled only remotely, those stern supermen whom magazine writers and scenario artisans have taught the public to regard as typical of State police forces.

Say "State policeman" to the average citizen and straightaway he will conjure up the picture of an iron-faced man on a rearing horse, surging into a mob of strikers with flailing night stick or smoking gun.

The conception of horsemen going soberly to



A Grey Rider

and fro on patrols throughout the State; courteous, quiet, attending strictly to their own business, which is chiefly the petty woes an unprotected countryside brings to them for alleviation, is anti-climatic to persons who have thrilled to stories of "black hussars" and "cossacks of capitalism."

Under the troopers' ministration, rural crime has decreased year by year in New York State. Automobile accidents have been kept down in the rural districts since they began to patrol the highways.

But the average citizen does not know that and might not be particularly interested if he did.

New York, since the troopers came into being, has passed through a period of such extensive and violent industrial disorder as it has never known hitherto. Yet not once has the National Guard been called upon to restore the laws. In a half dozen class wars, into which the grey riders have been called to stop rioting, not a single man has been killed, or badly hurt. The rioting stopped when the troopers arrived. Yet they have never broken a strike. They have merely enforced the law of New York State that they have sworn to uphold.

No one has ever told the average citizen that, either. The more picturesque State police organizations that preceded the troopers have stolen the thunder and burned out the limelight.

The Royal Northwest, now the Canadian Mounted, shepherd of the Indian, guardian of the settler; the organization that carried the law north of fifty-three; the Texas Ranger who keeps Mexico's outlaws on their side of the Rio Grande; the Pennsylvania State Police, born of bitter conflict in the coal fields and quellers of savage industrial uprisings—these are blood brethren of the quiet grey riders who patrol the farms and villages of rural New York.

These earlier troopers have appropriated all the show parts in the drama of State Police on this continent. They brought to America and developed here many of the ideals of police work since taken over and modified by the troopers.

Untamed frontier lands or bitter class warfare called the elder organizations into being.

The New York State Troopers were the first State police force evolved in America primarily to afford protection to the country districts of a State old in civilization. No great crisis inspired their creation, but rather the gradually growing conviction that the people of the coun-

tryside deserved some more efficient police than the slip-shod constable and the uncertain deputy sheriff.

The troopers are the most modern development of the State police movement which, compared to the age of Western civilization, is still in its infancy.

The Nineteenth Century was the period of a great change in the attitude of society toward the laws under which it existed. The police of the Eighteenth Century were, in great part, amateur or professional soldiers. Not a little of the work of law enforcement was performed by the regular armed force of the nation. Dragoons were employed to run down highwaymen. Soldiers mounted guard over condemned criminals and held back the morbid crowds at executions.

Gradually the need arose for a differentiation between the soldier and the policeman. There came a split in the forces organized for the defence of the country. The soldier became the armed man standing against foreign aggression and a new force was recognized. These were the police; the uniformed, drilled, younger brothers of the professional fighting men. They were pledged to war against, not the enemies

from overseas, but internal menaces to the peace and safety of the people themselves: the citizens who violated the law and order of the land.

In English-speaking countries, the city watch, for many years as obsolete as the town walls it was created to guard, went out of existence and instead there sprang up the municipal police, having little to do with protection of the city from invasion, but vested with complete authority over the law enforcement of the community.

Gradually this system of trained, organized police extended to the cities throughout the Western world. The spread of such forces to the rural districts of America was infinitely slower, though rural and city police organizations both were born in Britain within a single decade.

In America to-day, the countryside for the most part still turns for protection against marauders to the constable and the sheriff's posse that came into being under English law in 1295, as part of the militia system. These no longer carry the long bow or go about jingling in chain mail. Otherwise there is little to distinguish them from the keepers of the King's law in Merrie England of the Thirteenth Century.

In the second decade of the Nineteenth Cen-

tury, Sir Robert Peel established the first rural police—the Royal Irish Constabulary. He followed this by the organization of one of the first modern city forces. In 1829, a bill prepared by him created the London Metropolitan Police, since known, in memory of their founder, as “Peelers” or “Bobbies.”

Cities throughout the world of the Anglo-Saxon took up rapidly the ideas behind the London force, but for generations the State police movement went forward scarcely at all.

The Royal Irish Constabulary remained the sole State-supported, semi-military, delocalized police in the English-speaking lands. It is a long trail back from the ideal toward which the troopers are driving, to the combination of necessities that brought the father of State police organizations into existence.

Properly speaking, at its outset the Royal Irish Constabulary was a force of rangers, rather than a modern State police. Ireland was in ferment with the age-old conflict between Celt and Saxon. It was manifestly impossible to create local police organizations in the affected districts. Under the pressure of local influence, they either would not have obeyed the Crown or they would have been wiped out of existence.

Thus, to see that the English law was observed in a country in a state of incipient revolt, it was necessary that a force owing no local allegiance, government supported and semi-military in organization be brought into being and the first State police was born.

The third quarter of the Nineteenth Century saw the northwestward thrust of civilization in Canada. Traders, miners, cattle men, homesteaders began to drift in ever increasing numbers into the territory that the Indians had heretofore regarded as their own. To the danger of uprisings of the red men was added, as the presence of the whites began to make itself felt, the bad man, the rustler, the outlaw, and all the other agencies of violence that accompany the opening up of new lands.

Law had to be brought to these young, unruly provinces. Month by month, the tale of unpunished crimes by reds and whites increased.

Sir John MacDonald, premier of Canada, in 1872 ordered an investigation into conditions in the northwest. This was made by Colonel Robertson-Ross. His report was the seed from which the Royal Northwest Mounted Police sprang.

In the frontier lands, a problem, not entirely

unlike that presented in Ireland, was discovered. Here was the clash of Anglo-Saxon not against Celt, but Indian. There were hot inter-racial hatreds. There were innumerable crimes of violence. There was a lack of stability and respect for the law in the settlements which precluded the establishment of efficient local police forces.

The symptoms were roughly parallel to conditions in Ireland. They called for a similar remedy—a force of State-supported, semi-military policemen, owing allegiance to nothing but the law they were to uphold.

They would have to be determined men for it was an explosive mixture of red men and white, good and bad, with whom they would have to deal. The vast distances they would be forced to cover made a mounted force absolutely necessary.

In 1873 the Northwest Mounted came into being under command of Lieutenant Colonel George A. French. The training period was severe, for it was necessary to weed out all weaklings before the force took the field. In the work before the organization, there would be no room for the man who would quail or turn back.

By June of 1874, the men were ready for service. During the remainder of the summer, headquarters were established throughout their new territory, and the actual work of the first State Police organization to appear on the Western Hemisphere began.

Devotion to duty, impartial enforcement of the law, the bringing of justice to every offender no matter at what cost—these were the cardinal principles governing the organization. For nearly a half century they have been followed with prosaic, undeviating British determination.

The scarlet jacketed riders of a young, unruly land lived a life that was true romance. They brought home, to Indians and whites alike, that the word of the Mounted was law.

They bridled and broke and tempered the roaring frontier towns as a wrangler subdues a broncho. Enemies a-plenty they had, but none that did not respect them.

Before the northward drift of civilization, the scarlet horsemen rode, until they pushed beyond the outposts of the white man and brought the law even to the Eskimos.

No one has ever been able to reach them, politically. Few offenders have ever escaped

them. Their implacable pursuit of the criminal has become an axiom in the far north—"They always get their man."

This may not be strictly fact, but the cases where criminals have actually escaped from the Mounted are extremely few. Throughout their history, there are incidents that read like the most violent efforts of a particularly imaginative dime novelist. There are other tales of sacrifice and devotion to duty that shine with the high clear light of splendid drama.

Four years after the Northwest Mounted came into being, the second State police force created in North America was born at the other end of the continent. Here the relationship with the constabulary in Ireland is not so direct. Rather, it is a case of like conditions bringing forth, in general, like results.

The Texas Rangers were organized in 1878, chiefly to keep the border clear of the cattle thieves who lived in Mexico and plundered in Texas. Later, the work of the organization was also extended to maintaining order in the unruly western counties of the State.

The Rangers have never been a closely-knit organization. Discipline among them is slack. They have no uniform and relations between

members of the various companies and their officers are more fraternal than military.

Yet they are hard fighters and riders, expert with rifle and revolver and terrible in battle. Cattle thieves and bad men have been partially eliminated from Texas—nothing has yet been able to stop the occasional depredations of the former. The Rangers are still in existence, but they have in large part outlived their usefulness. They belong properly to the riotous, quick-shooting days when the West was young. The service they then performed in bringing law to Texas has afforded material for some of the most thrilling chapters of American frontier history.

The Northwest Mounted and the Rangers were called into being to bring the law to the frontier. For nearly thirty years after the creation of the Rangers, no State police arose in the United States.

Then, once more, the need of a centralized, non-political force, supported by the State, to maintain law and order within that State was made manifest in Pennsylvania. No riotous borderland inspired the organization of the Pennsylvania Mounted Police. Labor disturbance in the heart of the commonwealth, with which the feeble local police authorities were utterly

unable to cope, was the incentive for the organization of the first orthodox State Police the United States knew.

With the development of the coal and steel industries in Pennsylvania, came a tremendous influx of foreign labor; tough, unruly men; miners, muckers, and puddlers from a dozen different lands.

The conditions under which they worked were harder and more brutal than they themselves. Eventually, with the rapid growth of industries, arose the inevitable clashes between the mine and mill owners and their unionized men.

These clashes by the nature of the workers and the blindness of the employers, were extraordinarily savage. Every strike meant rioting, burning, bloodshed. In addition to the bitterness of the conflicts, the essential quality of the industries involved made them a matter of national concern.

Early in a long series of guerilla wars, the mine and mill owners created a protective organization; a distorted, bastard version of what a police force should be. The Coal and Iron Police, by the nature of things, had to be a little more lawless, a little more reckless than the workers against whom they were to cope. Theo-

retically, they were defenders of law and order, and the complacent State of Pennsylvania encouraged this fiction by commissioning these actual "cossacks of capitalism" as police officers.

It was a grim joke. The Coal and Iron Police were actually the mercenaries of the great industries. These had called them into being; organized, equipped, and paid them. In the event of industrial trouble it was easy to see what mockery they would make of law.

Instances of this mockery soon became plentiful enough. Violence bred violence interminably. The bitter warfare between savage workers and brutal plant guards culminated in 1902 when the great coal strike flamed up.

For months, the mines were idle, while about them class strife at its worst flared and thundered. The miners fought the Coal and Iron Police to a standstill. Law and order fled shrieking from seven counties of Pennsylvania. The State was forced to fall back upon its final means of protection, the National Guard. For three and a half months, citizen soldiers to the number of nine thousand were quartered in the affected region. All of these were taken from their civil employment, bringing hardship to

their families. In addition, millions of dollars in property was destroyed.

Eventually, the Federal Government intervened and a commission was appointed by President Roosevelt. After making its report as to the rights of the respective contesting parties in the dispute, the commission gave consideration to methods of preventing a recurrence of the upheaval. It condemned the atrocious Coal and Iron Police but at the same time acknowledged the utter inability of the proper peace officers—sheriffs, deputies, and constables—to cope with strikes. The germ of the Pennsylvania Mounted Police was contained in this sentence from the commission's report.

“Peace and order should be maintained by regularly appointed and responsible officers at the expense of the public.”

The recommendation of the commission was followed. There was hostility in plenty to the bill introduced in the Legislature for the creation of a State police, but the measure had the firm support of Governor Samuel W. Pennypacker and in May, 1905, became a law.

The law is the model along whose general lines succeeding State forces have been created. It provided for the appointment of a superintendent,

made him responsible to the governor, and then left the work of organizing, equipping, and directing the department entirely in his own hands. The members of the force were empowered to make arrests, serve and execute warrants; were authorized to coöperate with local authorities in detecting crime and with the forest, fire, fish, and game wardens in their work.

Governor Pennypacker appointed John C. Groome, captain of the First Troop, Philadelphia City Cavalry, as superintendent of the department, with the rank of Major. By this action he insured the future not alone of the Pennsylvania force but also of the State Police movement in America. Major Groome was a man of high ideals, broad vision, and entirely immune to political influence.

He immediately set out to study the systems of the Northwest Mounted and the Texas Rangers. Conditions which these forces confronted only vaguely approximated Pennsylvania's problem. But there was one police in existence accomplishing a work that was almost a duplicate of that Major Groome's command was to do.

Pennsylvania's problem was to organize a police able to cope with a hostile, unruly ele-

ment within the State itself—an element owning stronger allegiance to the rules of unions than to the laws of the commonwealth; with little respect for, or sympathy with, constituted authority; an element sore and savage from many injustices.

Such an element could also be found in unhappy Ireland. And there a State police had been in existence for nearly a century. To Ireland went Groome and studied intensively the work of the father of State Police organizations—the Royal Irish Constabulary.

In March, 1906, his force was ready for the field. It was essentially his force. He was responsible to the governor, but apart from this, no man could step between him and his work. He was as much commander of his men as a general in the field.

This provision, with a man of executive ability and high character in control, meant immense efficiency. With a man of another sort, it would have caused the collapse of the organization soon after birth. Groome was a leader who needed no system of checks and balances to keep him straight.

From the time of its organization, the story of the Pennsylvania Mounted Police has been a tale of dearly won triumphs and no defeats.

There has always been an element in the State, determinedly hostile to the organization. The numberless times the troopers have been called upon to intervene in industrial disputes has embittered further the initial enmity of labor to the organization. Unjustly, much of the suspicion and hate bred by the Coal and Iron Police has been visited on the State force.

There has never been a year when the labor element in Pennsylvania has not striven to overthrow the organization. The troopers have won through because of the stern principles of their service; their own initial ability and the inflexible support of the commander.

Under the law, they interfere in strikes only at the request of the local authorities, but these requests come swiftly when rioting breaks out in the coal and steel towns.

Gradually, as the department has broadened and increased in size, it has taken over, in addition, more and more of the work of rural police officers. Beside maintaining order in the industrial and mining regions, it also patrols the roads for motor vehicle law violators, keeps the untamed districts of the State in the ways of rectitude and is at the beck and call of farm folk and villagers in distress.

Many men have given up their lives in its service, for the work they have been forced to do has been often of the most desperate character. There are few veterans of the organization who do not bear scars of bitter fights. Recently Major Groome retired and was succeeded by Major Lynn G. Adams, his deputy.

No State Police has had a harder, more ungrateful task than that which confronted the Pennsylvania troopers at their outset. They have been victorious because of their adherence to the slogans that have been reiterated throughout the history of State Police forces in America—Uphold the Law; Never Turn Back; Get Your Man; Keep Out of Politics.

These were the principles on which the first full-fledged State Police force in the United States was built. It had not been in existence for many years before, from across the border, the State of New York was watching its work closely.

CHAPTER II

BIRTH

THE authorship of the first bill calling for the establishment of a State Police in New York is lost in legislative antiquity. For nearly a score of years before the troopers came into being, measures for the creation of such a force bobbed up every few sessions. These found unmarked graves in committee or, if brought to the floor of either house, perished ignominiously there.

As time went on, these proposals appeared more frequently with a gradually increasing backing. Year after year they died, but each time they died harder. The developing strength of the support behind them gave notice of a growing demand for the establishment of a State Police in New York.

Conditions behind this demand differed radically from those that had inspired the creation of the Irish Constabulary, the Northwest Mounted, the Rangers and the Pennsylvania

State Police. New York had no frontier lands to be tamed and guarded. No political or industrial upheaval within her borders called for police action.

According to standards and conditions maintaining at the close of the Nineteenth Century, the State had ample police protection. The cities, where professional criminals congregated, had forces more or less able to cope with these. The country districts boasted their constables and deputy sheriffs, hitherto regarded as entirely sufficient to uphold the law. There were no broad stretches of untouched country where outlawry might flourish. The State had been settled and cut up into cities, townships, and villages for fifty years. Its industries were not scattered through undeveloped districts as in Pennsylvania. They were centralized in factories about which cities had sprung up—cities with adequate forces of their own. Nor did the nature of these industries call for an overwhelming influx of a lawless foreign labor.

New York State in its rural districts was given over almost entirely to farming. It was a pleasant land of broad acres, great barns, and frugal, law-abiding citizens, living in an isolation caused by inadequate means of transportation.

But at the beginning of the Twentieth Century, this isolation had begun to melt away. Railroads reaching across the State had brought hitherto far-distant points closer together; had linked the rural districts more intimately with the cities. The development of the motor car was pulling once inaccessible regions close to hand. Coincident with the increase of automobiles came the better roads movement, and macadam and asphalt highways carried on the work of centralization that the railways had begun.

Citizens of the State found opened to them in an hour's ride, territory that once would have required a day's journeying to reach. Summer hotels arose far from the railroads. Dwellers in Manhattan drove in a single day to the fastnesses of the Catskills.

The automobile made the State more compact. It brought the city folk into contact with the isolated hamlets.

It also brought, to the villages and farms, the big city criminal.

Highwaymen, burglars, safe crackers, either fugitive from justice or on predatory expeditions, took to the automobile for their own dark purposes. It was easy after the commission of a

crime in Albany to leap into a machine and, by the time the police got round to looking for you, to have two or three counties between you and them. It was equally simple to go forth on a motor foray and, after robbery or worse, speed back to the city, leaving constable and deputy to a vain search.

More and more as roads and cars grew better, the little villages of the State became hunting grounds for criminals in search of easy prey or hide-outs for gentlemen who found the city too hot for them at any time of year.

Before the craft and savagery of the skilled crook, the constable and the deputy were practically helpless. They had not the training to cope with him. They had not the service tradition behind them that sometimes inspires law officers to stand up and shoot it out with the criminal at bay.

When rural life was in its pre-Revolutionary stage, the constable was an adequate police officer for the country hamlet. Since then he had not altered. He was still the pompous authority who served warrants and made search for clues when not chopping wood or plowing his field. The world had been changing. He had stood still.

The village defended by him or a deputy was only as well protected as the man who goes forth with a horse pistol against an enemy armed with an automatic.

Gradually, the protest of the dweller in rural New York against the epidemic of crime that the motor was bringing to village and farm, began to take coherent form. He wanted proper police protection against this menace. The railroad had brought the tramp to his doors. Now the automobile was importing the city crook.

Pennsylvania's State Police, created to keep industrial peace, had assumed protection over all helpless rural districts. The conviction grew that a modified version of this organization was a vital necessity in New York. Each year new converts were won to the ideal of a rural police, State supported and patrolling the unprotected territory now at the mercy of the plunderer.

New York's problem was also the general problem of most of the States in the Union. The lawless conditions in its rural districts were duplicated in other commonwealths. They were typical, not unique.

The Empire State might still be debating the solution, had it not been for a tragedy that

epitomized the helplessness of the countryside before the invasion of criminals.

Sam Howell, builder's foreman on the home that Miss M. Moyca Newell was building at Bedford Hills, N. Y., was attacked while carrying the pay roll one Saturday and murdered. The four men who slew him escaped through the inertia and cowardice of the rural officials.

There was nothing new in Howell's murder. It had been enacted in slightly divergent form over and over again in rural New York. But this killing was committed under the eyes of two women, Miss Newell and her friend, Miss Katherine Mayo, and the horror of the thing was stamped deeply on their minds.

In her foreword to one of her volumes on the Pennsylvania State Police, *Justice to All*, Miss Mayo tells of the crime.

Howell was riding a motorcycle, bringing the pay roll to the house where the carpenters were at work. Four Italians, all armed, stepped from cover at the road side and attempted to hold him up. Faithful to his trust, he bent low over his machine and rode into them. They shot but they could not bring him down. With seven bullets in his body, Howell rode his motorcycle to the house and pitched off. He turned over

the pay roll to his employers, and by name identified two of the four men who had shot him. They had been hired by him. Then he fainted and three days later died. What happened thereafter is best told in Miss Mayo's own words:

"A clearer case of identification, an easier case to handle will never occur in the history of crime. Both the identified men were Italians. One, a character well known in the region, as well as to every man on the construction, had red hair, a conspicuous scar on his cheek, and a pock-marked skin. All four spent some hours, and in all likelihood, the entire day, lying in a small islet of woods, surrounded by open fields, practically on the scene of their crime. But no attempt was made to arrest them throughout that day. No bar was put in the way of their escape.

"This statement I make without qualification for the reason that I spent the entire day of the murder on the spot and was personally cognizant of all that was done and left undone.

"I saw the complete breakdown of the sheriff-constable system. Both county sheriff and village constable present on the scene, proved utterly unrelated to the emergency and for reasons perfectly clear. I saw the group of twenty or more union workmen, encircled by twice

their number of unskilled helpers, standing with hands down. And I heard those union men refuse even to surround the islet of woods, a thousand yards distant, in which the murderers of their comrade were hiding.

“‘We earn our living on country jobs, among men like these,’ said the carpenter boss, nodding toward the listening foreigners, ‘knives and guns are their playthings and when they want me, they’ll get me, just as they got poor Howell. We have to think of our families. We can’t afford to earn gunmen’s ill-will. There is no protection in the country districts. Sheriffs and constables don’t help us at all. Howell was only a working man. You’ll have forgotten him in a month.’

“But it was impossible to forget. The truth is too hideous—the truth that in the great rural State of New York, protection of life and property is a private luxury to be obtained only by those rich enough to pay for it—the truth that the man carrying a dinner-pail, the farmer driving home from the store at dusk, the woman alone in an isolated homestead, are as safe and easy prey to criminal attack as if they moved in the wilds of Mexico.

“And just as it was impossible to forget, so it

was impossible to remain inactive—to remain an idle conniver in the toleration of such a disgrace.”

The blood of Sam Howell carried the life of the grey squadron that patrols the countryside of New York to-day. Miss Mayo studied the organization and operation of the Pennsylvania State Police, setting forth their work with vivid pen in two volumes: that quoted heretofore and *The Standard Bearers*.

To the standard that she and Miss Newell set up rallied others in the State who respected the law and were sickened by the travesty of enforcement carried on by constable and deputy. These men and women banded together as “The Committee for State Police.” The bills that had had only feeble support in the legislature hitherto, acquired all at once a host of influential adherents.

Even with this reënforcement, the State Police movement had to fight for every bit of ground it gained. It took four years of intensive campaigning to bring about victory. Thrice, the end of the legislature’s session saw temporary defeat for the men and women who were fighting for proper enforcement of the law from boundary to boundary of New York. Each time, they re-

fused to be discouraged by the petty gains that had rewarded their efforts—a senator or two more in favor; a handful of assemblymen.

Labor's representatives fought the measure from start to finish. The curse that the Coal and Iron Police had bequeathed to their successors, brooded over New York's bill. The farmers' eternal cry of economy was also heard in opposition to a measure that would benefit them above all persons in the State. The movement had the backing of certain Republican leaders, among them State Senator, and now United States Representative, Ogden L. Mills. The Democrats opposed it as a party measure.

One man in the ranks of that party was specially strong in his disapproval of the bill. He was a rising young Tammany politician, Alfred E. Smith by name. Already his courage, clear-sightedness, and probity of legislative conduct had set him somewhat apart from the general run of representatives the Wigwam sends to Albany. Men of both parties respected his judgment and he fought the State Police measure relentlessly. His departure from Albany to become sheriff of New York County, removed a tremendous obstruction from the way of the bill.

In 1916 Charles S. Whitman of New York

City became Governor. His service as district attorney had taught him much concerning the strength and weaknesses of the State's police system. The Committee for State Police found in him a staunch ally.

His influence brought new support to the measure. Up-state representatives began to look upon it more kindly. Labor continued its bitterly hostile attitude but found itself outnumbered.

Union heads have long, if not specially accurate, memories. Already they had permitted the work of the Pennsylvania State Police to become confused in their minds with the misdeeds of the force's capital-hired predecessors. Their hatred of the helmeted troopers of Major Groome had been extended to include all State Police forces, actual or contemplated. In the movement, which had for its only purpose the better enforcement of the law in rural New York, they professed to see a new capitalistic plot against labor. Dubious facts and indubitable misstatements concerning Pennsylvania's organization were summoned to oppose the bill. In addition, many of the rural weeklies found material for sensational editorials on extravagance in the project of this new-fangled force a city-bred

governor wished to inflict upon the country district of the State.

But the tide that had turned so slowly was now sweeping in to the flood. On that current, the bill was carried through and was signed by Governor Whitman, April 11, 1917. The Committee on State Police had been victorious but only by the margin of a single vote.

It would have been defeated, despite the Governor's support, if a wise amendment had not been incorporated in the measure through the insistence of labor's representatives. This amendment, which should have been made a portion of the original bill, forbade the troopers of the squadron-to-be to interfere in city disturbances, save at the explicit command of the Governor.

Thus at their inception, the troopers were definitely established as a purely rural force. They were to keep away from the hatreds and infinite bitternesses of industrial strife, save only when it was a question of sending them or the National Guard to hold rioters in check.

The amendment also cleared the pathway of the heavy going that would have been ahead if the troopers' authority and the jurisdiction of the city police forces had been permitted to overlap.

The duties and powers of the new organization were set forth thus:

“It shall be the duty of the State Police to prevent and detect crime and apprehend criminals. They shall also be subject to the call of the Governor and are empowered to coöperate with any other department of the State or with local authorities. They shall have power to arrest without warrant any person committing or attempting to commit within their presence or view a breach of the peace or other violation of law, to serve and execute warrants of arrest or search issued by proper authority and to exercise all other powers of peace officers in the State of New York.”

Then came that amendment whereby the foes of rural police sought to limit their authority and succeeded in purifying and strengthening the force at its birth.

“But they shall not exercise their powers,” this read, “within the limits of any city to suppress rioting and disorder except by direction of the Governor or upon the request of the mayor of the city with the approval of the Governor.”

The bill restricted the size of the force to four troops, each with a captain at a salary of \$1800;

one lieutenant, \$1500; one first sergeant, \$1200; four sergeants, \$1100 each; four corporals, \$950 each; a saddler and a blacksmith with rank and salary of corporal, and forty-five troopers at \$900 each.

The Governor was to appoint the superintendent whose term of office was to be five years and his salary \$5000 a year. He was to select his own deputy at a salary of \$2500 a year; a clerk at \$1500 a year with the rank of sergeant-major, and two stenographers with rank of sergeant and the annual salaries of \$1200 each.

All of the above salaries have since been increased. An inspector has been added to the department and a troop clerk to each troop.

The law required that the superintendent file a bond of \$25,000 and that he be responsible to the Governor. It provided \$500,000 for the expense of organizing, equipping, and administering the department for one year. It left the rest of the problem entirely in the hands of the man whom Governor Whitman was to appoint.

In this, it followed the principle laid down in the law creating the Pennsylvania State Police. There were no checks and balances to hamper or direct the activities of the commander of the new force. He was to be supreme in his department,

subject only to the approval of the Governor. By the measure of his worth, his command was to succeed or fall.

“What Pennsylvania has done,” the New York *Tribune* said editorially, “New York can do—if a leader as able as Major Groome can be found and the politicians and mysterious ‘higher-ups’ can be made to keep their hands off.”

But the politicians and higher-ups had no intention of keeping their hands off. Rich booty was almost within their reach. The office of superintendent paid little, but there was a half million to be spent in the next year. The eyes of the people were fixed on Europe. They would know little and care less about the fate of this new department. Here was a brand new police force, designed to be supreme in the rural districts of the State. The possibilities of its manipulation for personal profit were endless and a people in the midst of war would ask few questions as to what became of a mere \$500,000.

The long-clawed paw of politics was stretched out toward the cradle in which the new-born police organization slumbered. Governor Whitman struck that paw aside.

To the various tentative nominations for the

post of superintendent, whispered suggestions, and veiled proposals he returned an inflexible "No."

From that committee of men and women who had fostered the State Police dream in the face of four years of discouragement, he had caught the gleam of the ideal they held. He had talked over the question of the perfected organization with a friend of twenty years' standing and that friend had built up that ideal for him into a living, splendid thing.

The Governor and this friend had begun their life work together. In a New York City boarding house, more than a score of years before, Charley Whitman, fresh from New York University Law School, and Dr. George Fletcher Chandler, graduate of Syracuse and the College of Physicians and Surgeons had been intimates.

Together the young lawyer and the budding physician had begun the uphill struggle. Their paths had parted, but the friendship remained. One path led to the District Attorney's office in New York County. The other had carried Dr. Chandler from the city hospitals to a great and continually growing practice in the little city of Kingston.

On a community where ancestor worship

reaches Confucian proportions and a resident of twenty years' standing is still regarded as an interloper, the young physician from New York stamped the impress of a powerful personality. He rose to the foremost rank of surgeons in Eastern New York. He became Captain of Company M, Kingston's unit of the 2d New York Infantry. He was known as a musician of rare ability, a keen judge of art, a man who threw himself with full energy into any activity that interested him whether it were arranging for a charity ball or planning a fishing trip.

Kingston forgot in time that the Chandler family did not spring from the old settler stock of the region, which speaks volumes for that household.

From the beginning, there had been latent in the man an instinct for organization and leadership. This force had driven him into the Guard, had inspired him to read extensively and studiously history, law, psychological works. He knew how to handle men. The high efficiency of Company M bespoke this. He was not to be swayed by political influence. Kingston had learned this long since by a single bit of drama in which he had stood his ground against what seemed to be overwhelming odds.

Each year, it had been the custom of Company M to turn over its armory to a certain religious organization in Kingston for a charity entertainment. Rival sects finally approached the Company's commander and set forth that this was unfair discrimination.

There was justice in their protest. Captain Chandler recognized this and made up his mind.

"Hereafter," he announced, "there will be a charity ball at the armory each year in which all religious and charitable organizations may take part. There will be no more discrimination."

The wail of protest from the organization which hitherto had enjoyed the sole privilege of the armory was deafening, but the Captain of Company M did not change his ground an inch. The intervention of the mayor made Captain Chandler only the more determined not to alter his stand.

Over the head of the stubborn officer, the organization went to the adjutant-general. He appealed to Captain Chandler. He would have commanded a retraction of the decision had not the Captain pointed out that under the law, the commander of Company M had the right to decide what entertainments should be held in the organization's armory. Captain

Chandler was sitting tight but he knew perfectly well what he was sitting on.

The wave of protest, driven on by press and political comment, eventually washed the door-sill of the executive mansion in Albany. Governor Dix added the weight of his argument to that of the adjutant-general. To them, Captain Chandler replied that he was thoroughly capable of minding his own business and suggested that other officials might follow his example to advantage.

While his assailants were thinking that over, a ball was held in the armory of Company M. It was attended by all charitable and religious organizations in Kingston.

In 1915, the man who had withstood all political and social influence that could possibly be brought to bear on him, was one of the two guard officers sent to the Field Officer's School at Leavenworth for training with leaders of the regular army there. Later he went to the Mexican border with the rank of major, serving there as Brigade Adjutant. He returned to Kingston shortly before the State Police law was passed.

Boundless energy, firmness of purpose, immunity to political influence, executive ability, and quick imagination were qualities that his

friends recognized in George Fletcher Chandler. And Governor Whitman was one of the oldest of those friends.

These were qualities needed in the man who was to take the post of superintendent of State Police and transform the newly born law into a living police force.

On May 2, 1917, Major Chandler took that post.

CHAPTER III

BOOTS AND SADDLES

IN October, 1917, the seed planted by the Committee for State Police came to fruition and 232 grey uniformed cavalrymen rode forth in their first patrols.

Summer had seen the birth of their organization. This had passed almost unnoticed in the turmoil of the storm that was sweeping in from across the Atlantic. The hoofbeats of their mounts were drowned in the long roll of drums. The first faint clamor of their bugles was lost in the mutter of a nation arming for conflict.

Reluctantly they turned their backs to the drama and panoply of war and set about the sober work of enforcing the law in rural New York.

It had been their hope, as it had been the dream of their commander, to ride to war with the thousands of the State's sons. This prospect had sustained them, had held their organiza-

tion together during the first arduous weeks of training.

When out of the mass of recruits, the outline of the squadron began to take shape, Major Chandler wrote to the Secretary of War, offering his command in the name of the Governor of New York for service overseas.

Mr. Baker replied that the work the troopers could best do lay closer at hand. By coöperating with the civil and military authorities in holding New York's law inviolable, he said, the grey riders could accomplish greater service to the nation than on the battle line.

The troopers took their first disillusionment as they have taken later rebuffs—without complaint. They completed their training and rode, not through cheering throngs toward the war, but out along country byways to the endless, unrequited labor that waited them there.

Never was there a time when a force such as theirs was needed more or noticed less.

The very speed and smoothness of their organization evaded publicity. They were in the field before the State at large had become aware of their existence.

On May 2d, the door of the Governor's office at the capitol slammed behind a stalwart man

with alert eyes above a heavy nose and firm mouth. That was the second official act in the career of the superintendent of the, as yet non-existent, force. The first had been to grip the hand of his old friend, Charley Whitman, after he had received his commission as head of the department. The third was to grin at the reporters who gathered round him in the corridor and issue his first statement of the plans and purposes of the new organization:

“Nothing to say at this time, gentlemen, and no time to say it. There’s too much to do.”

Then Major George Fletcher Chandler set at work to do it.

Other State Police forces had been born slowly, out of great labor. There had been months of investigation and other months of training before they had come into being. There was no time for elaborate and expensive preliminaries in New York State. The police were needed. They had to be brought into existence quickly, if at all. The mere problem of equipment was becoming more serious week by week as the nation’s industries gave themselves over to war preparation.

In his own mind, Major Chandler had evolved a definite idea of what a State Police force

should be. His military training had given him adequate knowledge of how such a force should be brought into existence. His period of research was brief and filled with action.

Ottawa and the headquarters of the Canadian Mounted there, saw him for a day or so. In that time he had acquired all the riders the north could give him. He had also made arrangements with the British Remount Commission for the purchase of horses for his command.

At Harrisburg, he ran over the records and inspected the organization of Pennsylvania's troopers. He had found time meanwhile to sketch the uniform which his force was to wear. He stopped off at New York, consulted with a firm of military outfitters there and cajoled the hard-pressed company into undertaking to equip his command.

Then he returned to Albany to enlist his men. On June 12th, he appeared at his office to begin examination of applicants. On June 18th his roster was filled.

There were thirty-five hundred applicants and about one in ten examined was accepted. Major Chandler knew he wanted the men accepted for he had examined each himself. As a nucleus for his force, he had fifty-one soldiers,

released from the army, to form the backbone of the new service. He had chosen his officers from guard units of the State. All were expert horsemen and smart disciplinarians.

Of the thirty-five hundred would-be troopers who applied, those who were not horsemen were weeded out first. Then the remainder were subjected to a physical examination more drastic than that required for army or navy service. Those who survived this were confronted with the brain curdling ordeal of a psychological test. The references of the successful then were looked up and the final survivors were sworn into the State's service.

The system initiated at the beginning of the force is still maintained. Not a man puts on the grey without first undergoing mental and physical examination at the hands of the superintendent himself. Major Chandler thus makes himself responsible personally for each recruit who joins the department. Since 1918 no man without an honorable discharge from army or navy has been taken into the service.

The act creating the organization set forth that the force was to be divided into four troops. As his deputy, Major Chandler selected Captain P. E. Barbour of the 22d Engineers,

National Guard. The officers of the four troops were:

Troop A: Captain Willis Linn, of the 1st New York Ambulance Company; Lieutenant, John A. Warner, 1st New York Cavalry.

Troop D: Captain, H. H. Barnes, 1st New York Cavalry; Lieutenant, J. F. S. Meachem, 1st New York Cavalry.

Troop G: Captain H. G. Rosboro, 1st New York Cavalry; Lieutenant A. H. Gleason, 1st New York Cavalry.

Troop K: Captain R. D. Richman, 1st New York Ambulance Company; Lieutenant, H. H. Starks, 1st New York Cavalry.

All of these men had served on the border with the superintendent of the department. He had seen them in action and knew of their ability to hammer a force into shape in the least possible time.

While the work of examining applicants was going forward, Major Chandler was negotiating for a training camp. A broad meadow near Manlius, New York, was obtained. It had been the former camp of Troop D, 1st New York Cavalry, and afforded good pasturage, water, buildings, and necessary railroad facilities.

The men of the service were instructed to

report there on June 20th. On that day they were split up into four troops and actual training began.

The training field was christened Camp Newayo in recognition of the work directed by Miss Newell and Miss Mayo which had resulted in those lines of tents gleaming against the green of the meadow; in uneven ranks of men stumbling uncertainly through their first drills.

Major Chandler in the meantime had dashed off to Lathrop, Mo., and from Colonel Drage, head of the British Remount Commission, had received permission to pick 243 horses from the twelve hundred held in reserve there.

All of the animals were of sturdy western stock, acclimated and hardy and of the cob type—from fourteen to fifteen hands in height, short cuppled, with pasterns of medium length, broad of chest, short of leg, wide of forehead, well knit throughout, and brown or bay in color.

The head of the new department chose his horses as carefully as he had selected his men. A large proportion of the animals were mares, for Major Chandler had determined that his command would raise its own future mounts. The State of New York paid \$160 per horse, delivered at the camp. Major Chandler saw them started

east and reached their destination only a little while before his purchases rolled in.

Two hundred and forty-three animals were detrained by the apprehensive recruits and run into a corral for the night. Shortly thereafter, the count showed 244. Troopers inspecting their mounts-to-be came upon a mild-eyed, solemn, little mule colt standing upon four wobbly legs and looking wistfully out upon the world into which he had just been ushered, while his mother, declared by the troopers to be wholly without proper shame, nuzzled him fondly.

“Gee Whiz!” exclaimed his discoverers among other things, and so he was christened forthwith.

Governor Whitman on visiting the camp a few days later, was introduced to the newest member of the department.

“It’s the first thing I ever heard of the State of New York getting for nothing,” he remarked after the ceremony.

Gee Whiz, now a big powerful animal and assigned to Troop G by virtue of his name, was used last winter to draw a sleigh in which troopers patrolled the snow-blocked roads of the upper State.

Theoretically, all of the horses had been broken at the remount station. Actually, many

of them had forgotten all of their alleged training on the journey east.

For days after their arrival the horse lines at the camp assumed the appearance of a western rodeo. Men who had boasted emptily of their horsemanship, and horses said to have been broken, learned of cavalry tactics together. There were times, veterans of the organization will tell you, when the thud of falling riders rolled over the pleasant field like the sound of far-off bombardment. There were days when the hospital tent was filled with the kicked and thrown. These, when able to stand on two feet again, went heroically back to the work of becoming acquainted with their mounts.

An element of chance was injected into the early cavalry drills. What started out to be a maneuver frequently ended up as a stampede. Your own or your neighbor's mount might take it into his head to run away or buck his rider off at any minute.

Gradually, discipline bit into man and beast. Drill formations began actually to look like drill formations. Men approached their mounts more frequently with smiles and more rarely with prayers upon their lips.

The recruits became familiar with infantry



Lieutenant

Sergeant

Trooper,
Full-dressTrooper,
Summer UniformTrooper
Winter
Field-dressTrooper
Winter
Full-dress

Stables



and cavalry drill. They learned on the range to shoot straight with revolver and carbine. They were taught how to care for their horses and themselves.

Besides the orthodox military training, the men were taught the rudiments of police work. From dawn to nightfall they were in the field. In the evenings they attended lectures in the big meeting tent, where their own officers and other speakers addressed them. Examinations were held later on these lectures.

Judge Alton B. Parker, Judge Ben V. Shove, Deputy Attorney General Edward G. Griffin, and Inspector Cornelius F. Calahane of the New York City Police Department, were among those who taught the troopers the elements of law and police work.

Gradually, the mass of men and horses took definite shape and grew into a clearly outlined organization. After the first weeks of punishing work, pride in the service began to replace bewilderment in the minds of the recruits.

Their commander and his subordinates worked hard to build up morale. Now that the organization had become a living entity, Major Chandler began to preach to it his gospel of police work; his conviction that this force, strug-

gling toward birth on the meadow near Manlius, was destined to lead the way toward a higher and finer conception of law enforcement than New York, or any State, had yet known.

Men caught the fervor of his belief; saw the shape of his ideal and became converted to it. The things he taught gave to the embryo troopers a substitute for the tradition they were yet to build, and they grew proud of the New York State Troopers for the things it was to be.

The spirit of the force gradually triumphed over the exhausting work its members were undergoing. Songs of no high measure of respectability, brought into being by particularly inglorious Miltons, were chanted triumphantly during the rare periods of idleness. The Ancient Order of Fleas, a secret society with a peculiarly atrocious ritual, was created and its charter members joyously initiated the entire rank and file of the department. The spirit of the men was achieving victory over the ordeal through which they were passing. The organization was beginning to find itself.

Toward the end of the training period, officers of each troop picked their non-coms from the men who had best acquitted themselves during the three months of proving.

From underclothes out, the State equipped its force for the field. Uniforms, shirts, socks, shoes, hats, caps, and even towels were provided. Besides the heavy laced boots for rough work, puttees for summer wear were included in the equipment. The men were armed with the Colt 45 revolver, Winchester 30-30 carbines, and loaded riding crops.

Later, the carbines were discarded except for riot duty and when patrolling the unsettled districts of the State. The loaded crop also gave way to the less graceful but more effective riot stick, slung to the saddle bow.

The McClellan saddle was selected as best fitted for the purposes of the service. A thick saddle blanket and combination halter and bridle completed the equipment of the mounts. On patrol, the troopers were to carry saddle bags, strapped on behind the cantle, and rain-coats, rolled and fastened before the pommel.

All was issued to the troopers, free. Their sole expenses were to be underclothing and toilet articles. The rest—clothing, equipment, food and lodging for horse and man, came from the State. With this in view, the \$900 a year paid to the men of the service sounded less meager. To single men—and most of the men

of the command were unmarried—this meant some \$800 a year spending money.

On September 5th, a little more than four months after Major Chandler had received his appointment, a little less than three since the men had come to Camp Newayo, the training period ended. Drilled and armed, uniformed, equipped, and mounted, New York's State Police were ready to take the field.

Their first work was the policing of the State Fair at Syracuse; work that had been done heretofore by the New York City mounted police at a cost to the State of more than \$5,000 a year.

Those who attended the fair that year saw the grey riders in action for the first time: men lean, bronzed, and trained to the quick, who skillfully handled their horses, wild as the wind three months before, and were almost pathetically eager to make good.

On the opening day of the fair, before Governor Whitman and a grandstand crammed to its limit, they held their first formal review. Guard officers who had chuckled to themselves at the idea of training a cavalry squadron in three months, frowned in bewilderment as they watched the ranks on the field below weave, shift, and swing through the drill like regulars.

And when the squadron swung into line and came thundering down the field, a solid wave of grey, men and women rose to their feet and drowned out the roll of charging hooves with cheering. It was New York's first greeting to the men of her new force.

Throughout the duration of the fair, the new police made friends. Men and women found them strangely willing to be of service. It was a new experience to have a policeman go out of his way and spend ten minutes of his time trying to find an exhibit, merely because he had been asked about it. It was also a startling thing to find this police force immune to tips and indifferent to political influence.

One day a high and powerful official of the State attempted to drive his car into the grounds through an entrance at which a trooper stood on guard. He was halted and informed that he could not enter there. He insisted he could. The trooper was sorry, but it was the order.

"Do you know," demanded the high and powerful one with his best Olympian manner, "who I am? I am So-and-So, the Thus and Such of the State of New York."

"I'm certainly very glad to meet you, sir," was the unmoved response, "you'll find the

proper gate for entering the fair grounds over there."

Fifteen minutes later the power in the State was wringing the hand of Major Chandler.

"By George, sir," he exclaimed, "it's great. You've a wonderful force. It's splendid."

There were 232 men and they had some forty-five thousand square miles of territory to patrol. After much study, Major Chandler had divided the State into four districts, each of these to be patrolled by one of the troops. In addition, he had obtained temporary barracks for the units of his command; Troop A in an old skating rink at Batavia; Troop D in a shabby building in the suburbs of Oneida; Troop G in a big farmhouse on the Albany-Schenectady road, and Troop K in the splendid stable of the Gedney Farms estate on the outskirts of White Plains.

The problem facing each of these troops, quartered in the center of the broad territory given over to its jurisdiction, was essentially one of outpost warfare. There could be none of the massed drive against lawbreakers that is carried on by city police where distances are short and members of the department many. The troopers' offensive would of necessity be an affair of outposts. Barracks would be

their base. In the territory of each troop, substations would be established. From these, the riders would go out on patrol of their particular district. At the substation they could always be reached in case of need.

The close study given by Major Chandler to the terrain his force was to take over was demonstrated when, after he had divided the State among his four troops, the telephone company drew his attention to the fact that the zones of his marking practically coincided with those established by that concern for the efficient administration of its own business.

When the fair ended, each of the troops rode cross country to its barracks. The horsemen reached their new quarters to find that much would have to be done before these could be made habitable in the face of the approaching winter. With hammer and saw, paintbrush and plumbing tools, they set to work. Leaky roofs were repaired, partitions were erected, rubbish carted forth by the barrow load and burned; stalls were built and paint and varnish wiped out the stains of age and neglect.

From the shabby, barnlike structures in which the men of the service spent their first winter, they have since moved—all except Troop K,

and Troops B and C, organized in June, 1921—into modern, specially constructed buildings that are at once barracks and testimonials of the worth in which the people of the State hold their organization.

In 1919, citizens of Oneida built a new home for Troop D. In 1921, Batavia and Troy completed splendid modern buildings as headquarters for Troops A and G, respectively. These buildings are rented from the corporations that erected them. The State has the privilege of purchasing them at any time. They stand as a tribute of rural New York to the grey riders.

The stable in which K is quartered has been renovated and altered by the men of the command until it forms a fitting companion to the three more modern barracks. Sidney and Malone are building homes for Troops B and C. There is no State Police organization on the continent as well housed as the New York State Troopers will be by the end of 1922.

The first month after reaching barracks was occupied largely in the process of becoming settled and getting in touch with the other law enforcing agencies of the rural State. Captains of each troop made tours through their respec-

tive territories, conferring with sheriffs, justices of the peace, district attorneys, and local police officials; striving to make plain, as well as words might, the ideals for which the newly organized force was to stand.

But the intense conservatism of the rural population was not to be broken down by words. Police chiefs and constables promised coöperation, conditionally. Judges and district attorneys welcomed the troopers politely. All these and the rest of rural New York continued to watch this new-fangled force a little askance.

As far as the troopers were concerned, rural New York was decidedly from Missouri.

CHAPTER IV

FIRST PATROLS

IN June, 1917, while two hundred-odd men at Camp Newayo were being drilled and lectured, and exhorted, and hammered into the form and semblance of a State Police force the fathers of a certain village in Greene County, which might have been called Oakhurst, decided to install a municipal electric lighting plant.

Under the direction of a man who might have been named Sam Winters, an expert electrician when sober and a raging bull elephant when drunk, the great project was accomplished. After dusk, Oakhurst blossomed with incandescent bulbs in what proud citizens insisted was a fair imitation of Broadway at 8 P.M.

By October, when the men who had trained on the meadow near Manlius were riding out on their first patrols, arid virtue palled upon Sam. He began to look with a dull and cheerless eye upon a world that had been dry much too long.

Destiny, aided by Demon Rum, was about to go to work.

A chill twilight came creeping one evening up through the valleys of the Catskills to Oakhurst, where it allied itself with a moral gloom heavier than the physical darkness. A kerosene lamp, set on the bar of the village hotel, held out only a feeble promise of cheer to the horseman who rode into town with the dusk. This light, and the noisy group on the porch before the barroom, guided him to the inn.

Night advanced, unchallenged by electric bulbs, along the streets of Oakhurst because of Sam and Destiny and Demon Rum. To this triumvirate must be attributed also the moral gloom in which the village was steeped.

While Destiny guides the horseman to the stable at the rear of the hotel, consider Sam and Demon Rum, dispensers of darkness and center of the noisy group on the porch.

Broad of shoulder and narrow of outlook is Sam; short of temper and long of thirst. When sober he is one of the best mechanics in Greene County. When drunk, he proclaims himself the best rough and tumble fighter in the world, and peace-loving Oakhurst has long since learned to take him at his own valuation.

Even to-night, when he has committed the most outrageous of a long series of minor atrocities, no one crosses Sam. He has struck against the peace, happiness, and lighting system of Oakhurst but no man makes more than feeble protest, and this from a safe distance.

The police force, on being informed that Sam is on the loose again, sighs resignedly, informs his wife that he is sick, no matter who wants him, and goes to bed, determined to sell his life dearly. In the power house the dynamo stands idle. In their darkened homes, the city fathers sit idle, too, although enraged.

During an argument about something or other, one of the tactless fathers had said something to wound the tender feelings of the "city engineer," meaning Sam. He had retaliated; first, by getting drunk; second, by shutting down the power plant and third, by double daring any man in the village to try and start it again.

Hence, Sam stood on the hotel porch that evening surrounded by a bibulous following and trumpeted defiance to the stars that were poor substitutes for the town's darkened incandescents.

Presently, in the midst of Sam's vainglorious

chant, the aforementioned horseman, having rubbed down and bedded his mount, came round the corner of the hotel to consult the proprietor about feed.

A moment later, a hand was laid on the collar of the uproarious Sam. He wheeled with a snarl and then dropped his jaw in amazement.

A stranger stood at his elbow. The man's face was pale but the eyes beneath thick black brows were narrow and steady. He wore a grey uniform of unfamiliar cut, a purple tie, grey slouch hat, high-laced boots and spurs. He was slender and short. About his slim waist was strapped a broad leather belt, sagging beneath the weight of a heavy revolver. In one hand he carried a loaded riding crop by the thong.

The other hand, still fastened in Sam's collar, propelled the bewildered challenger of the universe off the porch.

"Go on home," the grey stranger ordered, not unpleasantly, "you're making too much noise."

"Gosh!" Sam marveled, "they've called out the militia!" and started unsteadily down the street.

The little man in uniform watched him vanish into the darkness and then turned his back to

the amazed stares of Sam's erstwhile audience and withdrew.

Five minutes later the darkness all at once became clamorous with the sound of voices raised in violent dispute; then the thud of blows and the heartfelt grunts of fighting men.

Sam was back again, but no more boasting of his prowess. He was demonstrating it.

He had returned with the loudly expressed intention of slaughtering the "soldier" and, not finding him at once, had selected the first bystander he could hit as scapegoat. This latter was being pretty badly overhauled, even for a scapegoat, when a figure in grey shot in between the fighters and Sam sat down, the better to admire new planets swimming across his ken.

Over him stood the "soldier."

"I thought," he was asking severely, "that I told you to go home?"

Slowly Sam found his feet, searching the blackest portion of his vocabulary for adequate epithets, and started for the speaker. Then he halted, eyes shifting from the loaded crop in the "soldier's" hand to the butt of the revolver against his thigh.

"You generously specified person of better unmentioned ancestry," Sam screamed, "throw

away that gun and stick if you dare, and I'll knock your eyes clean out of your face!"

While he raved, the man in the unfamiliar uniform stood for a second apparently debating with himself, fingers drumming on the butt of his pistol. Above the things that Sam was now triumphantly proclaiming him to be, came a phrase from the teachings of the new service to which he had so recently pledged himself:

"Never seek a fight; never avoid one thrust upon you."

The riding crop clattered to the porch floor. He unstrapped belt and gun and laid these, with his uniform blouse, beside the crop.

"Now," he said cheerfully, "come on, you big stiff!"

Sam charged like a bull.

For a moment it seemed as though he had overwhelmed the slim figure before him. Once, he bellowed joyously as he plunged through his opponent's guard and clutched him by the waist, but the other wriggled free.

Presently Sam sat down but bounced up to his feet and tore in once more. Then he sat down again with even more emphasis and a thin trickle of blood ran over his chin.

Most of Oakhurst now had gathered around

the impromptu ring. Only the very old and the bedridden missed seeing Sam take his third, fourth, and fifth falls. After the last he made no effort to rise but through puffed and swollen lips muttered that he was no hog and knew when he had enough.

“You’re going with me to turn on the lights—right away,” the “soldier” panted as he struggled back into his coat, “and then you’re going to jail for the night. In the morning we’ll see what the justice of the peace has to say to you. Understand?”

“Yes—sir,” Sam replied meekly.

Presently, through the blackness of the night, the electric lights of Oakhurst bloomed again. A few minutes later, the “soldier” strode into the hotel and in a rather shaky hand that bore a set of skinned knuckles, registered:

“M. N. McGovern, Troop G, New York State Troopers.”

“There’s nothing in it that’s interesting,” McGovern, now first sergeant of Troop C, will tell you. “Next morning he was arraigned before the justice, but his wife and two kids were there too. So the charge was withdrawn. He’s one of the best friends we have in the Catskills to-day.”



First Sergeant M. N. McGovern, Troop C

Two great problems confronted the superintendent of the troopers and his officers in the autumn of 1917. The first was the evolution of a system whereby a handful of men could be enabled to police the wide territory of rural New York. The second, and more difficult, was the education of the country folk to the purposes and ideals of the new force of which they, in general, knew nothing at all.

On the effective handling of the first problem depended the triumphant solution of the second.

Major Chandler and his captains knew that the organization they commanded was a good machine, well assembled and of splendid material. They had built it themselves. But there still was doubt as to whether it could handle the immense task of policing all of rural New York without developing fatal weaknesses under the strain.

The troopers were few and the unprotected miles of territory were many. The men were young, with no police experience, no traditions of service, and only a few months training behind them. They were to be sent forth on a mission where the opportunities for neglect of duty and wrong-doing, out of sight or knowledge of superiors, would be plentiful and alluring.

So few were they, so broad was the territory each troop was called upon to cover, that the men upon patrol would be scattered widely and connected only by wire or mail with headquarters.

A soldier rarely does anything without having a superior to watch him do it. A city policeman on duty is under continual surveillance by his precinct officers, who may appear on his beat at any moment.

A State Policeman, working under the system of outposts devised in New York, is perhaps a hundred miles away from his troop commander and thirty miles from any other member of his troop. He has no "shoo fly" to dread, no one to tell him when to go to work, when to quit, and what to do in the interim. Actually he is the microcosm of a complete police force. He stands or falls by his own ability and fidelity and more than in any other service his organization is lifted up or dragged down with him.

Into the hands of these raw men, who were to be sent by ones and twos and little groups out of the immediate reach of authority into territory indifferent or hostile, Major Chandler was forced to place the future of his department. If they made good and bore themselves as troopers

should, all would be well. If, freed from the supervision of superiors, they played the bully or swashbuckler or worse, their organization would be damned at birth.

The only fashion in which a troop of fifty men could possibly furnish adequate police protection to a precinct composed of from eight to twelve counties was by the outpost system spoken of heretofore. In accordance with this, the captains of each troop established a substation in a strategically situated town in every county.

To each of these stations, two or three troopers were assigned. The policing of the county was entrusted to them. The men in grey found quarters in the village hotel or some boarding house and went to work.

Contact was, and still is, maintained as closely as possible between barracks and the substations. Each evening the men on the road are expected to telephone to barracks and the substation giving the town in which they intend to spend the night, the direction they are to ride the next day, and receiving any complaints sent to barracks by persons in their territory.

Every night, furthermore, the patrol leader mails to barracks complete reports of all that has transpired in the last twenty-four hours.

Arrests and investigations are set forth with meticulous detail on forms carried by the troopers. Condition of horses and men, number of miles traveled and route taken are also entered—the last item supported by postmarks on the report of every town the patrol has passed through.

The substation is merely an operating base for the county patrols. Often the town does not see them for a week at a time but the hotel or boarding house keeper with whom the troopers lodge always knows where they can be reached.

The patrols are continually on the move, drifting back and forth across the face of their territory, or riding swiftly on some specific mission. They follow no set routes. They have no definite times for visiting certain localities. The course they take while on the road is governed by the exigencies of the day or by the riders' whim. No one can predict when the men will come into town. No one, on seeing them leave in the morning, is sure whether they will return at nightfall or not.

This uncertainty is one of the department's strongest allies in its effort to police wide stretches of territory with a small force. There is no way for the country folk to be sure that

their district is free of troopers for even twenty-four hours. The crook can never sigh with relief and murmur: "Thank the Lord they've gone."

He's never certain they have. Four years of painful experience have taught the lawbreaker in rural New York that the troopers have an unpleasant habit of appearing where no one would expect them to be.

The appearance of the grey riders in a village is generally sufficient to keep even the most lawless of its citizenry virtuous for a week or so. Gradually, rural communities have come to appreciate how potent a trooper uniform is as a crime preventive. Village presidents complain to headquarters if two or three weeks go by without a visit of the State Police to their community.

"But Liberty," said the Captain of Troop G to one of these complainants some time ago, "is a quiet law-abiding town. There is no call for troopers there."

"That's because they've been dropping in on us once every week or so," was the reply. "If they don't begin calling on us again, there'll be real reason for sending for them."

The distance covered in a day's patrol may vary from a half-mile to thirty-five. Much

depends on the moral condition of the country through which the riders are passing. Complaints may be so plentiful in one district that the forward movement of the patrols will be extraordinarily slow. In others, the men may ride all day without being hailed by an aggrieved person.

The coöperation of the telephone company has been of enormous value to the patrols. At each town they enter the troopers notify central of their presence and their general direction when leaving. This frequently enables the persons in distress to find the men of the service in one hundredth of the time it might otherwise take. It is seldom that the plea, "I want a State Trooper," spoken into a telephone in rural New York, does not reach a grey rider within an hour.

The trooper in town also makes it a point to call on the village president and whatever other authorities the community boasts, hearing complaints they have to make and undertaking investigations they suggest.

The men are expected to patrol the streets until ten at night, serving notice on the population that they are present and watching out especially for motor vehicle law violations. The men must be in the saddle and riding out of

town early the next morning. The impression that the State Police led a life of luxury and ease was too widespread at the beginning to be encouraged in any way.

After a trooper has served a month or so on substation duty, he is relieved by a man from the reserve force held at barracks—generally about a fourth of the entire command. On return to his troop headquarters he undergoes, for a week or so, a reburnishing process. Any laxity in morale that has crept in during road work is detected and corrected. Deficiencies in equipment and police lore are remedied.

This alleged “rest period” in barracks is filled with stable work, drills, lectures and examinations, short patrols. In addition, the men are held always ready for any work that the men on the road, whose position is indicated by colored tacks in the map hanging beside the telephone in the office, are unable to handle.

When his time in barracks is completed, the trooper goes out again to a substation for another couple of months in the field. He rarely returns to the outpost of which he was formerly a part. The men are shifted from one portion of the troop district to another, month by month. In this way they are kept clear of the local alli-

ances and enmities that are bound to spring up if they become too intimate with the people of any one locality.

The character of their work is as broad as the territory they patrol. In general they watch for violations of the law and investigate complaints of such violations, bringing offenders before justices of the peace for disposition. They also coöperate in enforcing the rules and edicts of every department of the State government.

Beyond these duties, is the continually enlarging scope of work that comes under no special head, the various petty problems that the farmer folk in distress bring to them for solution.

Yet the organization started from scratch. It enjoyed no handicap in its favor when the grey patrols first rode forth. Rural New York knew little of them and that little was clouded with suspicion. Many townships had never heard of the men of the new service when they first appeared on their streets.

Through a blizzard whooping down from the northwest, two men of Troop A rode into the hamlet of Bologna during the winter of 1917-18 in darkness that had gathered quickly beneath the driving snow clouds. Buffeted and numbed

by the storm, they sought shelter at the first house that loomed out of the whirling dusk.

The door that opened to the knocking of the two men in grey slammed again and from behind it came shrieks and the sound of a barricade being hastily erected. Then a desperate voice ordered them away.

More slamming doors, screams, and further alarms within greeted them at the second and third houses at which they knocked. At length they saw the lights of a store glimmer through the weaving curtains of snow. They dismounted and tramped in.

At the apparition of two armed men in snow-powdered grey, the proprietor paled and reached nervously behind the counter.

"Who be ye?" he gasped. And when they explained he cackled his relief.

"Gosh!" he chuckled, "Mis' Haskins and the rest thought ye was Germans invadin' the city!"

Newspaper tales of enemies within, coupled with the sight of the grey uniforms, had been too much for the war-strained nerves of Bologna.

Rural papers, playing up to the farmer's deep-rooted sense of economy, hammered the organization savagely in the early months of its existence. They bewailed the "extravagance"

and “uselessness” of such a force. They called its members names it was hard to bear. The most merciful of these was “Whitman’s Life Guards”; the least, “The Slacker Police.”

The Democratic party throughout the State also protested every action of the organization, the creation of a Republican régime. Labor continued its long howl of objection, raised originally when the first State Police bill was introduced into the Legislature.

But gradually this storm died away. Out of the decreasing turmoil of condemnation, clear voices of praise began to be lifted.

The troopers were fair. The farmer folk granted that. They weren’t the bullies they had been made out to be. Somehow, you rather liked the fellows when you talked to them.

Then, whole townships that had suffered the rule of lawbreakers who had laughed at the local authorities began to speak well of these quiet men in grey, who seemed to have the knack of finishing what they set out to do.

For a century “Five Chimneys” had had a reputation which had grown steadily worse with the passing years. Originally the crumbling building had been a road house, no more than quasi-respectable in its heyday, when the stage

coaches from Syracuse to Oneida changed horses there and passengers alighted for refreshment. Even in that time unpleasant rumors floated about the countryside of travelers who had stopped there alone and had never been seen again.

Rail, and then motor, traffic robbed Five Chimneys of its only reputable reason for existence, but it continued to flourish after its fashion. The years that swept over it plucked shingles from its roof, wiped the last traces of paint from its walls, and sagged its ridge pole.

From windows with most of the panes broken the inn leered upon the world, a disreputable sinner to whom age had brought no repentance.

Five Chimneys was still an hostelry by name, but long ago what legitimate trade it had enjoyed had dropped away. Eventually, its reputation prevented the renewal of its license, which only meant that thereafter the State obtained no revenue from the liquor it sold.

From bad master to worse, the ancient building descended until it fell at length into the hands of Sam and Louis Bernardino, Italians whom the editors of the Munnsville and Stockbridge papers never hailed as "genial and popular bonifaces." Neither geniality or popularity

were in the make-up of Sam or Louis, and the outraged local authorities called them things that even a country paper would not print.

The doubtful reputation of Five Chimneys was no longer dubious. It was a road house still in name but in reality it was a "blind pig"; a "fence"; an establishment where liquor was sold to Indians of the nearby reservation and a stronghold for the minions of Sam and Louis who preyed upon the surrounding communities.

Local authorities protested against its continued existence, and impelled by these protests, constables and deputies made extremely half-hearted efforts to check the depredations of the inn's frequenters. But the hostility of Sam and Louis, and their meticulous accuracy in relating what was going to happen to anyone who interfered with them, completely dampened what ardor the law officers had brought to their task.

Eventually, Five Chimneys and its proprietors were left severely alone by the two towns. The only trouble with this policy was that the frequenters of the establishment would not reciprocate.

On a frosty afternoon in early October, 1917, those who lurked behind the grimy windows of

the old road house might have seen two horsemen in strange grey uniforms come ambling along the highway past the place. The knowledge that the riders were Troopers H. C. Wagner and J. Wolinsky of the new-fangled outfit that had recently been quartered at Oneida would probably have signified nothing to either Sam or Louis. Yet the men who passed meant that the final period was about to be affixed to the lurid record of Five Chimneys' existence.

There were only a few paragraphs to be added to its tale and Wagner and Wolinsky were shortly to add them.

The troopers were on their first patrol and the words with which their captain had sent them forth still sounded in their ears. They had no tradition to fall back upon—only a new theory of police work that had been dinned into them during the rigorous period of training.

Munnsville, the persecuted, saw them come, and from the grocery steps and behind windows where women peered out, wondered who they were.

One resident at least knew. He was Edward Spaulding, former constable of the town, who in times past had had painful experiences with the

lawless garrison of Five Chimneys. He followed the riders to the stable where they unsaddled their mounts, determined to be the first to make known Munnsville's grievances against the inn and its proprietors.

As the troopers, saddlebags on arm, quitted the stable after grooming and bedding their mounts, former Constable Spaulding drew nigh and spun for them the tale of Munnsville's woe.

Of Sam and Louis he sang his lament; large bellicose Italians, wide of girth and shoulder, ferocious of face, adept with tongue, knife, and fist, who scorned the law and red visaged and snarling defied its constituted officers.

Of the doings at Five Chimneys he also told; of Indians reeling back drunk to the reservation to stir up trouble; of ne'er-do-wells who, refused liquor in the respectable places, managed to get it somehow; of riotous parties at the inn; of fights and drinking bouts and scandals. With the painstaking attention to detail of the small town resident, former Constable Spaulding told all he knew.

He dilated on robberies, thefts, burglaries, hold-ups, assaults, breaches of the peace, disorderly conduct, and other offenses which he laid at the rotting door of Five Chimneys. He de-

scribed the stealing of cattle, chickens, and other stock and went into particulars concerning the gang that he said did it.

And ever and anon through former Constable Spaulding's song of complaint ran the burden:

"That there Five Chimneys ought to be put out of business."

When he had finished the troopers spoke.

"All right," they said. "Let's go. Where is this dump?"

"How?" queried the ex-constable.

"This Five Chimneys. We'll pull it."

"When?" demanded Spaulding, unaccustomed to such simple, direct action on the part of law officers.

"Right now."

"Wait till I get my car," exclaimed the inspired former policeman, "and by gosh, I'll go with you."

On the journey through the gathering dusk toward the old inn, however, the troopers' guide could not shake himself free from the rôle of Job's comforter. Apparently, old threats of the Bernardino brethren ran through his mind and now and again he spoke.

"Cut your liver out . . . handy with a knife those dagoes . . . stamp you right into

the ground . . . get you sure if they get sore."

Presently Five Chimneys loomed up, a blotch of deeper shade in the thickening twilight. No light gleamed from within. To all outward appearances, the place was deserted.

Down the road, away from the hostelry, a man was tramping. Him the troopers overtook. Questioned by Spaulding who recognized him as one Ed Coughlin, the man admitted that he had just left Five Chimneys. He was searched and a pint of whiskey was discovered. He admitted that he had bought it from the Bernardinos.

With this as their basis for action, the troopers approached the gaunt building and hammered on the door. The sound of their summons echoed through the house and died away into silence. Again and again they pounded, and only the echoes gave answer.

Then for the first time in a generation Five Chimneys felt the force of law that knows no turning aside or hesitation. The ancient door creaked and groaned under the force of Wagner's and Wolinsky's shoulders, then splintered and fell in with a resounding crash.

Through the opening the troopers plunged, and almost into the arms of a burly Italian. His

rage seemed to lend his face incandescence in the darkness. With moustaches bristling, he literally screamed his protest against this outrage. Mistaking the silence of the two men in grey for fear, he switched from protests to threats, the most merciful of which included immediate and peculiarly painful extinction.

When the turmoil of his passion caused him to choke and gasp for breath, Wagner spoke quietly.

"If you've finished," he said, "you'd better come along. You're under arrest."

The Italian waved his arms and bellowed.

"Shut up!" commanded Wagner incisively.

The prisoner gulped and shut up. Outside Spaulding peered into the face of the captive.

"Gosh," he marveled, "it's Louis Bernardino. And he's 'rested. Well by Gosh!"

He held the prisoner while Wagner and Wolinsky found a lantern and searched the place from garret to cellar. From under the stove protruded a pair of boots which on being pulled violently proved to be attached to the person of William Franklin who admitted that he was a patron of the establishment.

With the three prisoners the troopers and their guide then drove to Oneida where Bernardino

was held for violation of the liquor law, and Coughlin and Franklin were released on their promise to appear against the Italian in the morning.

Early the next morning, the troopers again descended upon Five Chimneys. Beneath a mattress they found Sam, younger brother of Louis. The fate of the other Bernardino had tamed him. He offered no protest when told he too was under arrest. A quantity of liquor was also discovered and in the attic of the hotel ten thousand cigars were found cached.

The brothers were arraigned before Justice W. Davis and held for the grand jury on charges of liquor law violation and running a disorderly house. They were later fined five hundred dollars each and ordered out of the county.

On the Oneida-Schenectady road Five Chimneys still stands, an empty building, falling to pieces, deserted, ramshackle, with all the evil life it held so long swept out of it; a monument to a rural police ideal which even at its birth knew no fear and no turning back.

Such were the missionaries to whom Major Chandler entrusted the work of converting the hostile and suspicious in rural New York to the cause of the troopers. They were raw. They

made blunders. But through all the early awkward work of the young organization ran the fine golden thread of the ideal they followed—service, fidelity, courage.

CHAPTER V

THE MAN THEY HAD TO KILL TO GET

SAM PASCO was bad.

Certain of the faint-hearted of this world acquire evil or have it thrust upon them by the force of circumstance. There was none of this weakness in the cosmos of Sam Pasco. He was bad for the same reason that an apple tree is gnarled or a bramble, thorned.

Through the male line of his family, whose history in Warren County, New York, can be traced back by a series of atrocious facts into a welter of even gaudier legend, Sam inherited a lean, tireless body, six feet five inches in height and every inch steel and whipcord. Into this receptacle lawless forebears had poured their accumulated iniquity.

Pasco was born bad, lived bad, and died unrepentant under the rifles of the men of G Troop, New York State Troopers. His death set the capstone upon the sinister reputation he had built up through an outrageous life.

The Man They Had to Kill to Get 95

Sam was the one man among the thousands the troopers have hunted down that they had to kill to get.

If you turn the pages of the big scrapbook that lies on a table in the barrack room of Troop G, you will come at length to a placard issued by the Sheriff of Warren County. This offers five hundred dollars reward for the capture, dead or alive, of Alvin (Sam) Pasco, who on April 19, 1918, killed Orlie Eldridge at Thurman, N. Y.

Above this modest offer—for no one who knew Pasco would have willingly crossed his path for twice that sum—is a reproduction of the only photograph of Sam extant. No prompting of vanity brought about its taking, but rather the insistence of the man who has charge of such matters at Dannemora Prison where Pasco served six years for grand larceny and, upon receiving his freedom, returned home and committed the murder for which he later died

Hair, matted and coarse as a straw thatch, grows down low over the narrow forehead. The eyes, sunk beneath overhanging brows, have the bleak, insolent stare of a hawk. The cheeks are thin, the jaw heavy, and the mouth is a straight, cruel slash across the lower face.

Above the picture someone has scrawled:
"Gone but not forgotten."

That is G Troop's epitaph for the only man who has ever defied them to the ultimate limit of all defiance.

In Warren County the Adirondacks run out into foothills. To the tourist, it is a lovely land, well timbered, laced with streams, and dotted with lakes and ponds. It is a less genial terrain for those who trust it for a living. In the folds of the hills life runs on much as it did a hundred years ago.

The rifle aids the plow in eking out a livelihood for the hard-bitten folk of the region who laugh at game laws and continue to lead the life of the frontier, though the frontier is no more. More than once the repeaters which stop the deer in his track, in and out of season, have been used to flout the law; usually with success until the coming of the troopers.

It was in this region that the tribe of Pasco built up for itself a record of iniquity that still endures though the last of the male line has perished. By violence they lived and by violence, for the most part, they died.

Consider the demise of Charles Pasco, known

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through the region as "Dick," and uncle to "Sam," whose Christian name was Alvin.

Confidence in his ability to outguess his neighbor brought about his inglorious end. When resting from the more violent varieties of iniquity Dick sought relaxation in chicken thieving. One hen roost in the neighborhood had suffered so heavily from his depredations that the owner bought a spring gun; set it in the coop, and warned all his neighbors that the next man who entered the place without authority would inevitably have his head blown off.

Dick took these words to heart and after considerable thought set out one dark night on another chicken raid. If the gun was sighted to blow off the head of the man who opened the door, he argued to himself, then surely, if one approached the portal on hands and knees and opened it while in this position, the charge of buckshot would whistle harmlessly over his back.

Dick's strategy was good but he trusted too much to the word of the chickens' owner. This was a merciful man who had set his spring gun so as to hit any intruder in the shins. But when the door opened Dick's head was where his shins properly should have been and the charge tore

into his skull and stretched him dead across the threshold.

Leander, father to Sam, also died suddenly and violently because he was stubborn enough to quarrel with his family. The head of the clan disagreed on some point of policy with his son and son-in-law, Calvin Wood. Argument and vituperation bringing no settlement to the dispute, Sam and Calvin determined to resort to the more decisive voice of the Winchester.

Having decided that father must die, the only point of dispute left between the dutiful members of the second generation was who should have the honor of killing him. For this they dealt a hand of poker, and Calvin won, legend has it, by three sixes against queens up.

Calvin took down his Winchester and camped beside the dusty mountain road along which he knew Leander came down each Friday from his farm to market. There in the trail, they found Leander's body with a bullet hole through his head; one hand still gripping the ancient white umbrella he had carried to ward off the sun, for he was an old, feeble man.

For this Calvin went to the chair and Sam, the last of the line, reigned alone.

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When he cared to work, Pasco was an excellent guide. He was a dead shot with the heavy Winchester that seldom was out of his reach. He never lied, chewed, smoked, drank, or swore. These were his virtues.

He was a bully, a gunman, a thief, a despot who ruled the entire region with his rifle for a scepter. What he wanted he took, and the less desperate dwellers in the region, confronted by the hard-faced giant with his Winchester in the crook of his arm, made no more than the most perfunctory objection to his will.

Once or twice, ill-advised farmer folk who had been levied on by Sam for the crops or the implements he wanted, did protest to the local authorities. One of these wakened a few nights later to find his barns ablaze. Another, roused by the lowing of his cattle, sallied forth in the early dawn to find a bouquet of cows' tails on the barn floor and none at all on the cows. Thus Sam dealt with those who protested against his rule and presently there were no more protests.

At length the machinery of the law, after slipping many times, did get a grip on Sam and a jury was found sufficiently courageous to declare him guilty of grand larceny. He went away to Dannemora for six years, and com-

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parative peace brooded throughout that part of Warren County.

The farm that had descended to Sam through the death of his father remained vacant a short while and then was taken over by Orlie Eldridge and his wife. The latter was a cousin of Sam and claimed to have a half interest in the place.

At length, the doors of Dannemora swung open for Pasco and he returned to his former haunts. Wrath mounted high in him when he learned that the home of his sainted parent was being occupied by outlanders, and stopping only long enough to recover and load his rifle, he set forth to wipe the stain from the family honor.

Now during the years that Sam had spent in jail a new force for law had been born in New York State. Their demeanor was as quiet as the grey uniforms they wore, but by the law of their service they stepped not aside, even for men so redoubtable as Sam.

Late on the night of April 18, 1918, Troopers Herrick and Kelly, stationed at Warrensburg, got a telephone call from Deputy Sheriff Smith of Athol. Pasco was on the rampage again. At eight that evening he had appeared at the door of his ancestral home, rifle cocked and ready, and had announced, quite calmly but

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extremely positively, that Eldridge and his wife had just five minutes to get off the property if they wished to keep on living.

It took the couple not quite half the time allowance to comply with the request. They knew Sam.

At midnight, Herrick and Kelly rode into Athol where the evicted Eldridges told them their story. After listening to the hysterical tale, they finally got from the man an admission of willingness to talk things over with Pasco and try and reach an amicable settlement concerning the disputed property.

At dawn the troopers, accompanied by Eldridge, reached the home of Joe Maxim, about a quarter-mile from the Pasco house. There, Herrick and Kelly had heard, Sam was being entertained by a more or less willing host. Eldridge, so great was his terror of Pasco, refused to go anywhere near the building but waited on the crest of the hill while the troopers approached Maxim, who was picking up wood in the back yard, presumably to cook his guest's breakfast.

He insisted at first that Pasco was not there, but finally admitted that the man the troopers wanted was inside. They entered and at the

end of the hall saw Pasco standing at a bedroom door, his rifle in his hand.

He listened gravely while they told of Eldridge's desire for compromise and finally said shortly that he was willing to talk things over.

"Better leave your gun here," one of the troopers suggested as they started to leave the house.

"No," Sam replied, "it belongs to a fellow down the road a piece. I'll take it back to him."

On the crest of the hill, they met the frightened Eldridge. The quartette talked quietly for a few minutes and, at the conclusion of the discussion, Sam announced his willingness to sell out his share of the farm.

He and Eldridge then started down the road together, still talking apparently amicably, and the troopers followed some yards in the rear.

What transpired in that few minutes of conversation, no one will ever know. The dawn was brightening into day and the troopers, worn and sleepy from their night of search, marked no danger to the newly made peace until they heard an oath from Eldridge and the bang of a shot.

Sam had swung about, crouched and tense as a panther ready to spring. The rifle that had just spoken was held to his hip. As the troopers

gazed into its muzzle, a little stream of smoke dribbled out in the still morning air.

Eldridge was bent over gasping and wheezing as a man might with cramps. For a breath's passing the four stood stark and silent as a group in bronze. Then Eldridge straightened up and fell over dying into Kelly's arms. Very carefully Pasco began to back away down the road, the muzzle of his rifle swaying slowly like a snake ready to strike. The hands of Herrick and Kelly crept toward the revolvers on their thighs.

Tense deliberation suddenly exploded into swift action. Pasco jumped like a cat for the woods at the side of the road. Herrick and Kelly fired. The rifle barked and a bullet tore Herrick's shirt across his ribs and just scored his side.

The troopers emptied their guns at the fugitive. They saw him spin around and fall, leap up again and vanish in the thicket. They followed, but they caught only a glimpse of him as he crossed a field far away and plunged into the deeper woods.

On the road where Kelly had laid him Eldridge was hiccoughing his life away. They carried him to the Pasco house where he died. Then they set out to follow the murderer.

But first they telephoned to headquarters for aid. Little assistance could be gained from the folk of the region who knew too well Sam Pasco and his rule by rifle. That afternoon Corporal Fox and Troopers Myers, Stanwix, and Holmes arrived from G Troop's barracks by automobile, bringing the 30-30 carbines that the troopers usually carry only on riot duty. Later in the day Sergeant Sheehan arrived with Trooper Kelsey and took charge of the man hunt.

They set out at once to comb the hills that were familiar to Pasco and strange to them; to search a territory whose inhabitants, if not hostile to the troopers, feared the man they hunted too sincerely to give the pursuers aid.

There was never an instant during that long, painful hunt when the hunters were not face to face with death. Somewhere in the ranges, where spring was beginning to stir, lurked a killer who would die fighting. Pasco was badly wounded and was hiding like an injured animal, but this the troopers did not know.

They sought him afoot and ahorse; they tried to track him down with a bloodhound—all without success. People of the region grinned at their efforts.

At length, the troopers abandoned hunting

and began to trap. To some one of those houses and shacks tucked away in the hills Pasco must come to get food. Accordingly they waited, lying out by day and by night, watching the homes of those known to be friendly to the fugitive.

Under the strain of that search the men grew lean and haggard. They had little time for sleep and less for food, but they kept on. They had to get Pasco, dead or alive.

No one knows where the hunted man holed up during the first week of the search. One of a less tremendous physique would perforce have surrendered, for there was a hole in his back where a 45-caliber slug had entered and another in his stomach where it had come out, after skirting his ribs. With this terrific injury Pasco had crawled away into some fastness of which he alone knew. There he had poulticed both wounds with mud. A physician would have called this suicidal. Yet both holes were healing when the troopers finally got him.

The mountaineers of Warren County had seen other law officers hunt for Pasco. They waited for the old story to be rehearsed—the hue and cry, the failing activity, and, finally, the abandonment of an empty search. Yet as days passed

without bringing any encouragement to the men in grey, they redoubled their efforts. Gradually it was brought home to the folk of Warren County that here were men of a different breed from the deputies and constables whom Pasco so often had mocked. These quiet, determined horsemen were going to get Pasco if it took all summer. With the realization of this, came a revulsion of feeling among the neighbors of the hunted man. For the first time in the life of Sam Pasco, those who knew and feared him began furtively to side with those who sought him.

On April 29th, a shabby mountaineer approached one of the searchers and with many fearful glances about him, whispered a few words. He was a relative of one Hewett, a farmer who lived in the foothills, near The Glen, and who was now kept a virtual prisoner in his house by Pasco.

By night the fugitive was coming to this house to get food. No one knew where he came from or where he went on leaving. In the house he sat in a corner of the room, a table in front of him and his rifle laid across it, cocked, while he ate.

He had told his unwilling host that he watched the house all day long, and warned him that he would die if he tried to leave the place. Hewett

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managed to get word to his relative, however, who in turn reached the troopers.

By this messenger the troopers sent back word to Hewett to pull down the shade over a certain window if Pasco were there. That night they crept up about the dwelling and waited. But no signal came. For some reason their quarry had become wary.

When darkness had fallen on the night of April 30th, they surrounded the house again. Captain Dutton, now deputy superintendent, was in charge. The others who lay out in the brush that long, long night were Sergeant Sheehan and Troopers Ryan, Kelsey, Myers, Richter, and Herrick.

The night was still and very dark. Dew soaked the men to the skin as they crept up toward the house. Over the signal window the shade had been drawn. Pasco was there.

There was nothing to do but wait, for the man they wanted had assured Hewett that if men tried to take him while he was in the house, its owner would be the first to die.

Hour after hour, the men in grey lay in a semicircle about the door, silent under the marching stars. The dew dripped steadily from the eaves of the house and little creatures of the

night scuffled and rustled through the woods. Once or twice, they caught the murmur of voices within the dwelling. Hewett could tell a strange story of those long hours during which he played host to Pasco with his life in his hand, knowing that a half dozen rifles were leveled outside to greet his guest in parting.

It was only an hour before midnight when a gaunt shadow passed across the glowing window shade—a shadow with a long rifle carried in the crook of its arm. There was a little stir, more felt than heard, in the darkness outside. Somewhere sounded the “clock” of a rifle being cocked.

Then a yellow bar of light shone between the back door and the jamb. Slowly it broadened and in it appeared a figure that loomed gigantic in the half light. Sam Pasco stepped across the threshold to his death.

There was a sudden short movement in the darkness and a voice called:

“Put up your hands, Pasco!”

He faced the menace that spoke out of the blackness like the wild thing he was. There was a snarl and he turned to run.

Three little pencils of fire scratched across the darkness. There was the triple clatter of rifle shots. Pasco’s shadowy figure remained erect

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an instant and then quite deliberately sank to the ground.

He died the next morning as he had lived—defiant and fearless to the last.

“Preacher!” he scoffed when they told him he was going. “What fer? I’m goin’ to hell anyhow. Lemme go peaceful.”

“Bury me,” he whispered just before he went, “bury me out in the pasture alongside the old cow I planted there a week ago.”

His nose wrinkled in a defiant grin that was half snarl. Then Sam Pasco died.

Thus the troopers slew the only man they have had to kill in the four and a half years of their existence. Since then, in rioting mobs they have faced thousands armed with stones and clubs and deadlier weapons. They have broken and scattered these mobs; they have confronted desperate criminals, single handed. Many of the riders themselves have been seriously injured. Yet, save for the unlamented Pasco, they have taken no life.

All that first year of trial, the man who had made the department could watch and feel the rooting and growing of the organization he had molded. He could see the gospel he had hammered into his men taking hold in the country-

side. Editorials in the country papers, letters that began to pour in, spoke of the awakening approval of the people the grey riders had been sent forth to guard.

No one could measure the extent of this conversion. Yet presently the question of that extent became immediate and vital.

In the fall of 1918 Governor Whitman was opposed for reelection by the man who during his long sojourn in the Legislature had fought the police measure bitterly. In November, the unexpected happened and Alfred E. Smith, Democrat, was chosen Governor of New York.

When he took office, the troopers had been scarcely fifteen months in the field; too small a time, even the strongest supporters of the department feared, for any organization to demonstrate its work convincingly to the people of the entire State.

In January, 1919, in his first message to the Legislature Governor Smith opened the war, advocates of the State Police had felt was bound to ensue.

"I believe," he wrote, "you can abolish the Department of State Police. There seems to be no justification for its further existence. The return to the State is not commensurate with the cost."

CHAPTER VI

VOX POPULI

So, almost at birth, the New York State Troopers stood face to face with the threat of dissolution. The Governor of the State, the man who by law was their supreme commander, had branded them as useless and had demanded their abolition.

The dreams of those who had made and who loved the service all at once went black. The future that had seemed so splendid, suddenly was wiped out. It is strange that, in the face of this heavy threat, the young organization did not fall to pieces of its own weight.

The attack of the Governor left no room for argument. His conviction that the troopers were at best an extravagant and unnecessary accessory to the State government was sincere and fervent.

The youth of the organization, the fact that no service could be expected to demonstrate a

high degree of worth with only fifteen months' trial, made no difference to Alfred E. Smith. He had an honest hatred of the things labor had told him all State Police represented.

"They're no use. Throw them out," ordered the Governor.

"What are you going to do about it?" friends of the organization asked Major Chandler.

"We obey orders," replied the leader of the grey riders. "If they say quit, we quit."

There was no public protest from the men of the young service. They had been taught to bear punishment, close-mouthed. Faced with dissolution, their officers redoubled rather than slackened their efforts.

"Let's make it good while it lasts, anyway," was the word that was passed through the department, and the grey riders on patrol carried that determination with them all through months of uncertainty.

They sought neither sympathy nor succor. They knew little of how the rural population as a whole regarded the organization. It was the Governor and the members of the Assembly and Senate who were first made aware of a strange thing that had come to pass among the people of the countryside.

Fifteen months before, not one in a thousand of these folk had ever seen or even heard of the State Troopers. Eight months earlier, rural papers and grocery stores had been filled with skeptical comment on the work of these new-fangled police, and wails at the extravagance of keeping them.

It is quite probable that Governor Smith believed that the abolition of the force would meet with the approval of the vast majority of the people of the State. Earlier comment he had received from the rural districts would have warranted such belief.

Yet in these few months an amazing thing had happened to the population of New York. Two hundred grey uniformed cavalrymen had gone among them, carrying a new gospel of police work. They had been the most effective of missionaries; exemplars of the theories they held; followers of the ideals they preached.

They had taught villagers and farmers, by deeds rather than words, that there could be a higher and finer conception of police work than that exemplified by constables and deputies. They had brought, to hamlet and open country, a renewed belief in the dignity and austerity of

the State's law and a respect and admiration for the men who rode in its service.

At first it was the country press that told of this great change; this reformation from skeptical neutrality to ardent partisanship.

Papers that a few months before had wept columns of brevier tears over the extravagance and uselessness of a State Police, now considered themselves deeply affronted by the proposal of the new Governor.

They viewed with alarm and gravely deplored Mr. Smith's suggestion. They demanded whither they were drifting when a city-bred Governor could sit in judgment over what was proving itself to be indubitably the best rural police force in the world. They predicted dark things, up to and including the collapse of civilization, if this force, which was proving its worth so emphatically, should be withdrawn and disbanded.

The piping editorial voices swelled into a chorus of protest and denunciation. Then letters began to arrive. Many were to Senators and Assemblymen from influential and considerable persons in the rural parts of the State begging the Legislature by no means to permit the troopers to be disbanded. More were to

the astonished Governor. The tone of many of them was not temperate. Reading them, one might have imagined that it was the Constitution of the United States that Mr. Smith had proposed abolishing.

Day by day the protest grew in volume. In headquarters at Albany the Superintendent and his assistants attacked their work with a cheer that recently had been missing. In barracks, men gave less thought to getting other jobs and began again to build for their own future in the department. In the Governor's offices, a perplexed man ran through bales of letters brought in by a perspiring secretary, and wondered what had happened.

He was witnessing the strange phenomenon of Americans fighting for a police force. He was reading a great popular protest in favor of men who guarded the people's laws. Born and bred in New York City, the Governor probably had not believed this possible.

This astonishing reaction of rural New York against the abolition of the troopers was something more important and spectacular than the personal objections of sundry men and women to being deprived of something they approved.

Actually, it was the response of America to a

new, democratic police ideal. The time had been too short for the public at large to grasp the entire significance of the trooper creed. Yet men and women knew that for more than a year, they had been served by a police organization, apparently entirely divorced from the usual Prussian system of professional law enforcement. They realized that these men in uniform regarded themselves, not as the superiors, but as the equals and friends, of the people they guarded; that they gave their services eagerly and cheerfully; that no work was too trivial, no task too onerous for them to undertake; that no reward was asked and none ever accepted beyond the thanks of the grateful.

Here was a force obviously unrelated either to the portly, club-twirling bluecoat of the average city department or the hard-bitten, desperate State policeman of labor's hysterical descriptions. What made this difference? To what new tenets of police work did the grey rider hold allegiance?

In theory, none of them were new at all. Major George F. Chandler had simply organized a police force that was to be in harmony with the ideals of American democracy—a force of, by, and for the people of New York State.

To the details of the work of organization he had brought a mind exceptionally equipped, through years of study of history and psychology, to handle alike the raw young men of his command and the people with whom these recruits were to come in contact.

He knew that from the beginning of time, policemen had been considered by the rank and file of humanity as a class set in authority over common folk—as a ruling caste. First the policeman was the soldier, the servant of the king. Later he became the servant of the government rather than the people. Never did the popular conception of him change. He was a person who lorded it over ordinary citizens and bred dislike and distrust thereby. The lack of tact, the bullying manners of the average policeman has done much to increase this dislike. In general the man in blue and brass is regarded as a specially obnoxious, but probably necessary, evil.

Theoretically, the policeman in a democracy is the servant of the authority which brought him into being and now supports him—the electorate. Actually, in three cases out of four, he is nothing of the sort. He is the mailed fist of the political party in power, or even if he is not

knew men, and he knew also how swiftly they sickened of impractical, Utopian schemes.

It was no hazy dream that he preached to his recruits. It was plain, substantial gospel into which the troopers could drive their teeth.

They were to revere the service to which they belonged. They were never to turn aside in carrying out its ends.

They were to regard themselves as the equals of any man; as the superiors of none.

They were to be courteous to all; to be gentle and tactful.

Summarized, they were to uphold the laws of the State. That was to be their first great work. In addition to this, and of almost equal importance, they were to be of service to men, women, and children in distress under whatever circumstances, when and wherever possible.

This is the order, embodying his doctrine of police ethics, which the Superintendent of the New York State Troopers gave his men when they began active service:

“A physician aims to save life and cure disease; a lawyer helps people out of trouble; a clergyman tries to make people better; a soldier fights for his country in time of war. These

are fine professions all of them. They are professions of service.

“The service that a State Trooper renders to his community is an auxiliary of all these and his duty in a measure embraces the work of these four great professions.

“You who wear the uniform of the State Troopers must be ready to render first aid pending the arrival of the doctor; you must maintain the law which the lawyer expounds; you must instruct people to do right, and, if the need arises, you must fight.

“You must have the confidence in yourself which comes from knowing you are a trained horseman, a good shot, and a judge of what is right and wrong in the matter of simple laws. You must be able to distinguish between an accident due to unavoidable circumstances and a willful misdemeanor.

“Go about with the idea of helpfulness and a friendliness that wins the confidence of the people. Never permit a child to be afraid of you. If you hear a grown person say to a child, ‘Look out or I will have this man take you away,’ tell the child at once that if he goes with you, you will give him a good time, will teach him to ride, and show him how to handle a gun. He will

then become your friend. The parent, too, will learn from this that your attitude is one of friendliness to all.

“Never hesitate to render assistance of any kind, and let nothing be too much trouble which you can do for the people you come in contact with.

“Always be a gentleman; courteous, kind, gentle, fair; keep yourself clean and neat; you and your horse equally well-groomed; stand erect; put snap and vigor into your movements. Avoid the appearance of lounging. Keep your mind calm and free from excitement. Do not be carried away by rumors but investigate every story and hear both sides before you believe it.

“Then you will find that the time of your enlistment will do you as much good as a course of study in school. The education you will get, the experience you will have, the careful and painstaking use of the authority which you exercise as well as your own obedience to those above you, will fit you for any career which you may choose later.

“Remember that you represent the authority of the Governor; that you are an executive officer and a State official. Be proud of it; live up to it; work in harmony with your officers and the other

troopers for the good of the service and the honor of the great State of New York."

From the beginning, Major Chandler laid particular stress on the responsibility resting on the shoulders of every man of his command.

"One slip," he warned, "by any member of this command, will do more harm than one hundred good deeds can efface. Human nature, unfortunately, is not constructive, but likes to tear down. One mistake or one unworthy act on the part of a trooper will subject the whole body to criticism."

Thus fortified, the men in grey rode out to convince the people of a State that here was a police force that belonged to them and was eager to acknowledge that allegiance.

Skeptical farmers and villagers found them from the first friendly, eager young men who jumped at the chance to be of service, whether it was in tracking down a murderer or finding a lost dog. Problems and troubles at which other professional policemen would chuckle or sneer received grave consideration and helpful suggestion from the men of the service.

Actually they were drummers, selling the State Troopers throughout the length and breadth of rural New York. The letters that

swept in on Albany bespoke the efficiency of their methods and the value of their wares.

“Abolish the State Troopers?” legislators began to say to each other. “Not while I value my political life, we don’t.”

Thus from the beginning the thing worked. The police organization; built for coöperation with the citizens of New York; holding as highest virtues, courage, patience, tact, and gentleness; operated with continually increasing smoothness; with continually augmented approval, month by month. They made mistakes. They also made enemies. But the successes they achieved and the friends they brought to the department far outweighed these.

Gradually, the troopers became to the people of the rural districts something more than an agency for the prevention or detection of crime. Farmer folk, worried women, even children, began to turn to the men in grey with minor problems. Troopers to-day wonder at times when hard beset with appeals for aid how New York State managed to live before they came into being.

“Call a trooper,” is the first suggestion that now enters the mind of the distressed rural New Yorker. The men of the department are tak-

ing over much of the service once performed by another company in grey, born, not in Manlius, but Assisi.

Within one hour at barracks one night, the writer heard three calls for succor come in by telephone. One of these was from a man who insisted that fifteen cents a plate for tomato soup was more than the village restaurants should charge. The second was an appeal from a woman who had lost a kitten that was the pride of her heart. The third was from an agitated farmer's wife who had returned home to find that she had mislaid the key and couldn't get into the house.

Each of these appeals was accorded serious hearing. The man was sent on his way pleased with the promise that the tomato soup profiteer would be investigated. A general alarm was issued for the errant kitten. A trooper rode out to the farm and by dint of some porch-climbing ability reopened the home of the distressed woman, after entering an unlocked second-floor window.

The people of the countryside have come to realize that there are few troubles that could not be remedied, or at least alleviated, by laying them before the men of the State Police. With

the growth of this realization, the boundaries of the troopers' jurisdiction have widened. The vast bulk of the work they do to-day leads to no law court or justice's office.

The men made eleven thousand arrests in 1920. They investigated twenty-five thousand cases in which no arrest was made.

Upholders of the law; tracers of lost children, cattle, dogs, and cats; advisers on legal, agricultural, engineering, moral, and sentimental problems; rescuers of stalled automobiles; saviors of disrupted homes; missionaries preaching a cleaner, more law-abiding life—these things the troopers are to the people of rural New York—and more.

They have had thrust upon them delicate and intimate problems that the State has given them no power to handle.

Sergeant—now Captain—W. W. Robinson, riding on patrol through Grand Gorge, was hailed by a young woman with the demand that he make Ma and Pa behave. Questioning revealed that the man and his wife stood on the brink of divorce. She, obedient to the Indian Summer clamor in her blood, was seeking amusement and excitement at night with the "flighty crowd" of the village. He, sulking at home, was

threatening to divorce her and gradually whipping himself up by threat to action. There were several children younger than the one who had asked the trooper for aid.

Legally, Robinson had no right whatever to intervene. Nevertheless he appeared at the home of the quarreling couple and, though a bachelor, proceeded to read them an inspiring lecture on constancy and martial fidelity.

"There ain't no law what compels the woman and me to live together, is there?" queried the husband sourly.

"Law?" echoed Robinson, sparring for time. "Law? Of course there is. Do you know what the Bible says about married people sticking together? You don't want anything better than that, do you?"

For an instant he feared that the skeptical one was going to ask just what the Bible did say about it, anyhow, but he didn't. He and his spouse looked properly awed at this policeman who was apparently so familiar with Holy Writ and promised to do better hereafter. Each time he passed through the village from then on the Sergeant stopped at the home which had so nearly fallen apart, and solemnly listened to whatever complaint the wife had to make against

AFTER THE CRASH



First Aid by the Roadside



Grey Samaritans

the husband, or vice versa. The family that had been on the verge of disruption still holds together, thanks to the State Troopers.

Trooper Hamilton, on patrol near St. Johnsville, paused at a mountain cabin to talk with the owner thereof. A woman stood in the background listening respectfully while her lord held converse. Asked if this was his wife, the mountaineer hesitated:

Well no, it wasn't exactly his wife. It was his woman, and she was a good woman. They got along together fine. She was as good as gold.

"You ought to get married," Hamilton told the man severely. "Why don't you?" He then proceeded to deliver a lecture on ethics.

"Well," the other conceded, "if you say we oughtta, we'll do it, by gosh."

Escorted by the trooper, the mountaineer and his shy, rather wistful looking helpmeet drove in a rickety wagon to St. Johnsville. There the ceremony was performed.

"And now, by gosh," said the triumphant bridegroom when this was over, "we're going to have the darnedest party ever you did see."

"You ain't going to have anything of the kind." It was the helpmeet, now a duly ac-

credited wife and shy no longer, who spoke. In the seat of the wagon she straightened herself up indignantly.

"You're going to come on home with me, Lem," she ordered, "that's what you're going to do. No more drunks for you.

"You're going to lead a decent life now. Ain't I your lawful wedded wife and ain't you got to obey me?"

The mountaineer drove slowly off toward the cabin he had quitted so cheerfully a few hours before. By his side sat the triumphant woman who had just been promoted to wifehood. Several times, he looked back at the trooper who had mixed social reform with duty. There was reproach in his gaze.

The people know the troopers as men who consider no service they can render too trivial; as policemen who respect their calling and revere the traditions of their organization; as friends of great courage, patience, and courtesy; as representatives of the State government whom political influence can never reach.

The government of the State recognizes in them the most efficiently operated of its departments, whose members give the maximum of service at the minimum of expense.

The cost per day for the maintenance of a trooper, including food, lodging, clothing, travel, board and keep for horse, and incidental expenses was \$6.69 in 1920. In this same year the men of the service returned to the State, in fines collected, contraband confiscated, and stolen property recovered, almost three times what it had cost to maintain them for twelve months.

The entire department is run with all expenses cut down to the line where further reduction would hamper efficiency. Major Chandler has examined all applicants for the force himself. Since the foundation of the force he has gone over some five thousand men. Physicians would charge three dollars per examination. Thus fifteen thousand dollars has been saved the State, or more than half of the Major's salary since the department was organized.

From 1917 until the middle of 1921 the troopers had purchased no horses save the initial draft. They had bred mounts to take the place of those worn out in the service at an insignificant cost to the State.

No bit of trooper equipment is ever thrown away. If it cannot be renovated and used again, it is sold and the proceeds of the sale are turned over to the State.

The fight against extravagance, against unnecessary expenditure is unending. The extent of the victory won each year is astonishing.

Yet beneath this stark shaving down of all expense to the very border of efficiency; under the devotion to duty and the courage which enabled 232 men patrolling forty-five thousand square miles of territory to make from the beginning as many arrests per man as the patrolmen of congested New York City, with a far higher percentage of convictions, there ran the firm foundation upon which the entire structure was reared—service; unselfish, considerate, tactful service.

Americans may laugh at the idea of a police organization operating under the Golden Rule of Sabbath School days, until they have studied the New York State Troopers at close range. Then they will scoff no longer. Consider this order from their Superintendent:

“Common sense is a virtue. Exercise it in all your dealings. *Put yourself in the other fellow's place. Deal with him as you would wish a member of your own family to be dealt with.*”

In a later order to his command, Major Chandler elaborated this doctrine.

“Professor Charles Sumner of Yale,” he wrote,

“has divided the people of the United States into four classes: A, the Rich Man who has his money through inheritance or has made it honestly or dishonestly. B, The Poor Man who as a class has little power. C, The Reformer who by stirring up existing conditions makes his own living. Lastly (the largest class of all) D, ‘The Forgotten Man.’ He is the everyday citizen, the voter, the taxpayer, who gets nothing from A, helps take care of B, and practically supports C: in fact he carries the load of the nation on his shoulders.

“D, ‘The Forgotten Man,’ is the man whose servants we wish particularly to be. *Put yourself in his place. Treat him as you would wish to be treated yourself; with courtesy, with fairness, and above all with honesty. If he calls on you for a service, give him immediate attention, no matter how trivial the request.* It means much to him, little to you, but perhaps a great deal to your department.

“I do not mean that we cannot be of use to A, B, and C. These classes are more prominent and naturally present themselves more frequently to our attention for service.

“But it is D, ‘The Forgotten Man,’ the average American who represents the people of

New York State as a whole. Treat him fairly, make him like us, and his kind will line up solidly behind us to preach the motto of our department: 'Obedience to law is Liberty.'"

Thus are summed up the ideals of the organization which Governor Smith, filled with misinformation concerning its purposes and operation, sought to abolish early in 1918.

In his office in the Capitol the man whose work was threatened with demolition almost at birth watched while through no move of his own toward defense or justification, neutral legislators became enthusiastic supporters of the State Police and opponents were converted.

At length, after several weeks, word came to him that the Governor wished to see him. In his office, the Chief Executive went directly to the point.

"I don't like your organization. I think it ought to be thrown out!" was the opening salvo.

For an hour the two talked, the Governor shooting blunt question after question, Major Chandler answering directly and fully. As the interview drew toward its close, the Governor swung round in his chair and fired his last shot.

"You mean to tell me," he asked, "that this department is a good thing for the State?"

“Listen,” Chandler parried. “I’ve told you what our men are, I’ve told you what they are doing and the way they are doing it. These men have been turned loose on the unpoliced portions of the State to enforce the law. Answer your own question.”

Bang! went the Governor’s fist on the table. He rose and held out his hand to the head of the organization he had assailed.

“I think you’re right,” he said simply. “I’m with you.”

In 1920 the man who had urged the elimination of the New York State Troopers said in an address:

“I believed when I advocated the abolition of the State Constabulary two years ago that I was acting in the best interests of the people of the State. Since then I have seen my mistake.

“It is a most essential department of the State and if you do not believe I have changed my opinion, ask the Superintendent of the force. He will tell you there is no stronger advocate of the constabulary than I am.”

CHAPTER VII

LEWISTON'S GANG

SIX days a week, Lewiston dozed quietly in an atmosphere of repose and comfort. Her burghers were well fed and contented. Her police were nice portly gentlemen, unused to excitement or vigorous exercise. Tranquillity and amity brooded over Lewiston. Righteousness and peace walked hand in hand through her streets, and to the drowsy sound of her industry the serene flow of the Niagara River sang an obbligato.

But even as the river in which Lewiston bathed her feet glided on to the turmoil and confusion of rapids and falls and whirlpool, so life in the village slipped along gently each week to the uproar and riot and mob rule of the alleged Day of Rest.

Six days Lewiston labored and did all its work. The seventh, only the brave-hearted ventured forth to the sanctuary even as Indian-hunted

Pilgrims of yore. The remainder of the beleaguered community remained indoors and refused to stir forth until a hoarse whistle from the river gave evidence that the excursion boat had departed.

It was the boat that brought all the trouble. Before it began to run Sunday excursions from across the river, the Sabbath in Lewiston had been like the rest of the week, only more soporific. Now—meaning the spring of 1919—all this was changed.

Satan had stood at the elbow of the owners of the steamboat and suggested the plan of excursions to Lewiston from Canada. When the ice left the river, the boat began its Sunday trips and Lewiston's gang came into being.

Lewiston's gang did not live there. It made Sabbath visits to the community on the excursion boat. It brought its liquor with it. It also brought noise and defiance and belligerency and other things that made Sunday for the burghers of Lewiston a day of fear and for the policemen of the town a period of torture and humiliation.

A hardboiled, vainglorious, boastful bunch was Lewiston's gang. If possible, it started fights with residents of the community; if thwarted in this aim by the general meekness

of the town, it fought internally. It wandered through the streets, shattering what should have been the Sabbath quiet with ribald song. It left a trail of whiskey flasks and beer bottles; of sardine tins and paper wrappings in its wake.

It became Lewiston's greatest affliction, a by-word and a hissing, and presently report of its doings began to stream into the barracks of Troop A at Batavia. Eventually there came direct appeals for aid from the persecuted citizens, urging that the entire troop be sent up to Lewiston over Sunday, with, if possible, some field artillery.

Troopers Weinstein and Marcy were assigned to the case. Weinstein is that peculiarly deadly combination—a fighting Jew. Marcy is Irish. In the gloom of the next Saturday night, they rode into Lewiston. Sunrise the following morning saw them a horse patrolling the streets. They were at the pier when the excursion boat came to the landing. From the deck of the craft, the gang hailed the troopers with obscenity and ghastly predictions of what was going to happen to them. Something in the appearance of the two grey uniformed horsemen checked these boasts as the excursionists filed

ashore and they proceeded through the town with at least a semblance of good behavior.

Twice or thrice during the day, trouble developed. For the first time since Lewiston's visiting gang came into being, some of its members found themselves under arrest. When the visitors began to stream back upon the excursion steamer late in the afternoon, Weinstein and Marcy followed them to the dock. From the deck of the boat, looking down upon the quiet men in uniform who had cowed them all day, the gang began to make amends for its earlier semi-respectable behavior. Epithets in English and French Canadian were showered down upon the pair and when originality had been exhausted, a defiant chant was begun:

"We dare you come aboard; we dare you come aboard."

At the childishness of it, Weinstein's dark face wrinkled into a grin, but red spots came into Marcy's cheeks and a dangerous light began to dance in his Irish eyes. Presently, he dropped from his horse, handed his bridle to Weinstein, and his face hard and jaw set, began to climb the gangplank to the vessel's deck.

The gang shrieked defiance and threats. Marcy climbed on. Fists were shaken in the

air; bottles were brandished and frenzied voices predicted all the terrible things that were going to happen if the trooper came a step farther. Marcy came a step farther, and another, and another.

Then the boastful voices of the mob began to falter and die away. The aspect of a man in whom there was no fear, walking slowly, steadily, and a little scornfully toward what they had told him was certain death, awed and quieted them.

Marcy stood on the deck, facing the scores of enemies who had sworn to slay him if he dared come aboard. His eyes were narrow and steady and the faintest shadow of a smile flickered about his mouth. He looked over the sheepish faces before him and then spat overside scornfully. For a minute thereafter he lingered, in the midst of the men whom he had beaten by the sheer strength of his soul. At length he turned and slowly strode ashore. No jeers or shouts followed him.

For the rest of the week the two troopers patrolled the district. On Saturday they headed again for Lewiston and were met by a call from barracks demanding Marcy's presence there at once. Weinstein rode into the town alone and prepared to spend Sunday. Meanwhile, smart-

ing after their last week's humiliation, the gang across the river was preparing for a raid on Lewiston that would put all earlier forays to shame.

At the usual time, the whistle from the river announced the approach of the excursion steamer. As its blast died away howls and bellows and warwhoops came across the water. The gang was returning to wipe out the stain of last week's defeat and to save time had got drunk already.

Whooping and dancing in alcoholic glee, the men poured off the boat and climbed the runway slanting up from the pier's end to the street where there stood a sturdy brown horse carrying a motionless figure in grey.

Somewhat abashed, the gang looked about for the other trooper and then began their shouting and skylarking once more. But they made no attempt as they streamed past the horseman to put into effect any of the vengeful measures they had planned.

It was Weinstein who assumed the offensive. A drunken longshoreman rolled past him, bellowing filth at the top of his lungs.

"Shut up!" Weinstein ordered.

"Go to hell!" was the enthusiastic reply.

In an instant the trooper had slipped from

his horse and had the uproarious one by the arm.

"You're under arrest!" he said quietly and then ducked a mighty swing that sang past his ear. A second later, the unwilling prisoner was groping blindly about, on all fours in the dust, wondering what had struck him. Over him stood Weinstein and toward him were charging a score of the steamer's passengers, bellowing imprecations.

The hand of the trooper fell to his revolver butt. He did not draw, but something in his attitude halted the advancing wave and silenced it for a second.

"Now," he rapped out, "everybody get back and stay back!"

And everybody did. Through the crowd that had recently been clamoring for his blood, Weinstein walked, his bridle in one hand, the collar of his tamed prisoner in the other. No man attempted to stop the little group as it passed down the street and into the yard of the town jail.

Yet when it had vanished, talk ran high once more. Minds aflame with alcohol grasped eagerly at the plan whispered by someone. The rest of the day passed with little of the accus-

tomed Sunday disturbances to which Lewiston had become resigned of late. The excursionists stood in small groups, talking in low voices and looking studiously away when the trooper walked his horse past.

Late that afternoon, a not unfriendly figure strolled with elaborate unconcern past the mounted man, muttering out of a corner of his mouth as he went:

“Beat it, kid! Beat it! Get outa here before night. They’re goin’ to kill yuh.”

There were a hundred or more of them, all reckless and ready for anything because of the alcohol that was steaming in their brains. Against them was pitted one man and his horse. But the man wore the grey of the service and the ideals of that service held him where he was. Had he been leaving town for any purpose, the word that the gang would kill him if he remained would have kept him in Lewiston.

So he stayed, waiting for the attack he knew was coming. He could see by their furtive demeanor that the men were planning trouble. Sunset flamed in the west. Dusk came down, and the few street lamps flickered into life. Up and down the main street, the brooding figure in grey walked his horse, waiting.

At last they sprang their trap. Out of a side street a man darted and ran to Weinstein.

"Say, trooper!" he gasped, "there's an awful fight goin' on in the alley behind the hotel."

Weinstein wheeled his mount and trotted down to the alley indicated. It was black and still as a cave. As he spurred into it, something whizzed past his head and splintered against the farther wall. A man dodged by, shrieking, "Kill him!" and Weinstein spun his horse about and followed the only foeman he could see. Other missiles clattered about him, and a yelling mob came after as he chased the exhorter to murder to the door of the hotel, through which the fugitive plunged.

The trooper turned to find the street behind him black with men who were closing in on him in menacing silence. Behind them the street ran down to a pier that reached into the dark water.

Out into the center of the street, Weinstein drove his horse and reined him in snorting. He held up his arm there in the dusk and faced the advancing mob.

"You've got two minutes to clear this street," he shouted. "Then I'm going to charge."

They laughed and hooted and howled names

not calculated to quench the battle fury that was beginning to burn in the Jew's eyes.

"One minute left," he called.

A brick grazed his hat. Others followed. A man darted across the street and as he passed close to the head of the trooper's mount, hit the animal across the nose with a club.

The horse reared in agony. As he came down the man struck at the trooper. From Weinstein's wrist dangled a loaded riding crop. He rose in his stirrups and brought this down across his assailant's head. It cut through his hat and laid open his scalp. He fell without a sound.

Then the trooper gathered up his reins, drove his spurs home and charged. Down the street he tore, hooves fusillading and showering sparks, and into the mob. There were screams as he struck it and they followed him as, crop swinging like a saber, he plowed his path. When he had fought his way through, he turned and charged again—one to a hundred and whipping them to a standstill. He swung his horse for a third plunge, but the lately bloodthirsty mob had scattered and fled. Panic-stricken, the men, who lately were going to kill him, turned and stampeded down the street toward the river. After them followed the horseman, driving them on-

ward like sheep. On the pier with the black stream below, they halted. Behind them against the sky was silhouetted the inspired figure of the man and horse who had broken and beaten them. He had only to charge once more to drive them into the river by scores.

For a second Weinstein listened to the voices below, begging for mercy. Then he wheeled his horse.

“Get back to your boat,” he ordered.

Very meekly the gang that was going to get even with the troopers went. With them they carried a dozen of their number who had dropped beneath the swing of the riding crop. No shouts and jeers drifted across the water as the boat put off from shore that evening.

Sundays in Lewiston are pastoral in their quiet now. The burghers wear no hunted expressions as they set out for church. The shattered nerves of the local police force have mended; and from across the river no gang comes to mock law and order and the grey uniformed men who are the servants of these.

CHAPTER VIII

THEY CARRY ON

THROUGHOUT the remainder of Governor Smith's administration, the State Troopers went steadily forward. When he relinquished his antagonism, the last great obstacle was removed from their road. From then on, the way was to be fairly clear. The squadron of grey horsemen felt their future was assured. Those who had supported the organization took new heart from the tacit endorsement of the chief executive. Labor leaders and others who had decried the continued existence of the force lost voice and courage when it became known that Governor Smith had changed his opinion and had now no intention of abolishing the squadron.

The commanders of the department turned with a new enthusiasm to the great work that still lay before them. Much had been done. There was still much to do. Throughout the year that followed, they went carefully over the

structure they had erected, remodeling, discarding, improving.

The story of the troopers during that period is not one of triumphant advance with fluttering banners. It is a tale of hard, painstaking work, of minor discouragements, of petty disasters.

The organization was young. It had been brought together swiftly. Time had been lacking for accomplishment of all the preliminary work that might have been done in other than a war year. Now, the war had ended and Major Chandler and his subordinates set to work to remedy the minor faults that had been ignored perforce in those more strenuous days. They went over the organization with critical eyes from top to bottom.

What was useless or harmful in the organization, they cast out. Where they found a member of the team of 232 men who was doing more than his allotted share of its work, he was promoted. Where they found shirkers, idlers, inefficient, they got rid of them.

By the time this work of revision had been completed, the personnel of the department had undergone radical changes. There was no tremendous shake-up. There was no cry of reform and reorganization. The young force had not

yet completely crystallized. While it was still in flux was the time to revise and discard. This was done thoroughly.

Certain of the troop officers had resigned during the war, either to go into service abroad or to take up private business. One or two, having been tried and measured carefully, were found to be wanting in the high qualities of leadership that the service demanded. They were asked to resign.

In every instance their places were filled from the ranks. This has been the inviolable rule of the department. Since its organization, Major Chandler has not been obliged to go outside the troops of his command for officer material. Rarely have his selections failed to make good. Yet when they have, they have been removed swiftly and impartially, and others have been chosen to take their places.

This period of shifting and changing might have played havoc with the morale of a force organized upon different lines. Yet from the beginning, the men realized that merit and merit alone was to be the advancing power in the department. Each promotion emphasized this more strongly.

To-day among the twelve officers of the six

troops of the service, there is but one man, Captain John A. Warner of Troop K, who entered the department with a commission. All the others, including the present Deputy Superintendent, George P. Dutton, have served in the ranks.

All of this revision was not accomplished in a month or a year. It was a gradual process that continued over the first three years of the department's existence. By the time it was completed, each man in the service was in his proper place in so far as it was humanly possible to place him there.

The rank and file of the organization were combed and searched out and proven quite as strictly as were the officers. From the first, the State Troopers were known as an organization into which it was extremely hard to get, but out of which it was simplicity itself to pass.

From its inception the department has had a long waiting list. Not only has any dereliction of duty been punished by instant dismissal, but men of good repute who somehow have been unable to catch the spirit and purpose of the service are quietly told that they did not fit and are invited to resign.

The man who has served and left the department, voluntarily or otherwise, can never hope

for reinstatement. This rule has been found necessary because of inducements offered to troopers to take up more lucrative work in the service of corporations and individuals. Once out, in nine cases out of ten, they have clamored sooner or later for permission to return. If the organization was to be stabilized it was necessary to give an unvarying refusal to all such appeals.

Since the close of the war, not a man has entered the force who could not present an honorable discharge from some arm of the nation's service. Most of the selected recruits have been non-commissioned officers in the army, navy or marine corps. Not a few have been commissioned officers. One man in the service to-day was a major of the line overseas. Several others were captains. One or two were West Point men who exchanged the grey of the Academy for the grey of the service because of the appeal the life of the trooper held for them.

All have been obliged to pass a physical and mental test that has not grown easier with the years. In addition, no man receives notice of his selection for membership in the department until his record has been looked up. A sergeant of the service is sent to the home town of each person who has passed the examination. There he

makes inquiry among neighbors, the local police, the clergymen and school authorities, concerning the character of the man in question. Unless the report he returns shows an absolutely clean record, the man is barred.

Meanwhile, during this period of revision and readjustment, the organization itself was rooting deeper and deeper into the body politic of rural New York. The letters that poured into headquarters bespoke this. So did the editorials that appeared in the country papers. Presently, this approval took a more tangible form. First Oneida, then Batavia, then Troy, followed later by Sidney and Malone, announced their intention of erecting permanent homes for the troops quartered there.

These buildings, the concrete evidence of the towns' appreciation, have all been built along the same general architectural lines—barracks of concrete, brick, or stone; stables and garages of wood. They have cost on an average \$80,000 to build and are rented from the corporations that erected them, by the State, with the understanding that they may be purchased outright at any time.

Not for a minute, during this period of re-organization, did Major Chandler and his sub-

CATCHING CAR THIEVES



Trooper Identifying Stolen Ford by Engine Number



Here, the Number had been Filed off the Engine, but a Broken Lens Told the Story

ordinates relax the vigilance with which they had from the first supervised the conduct of their men in relation to the rural population of the State. From the beginning, the people were told that there was to be perfect liaison between headquarters and every person with whom the troopers came in contact.

A complaint against the service from the farthest flung hamlet of the commonwealth has received the instant and thorough investigation that would have been accorded a criticism from the Governor's Mansion. In nineteen out of twenty cases, investigation has disclosed that the protest of the farmer or small town resident had been wholly unjustified. In the twentieth case, punishment to the offending trooper has been immediate and heavy.

Headquarters also keeps in close touch with every justice of the peace in the State. When the patrol reports are gone over, each arrest cited, in which the prisoner was discharged, is taken up with the man who discharged him. A letter is immediately dispatched to the justice in question, asking for his reason for his action. If it is found adequate, the trooper who made the arrest on insufficient evidence is reprimanded. If—as is more frequently the case—it is found

that local favoritism has been at work, the matter is placed before the attorney-general for action.

Yet it is not the fact that complaints receive immediate attention at headquarters that is responsible to a great extent for rural New York's enthusiasm for and belief in the grey riders. Nor, in any large measure, is the fact that these men preserve order and keep traffic moving at fairs and local celebrations the cause of the allegiance of farmers and villagers to the service.

The man or woman who has not lived in the isolated life of the farm cannot appreciate what this service has meant to rural New York. Unless, faced with disaster or sorrow, he has been forced to turn for relief to a bungling amateur policeman of the constable and deputy type the average citizen can have no realization of what the horsemen of the department have come to mean in the life of the State's countryside.

They are new and inspiring actors in the bleak tragedies that have been presented over and over again in rural New York, ever since the white men first cleared the wilderness for their homes.

Not once, but a thousand times, unnoticed save for a few lines in some rural paper, these

bitter dramas have been played. The farms, miles from the nearest town, are their traditional setting; the loneliness that broods over them and warps the minds of men, the actuating motive. There is generally a dreary repetition in the scene.

A handful of farmer folk, mute and almost indifferent after the habit of their kind, gather in the barnyard; eager to help, but uncertain how to proffer aid. In the farmhouse, behind drawn shades, a man or woman kneels beside the dead, waiting the law officer that the telephone has summoned.

And then in the days of not so long ago, after the constable or deputy with his star and gun in glaring evidence had inspected the scene of the crime and made half-hearted search for the murderer, the crowd in the barnyard dispersed; there was a burial in a wind-ravaged graveyard on a hillside; those still alive picked up the threads of life again and Rural Tragedy set his scene and chose his actors elsewhere.

There are enough to choose from in that farming life of which city folk write so glowingly and know so little—women who go mad in the monotony of labor; “queer” farm hands whose erratic behavior flares up under certain conditions into

hideous action; farmers whose moral fiber rots under endless toil.

But a new actor has brought a hope motif into the unrelieved sordidness of rural crime. He wears a grey uniform that the farmers have grown to love. There is no distance too great, no road too bad, no weather too bitter for him to answer a call for aid.

He is retribution and vengeance. He is comfort and protection. He is the New York State Trooper.

Thus it is that the folk in the lonely house over which tragedy broods and the grim shy men who linger in the barnyard, wait now for the clatter of hooves or the roar of the motor that brings justice. And when the old familiar story has been recited all over again between sobs, and witnesses have been questioned and clues examined, the matter is left in the hands of the State Troopers, with the knowledge that all that can be done is on its way to accomplishment. The people of rural New York have yet to feel their confidence misplaced. From the time the crime is committed until the murderer is captured 58 or, if need be, 350 cavalrymen of the law are working to that end.

In the township of Onondaga Hill, in the

County of Onondaga, Frederiek W. Keehfus tilled his farm. His neighbors were few and far apart. With him lived his wife, his five-year-old son, Norman, and two hired men. One of these was Chester Simpson, nineteen, lean of build, slaek of mouth and with the queer, blank look in his eyes that told of a brain behind them that was still a child's.

The countr'y folk called Simpson "harmless," which only meant that he had never yet displayed the mania at which his whole appearancee hinted.

The little boy, Norman, played with him. Surrounded by folk of mature minds, and these bent on the serious problem of getting more out of the soil than they put in, the ehild was drawn to the man with the child's intellect. When Simpson could avoid work, they played together. It may have been the imbeeile's fondness for the son that kept the father from discharging him.

Then without warning tragedy fell upon the little farm. Early one morning Keehfus and one hired man hitehed up a team and set out for Syraeuse, leaving Simpson behind, the only man on the place.

The mother saw her little son sally forth to play and head for the barnyard where the im-

becile was tending the stock. Then the drudgery of the farmhouse claimed her and she forgot all about them.

At noon the three had dinner together. Simpson, she remembered afterward, was more than usually silent, but Norman chattered, telling a story of what had happened during the morning that she only half noticed. Work caught her up again after the noon hour. For a time she heard the whine of the hired man and the shrill treble of the little boy in conversation out in the yard. Then these faded away.

The sun was far down toward the west when she turned from her work with a realization of how still the place had become. She went to the door. In the orange light of the late afternoon the barnyard lay deserted except where a few chickens stalked about. Their clucking sounded clearly in the stillness. From the barn came the stamping of horses. At the bars of the pasture, the cattle were gathering for milking time.

She called her son and she called Simpson, but the echo of her own voice was the only response.

She went back into the house with a thrill of uneasiness. The stillness frightened her. It was as if the whole place was holding its breath, waiting for—something.

Down in the pasture one of the cows began to low, regularly and persistently like the tolling of a bell. The shadows lengthened. Perhaps it was the chill of the coming evening that made the woman shiver.

Dusk was falling when she surrendered to the fear that had been clamoring for admission to her mind. She ran out bareheaded and went about the nearby fields calling and calling for her little boy. The frosty darkness gave back no answer.

On the party wire she rang up farm after farm in the neighborhood. No one had seen either the hired man or the child. Then when night had fallen and stark terror stood beside her, she appealed to the State Troopers.

With neighbors who had come to her aid, she sat in the kitchen, waiting. The kerosene lamp threw the homely figures about the stove into high relief. Now and then one of them stirred and made some brief remark, but most of the time they sat and listened.

Far away down the road came the beat of galloping horses. They clattered into the yard and the light thrown through the flung-open kitchen door fell upon two lean figures in grey, pistol on thigh.

There were a few brief questions. Then one

of them dismounted and went to the telephone while the other began the organization of a search party.

To another grey figure in a barracks miles away, the man at the telephone spoke a few sharp words. Five minutes later an automobile filled with armed men rolled out from the stables of the Oneida barracks and headed for Onondaga Hill. Meanwhile in the office the sergeant in charge was calling up patrol after patrol in the nearby counties with a description of the missing man and the lad who had gone with him.

Within a half hour every road leading from the Onondaga Hill was posted and search parties of farmers led by troopers were beating through the woodland.

Hours dragged by but the search went on. Forest and underbrush and field were combed from end to end. At three in the morning a trooper, carrying something in his arms and accompanied by several farmers, returned to the Keehfus home. As gently as he could he gave the body of Norman Keehfus to his mother. Then the call went to barracks for more men with rifles.

All that night and during the early hours of the mist-filled morning that followed it, the

madman tried to break through the grey cordon that had been flung about the township. He crawled through the underbrush that bordered a road to the north and saw a silent horseman, waiting, blocked out in black against the stars.

He drove desperately south then, toward another highway but halted before he reached it for he heard the slow beat of hooves where a second rider walked his horse to and fro. Behind him, too, came the crash and threshing of men searching the underbrush. He ran west, but turned back from a clearing at the sight of a grey figure, rifle in hand, facing the dawn, waiting.

At 9:30 that morning, a tattered sobbing man plunged out on to the Jamestown road and surrendered to the trooper who was waiting for him there. He confessed when taken to barracks, and, examination proving him insane, was sent to the asylum that should have housed him years before.

That is one of the things the troopers mean to those who dwell in the lone places. That is one of the reasons the farmer folk do not laugh when one of them speaks in what sounds like extravagant praise of the men in the service.

There are others in the rural districts who

speak quite as extravagantly, but not in praise. They are the lawbreakers who have felt the heavy weight of the troopers' hand, who have been run down and taken long after the average policeman would have given up the job in disgust. They fervently curse the long arm of the service and with reason.

There is the case of Grant Shampo. New York had no claim upon him, but from Massachusetts there came to G Troop information that the man was wanted in Northampton for abandonment. It was believed by the Bay State authorities that the man might be hiding in Franklin or St. Lawrence County—no specific location at best, and at this time all of the north was three feet under snow.

From G barracks the word was sent forth to Troopers Everett and Wurm on outpost duty at North Bangor. They received a description of Shampo, word of the part of the country in which he was supposed to be hidden, and the brief command: "Get him."

Persistent search which included many bitter miles of riding or trudging over roads blocked with snowdrifts, finally brought Everett and Wurm their first clue. Shampo's father they learned lived on the outskirts of St. Regis Falls.

Cannily they forebore to question him and instead turned to that unfailing source of rural information, the R. F. D. man.

From him they learned that, for a time, letters had been delivered to Grant Shampo at his father's home but that recently none had been received and it was evident that the man was staying there no longer.

The report that Everett and Wurm turned in is only an unsatisfactory skeleton of what followed. They say they finally learned that Shampo had gone out into the heart of the north woods and was working in a lumber camp belonging to his brother, some thirty-five miles southeast of St. Regis.

But they do not tell of the weary miles they traveled, tortured by the cold that Northern New York knows, lashed and cut by wind and sleet to learn this.

Between them and their quarry lay thirty-five miles of snow-smothered woodland. The lumber camp was snowed in for the winter. It was connected with St. Regis most of the year by a trail complimented by the name of a road. Now this was deep beneath the drifts. Airplane seemed to be the only manner in which Shampo, if he were really at the camp, might be reached.

Everett and Wurm substituted corduroy trousers, mackinaws, and the rest of the woodman's regalia for their uniforms and, with only badges and guns to show their authority, prepared to go in.

There was no chance of their winning through on foot and they hired a horse and sleigh. Into the winter-bound woodland they plunged. There was a fair possibility that they might freeze before they reached the camp or lose their way and perish.

But they drove through. Drifts and cold and the zero gloom of the woodland could not stop them. Time and again, they were forced to alight from the sled and dig their horse out of the drifts into which he had sunk belly deep. More than once they were obliged to rub hands and faces vigorously with snow to keep them from freezing.

For two days they were absent and the people of St. Regis, who had known of their departure, were beginning to inject a triumphant "I told you so" into their earlier prediction of misfortune.

Then out of the woods came two weary, hungry, sleepless men, who in the sled between them held a third—Shampo. They had driven into the heart of the lumber camp, unexpected

as a lightning stroke, and before the amazed lumbermen were quite certain what had occurred, had arrested their man and were on the way out to civilization. The trip back was even more difficult than the journey in, for beside themselves and their horse, Everett and Wurm were saddled with the responsibility of their prisoner as well.

They got their man and brought him out. He was placed in the Franklin County jail and handed over later to the Massachusetts authorities.

CHAPTER IX

SAVIORS OF THE DUMB

Two men in grey uniforms came riding down through the darkness early on the morning of May 14, 1918, to Schodack Landing, on the Hudson's shore. Their horses were spattered with foam and sleek with sweat. The fusillading hooves rang echoes as they tore past the handful of houses that by daylight were familiar and prosaic enough but now seemed the threshold of the infernal regions.

Just beyond where the road dipped down to the station, the sky was painted a flickering red. Clouds of steam, crimson in the glare, whirled upward. Above its roar and the crackling of the fire, sounded screams of humans and the shrieks of hurt and terrified horses.

That was the first sight that the Catskill Patrol—Troopers Robert Hamilton and Denis Daley, of G—caught of the New York Central wreck in which a dozen cars had been flung

about like blocks from the hand of a child; eight persons had been killed and many more injured.

The troopers had been sleeping at Castleton, four miles away, when word of the crash and ensuing fire ran over the countryside. Hamilton and Daley fumbled their way into uniform, plunged down the stairs and out into the stable, and in three minutes were racing out of Castleton as hard as spurred horseflesh could run toward the wreck.

It was a bad wreck and in a bad place. The crash came with such force that cars were spilled all over the right of way. In some of these, passengers, shaken like dice in a cup, were injured or dead. In one express car that had rolled over, twenty-six horses were piled into a struggling, screaming heap.

Several of the cars had caught fire and were burning swiftly, fanned by the wind from the river. Uninjured passengers and trainmen, dazed by the shock, began frantically the work of rescuing the trapped men and women. A handful of men from the Landing, with only the most primitive fire-fighting equipment, came to their aid.

The flames continued to crackle and spout. The frantic screaming of the hurt confused those

who strove to aid them. There was no leader to direct their efforts. Dazed by the noise and the glare, they swarmed about the wreck like ants about a broken nest.

And then Conductor F. E. Maxwell, who, bruised and shaken up by the crash, was laboring valiantly to drag the injured from the cars, looked up and saw two foam-streaked, snorting horses rear at the edge of the red circle of light and from their saddles two men in unfamiliar uniforms leap and come running toward him.

"Soldiers," he and the others thought as the men approached. They did not know the Troopers, save as men at whom the up-State press had poked fun. They were to learn much of the service in the hours that followed.

Instinctively in the confusion and terror, the rescuers turned toward the men in uniform as leaders. Instinctively, also, Hamilton and Daley assumed charge of the situation. The few minutes that followed saw the haphazard attempts of the unhurt to save their less fortunate fellows adjusted and coördinated.

But the troopers were not there merely to direct others. Men who passed through the wreck have many strange pictures of the hour that followed—pictures lurid and unreal in the

glow of the fire. They remember the volleying axe blows on the roofs of overturned cars; the cool, certain words of direction. They see again the fight to beat out the fire. They recollect men diving into the smoke-filled confusion of the cars and fighting to release passengers pinned in the wreckage; of the administering of first aid to the badly hurt; of the comforting and calming of frantic persons whose families were missing.

And in all these pictures they still see as leaders the two cool, self-assured men in the strange grey uniforms. After a while the uniforms were no longer grey but smoke-stained and soot smirched. The hair and eyebrows of the men who wore them were singed and their faces and hands scorched and blackened. But not for a moment did they falter or flinch from the fight.

It was Daley who led in the work of getting out the injured. When the cars were cleared of both dead and living, it was he who worked over the hurt, applying makeshift bandages and directing resuscitation until physicians arrived. At his shoulder Hamilton labored until the cars were emptied. Then he ran ahead toward the sound that had been calling him all that desperate hour.

It was the panic-struck whinnying of horses,

and Hamilton loved horses above most things in this world. His was the rare gift of understanding with what we are pleased to call the "lower animals." Breeder, breaker, and cavalryman he had been and now he was being called by the terrified voices of the creatures who knew and trusted him.

He ran along the wreck toward the overturned horse car and Conductor Maxwell followed him.

There on its side it lay, one door down; the other opening to the sky. Thundering hoofs drummed against its inner walls and all the air was filled with the squealing of the trapped and injured animals.

They had been ripped from their tethers when the car went over. Now in the black terror of their confinement they were piled together in a great, struggling, kicking mass; fighting to get free from the torture that held them; trampling and thrashing over one another until it seemed a marvel that any of them were still alive.

Hamilton swung his axe against the roof of the car. Maxwell aided him. The blades bit deep and rapidly cut away an opening which was enlarged until there gaped an aperture through which a horse might pass.

But none of the animals came out to the free-

dom for which they screamed. With the strange delusion of their kind, they clung to the horror in which they suffered, rather than break away to safety.

"It's no use," Maxwell panted, "they won't come out."

Hamilton called and coaxed and the whinnying voices answered him, but none of the animals ventured through the hole. The trooper turned to the conductor.

"I'm going in to get them," he said quietly.

Maxwell started to protest but discovered that he was talking to no one. Hamilton had plunged through the black opening into the utter darkness where steel shod hoofs flailed.

Once or twice above the mad screeching and pounding Maxwell thought he heard the sound of Hamilton's voice.

Then there came a wait so long that the conductor became convinced that the trooper had gone down in the turmoil that raged inside. Suddenly the snorting head of a horse protruded from the hole they had cut and Maxwell again heard the trooper's voice and the encouraging slap on the flank with which he sent the animal bounding to safety. Again and again, while the conductor watched, other horses came galloping out.

In the darkness of that overturned car, with hoofs whistling about his head and heavy bodies lunging to and fro, Hamilton worked calmly and quickly, disentangling the frightened beasts and cajoling and calming them until they would submit to being led to the door.

There were twenty-six horses in the car. When the seventeenth had been driven from it, Hamilton himself reappeared, dirty and sooty, but smiling.

"They're all out," he told Maxwell. "The others are dead."

It was dawn when the two men in grey remounted and rode slowly back to Castleton, leaving rescuers and rescued a little awed by their first contact with men of a service that teaches its members to risk their own lives to aid even lower animals in distress.

For there are others beside humans in rural New York who owe gratitude to the troopers and their vigilance. There is something in the loneliness of farm life that breaks down a certain type of mind; that makes some farmers neglectful of their stock, or worse, drives them to active torture of the animals.

Each winter, the records of the troopers receive new tales of ghastly conditions in stables, cow

HORSE THIEVES AND BOOTLEGGERS



This Horse and Rig were Stolen and Abandoned near Berlin, N. Y. Troopers Found the Starving Animal After Three Days



Catching the Rum Runner

barns, and open pastures of certain farms, found by the patrols and remedied as far as the punishments dealt out by law can remedy the atrocities.

In almost every instance where cruelty to animals cases are investigated by the department, defective human mentality is at the bottom of the trouble. Until the men in grey began their work, these cases were rarely brought to justice. Country folk are tolerant—over tolerant—and in most instances unbelievably reluctant to bring charges against a neighbor.

Each year, the troopers rescue from a score of mute little hells starving or tortured animals. Under their ministrations, the farmer who knows not the meaning of mercy is learning the true significance of the law and his stock is profiting thereby.

Take, as typical, the case of a man whose name might have been Brown, a dweller on the outskirts of Shelby, Orleans County. His house was neat and freshly painted, surrounded by well tended grounds and carefully kept trees. Behind this prosperous front stood his barns, with cattle and horses starving to death there in Augean filth.

Brown's more callous neighbors spoke of him as "a little queer" and with that dismissed his

case. Others, more tender hearted, bore with him as long as they could and then notified Troop A at Batavia.

Troopers Howland and Rimmer of the Orleans County patrol were assigned to the case. When they rode up to the house, they rejected at once the stories that had been sent to barracks concerning Brown. The place was so aggressively neat that as they entered they were convinced they had been misdirected.

At the door which opened upon a speckless kitchen, a woman told them that Brown had gone to town with milk but would return presently. Would they come in and wait?

They declined but asked whether they might look about the stables and outbuildings and, receiving permission, headed for the barn, entirely convinced that some mistake had been made.

This conviction lasted only until the wind brought to their noses the sickening smell of ill kept stables and to their ears the lowing of miserable cattle.

Strong of stomach are Howland and Rimmer but they turned pale and gagged when they entered the barn of what they had believed was a model farm. The place had not been cleaned in

at least a month. Over the walls of the stalls, the heads of horses and cows peered; terrible heads, little more than hide covered skulls.

In the fetid air was the steady moan of brute suffering. It was evident that the animals were starving to death.

There was no grain in the place. Search revealed in the loft a little of what had once been hay but was now chiefly mold. That was all the fodder visible.

Behind the barn were the wasted carcasses of three cows. They had perished in calving from weakness brought on by starvation. Further along, a few bedraggled, scrawny chickens were stalking about the bodies of two yearling heifers, also dead from starvation.

The troopers, still uneasy in their stomachs, mounted and rode back to Shelby where they made inquiries concerning Brown's standing in the community. They heard much, and little of that creditable. The more charitable of his neighbors said he was mentally unbalanced. Others said he was a "bad actor" who was mean for the sake of meanness.

All of them begged that their names be not used, fearing that Brown would burn their out-buildings for revenge. A veterinary told of

being called in to examine Brown's cows. He said he had told the man they would be all right if they were fed properly. To which, the veterinary said Brown had replied:

"I'm doing my best. If they die, let them die."

Armed with this information, Howland and Rimmer went before Justice of the Peace Boyd and obtained a warrant for Brown's arrest.

"Watch your step boys," His Honor remarked as he handed over the paper. "You're after a wild bird."

As they rode back to the farm, uneven tracks in the dirt road ahead of them told them that Brown had gone home. Only starved horses would pull a wagon in such a wabbly fashion.

The wagon stood in the door yard when the riders reached the farm. The barn doors were closed and they knew they were being watched from behind the half drawn blinds of the house. They rapped and after an interval the woman to whom they had talked before responded. While they were speaking to her, a man presented himself, pale of face and with hands held as high as possible over his head.

"Well boys," said Brown, the "bad actor," in a tremulous voice, "I surrender. You got me right."

The troopers grinned at his terror and asked him why the elevated arms.

"You fellows got guns," the man replied. "I thought maybe you was going to shoot."

He professed to have no idea what the troopers were arresting him for, even after the warrant had been read to him.

In the barn they found his horses, weak and lathered with sweat, with the harness still on them. Neither they nor the cattle had yet been fed. The troopers shook down the least moldy portion of the hay to them and then took their prisoner to Shelby for arraignment. He was placed on probation for a year under supervision of the justice after he had promised to purchase fodder for his stock at once. He explained his failure to feed his animals by saying that he had heard it was hard to get oats and hay and that he thought it was better to keep what he had rather than spend it feeding his animals!

It would be pleasanter to say that such cases were unique, but the records of all six troops refute this. Each winter spins the sickening story over and over again—the tale of callousness to suffering in isolated farmsteads.

There are worse instances than the one cited above—cases where indifference has given way

to some obscure sadist mania born of mental degeneracy; tales of atrocities so hideous that they are better left untold. These are rarer than the instances of neglect, yet each winter brings them forth.

This is another element the troopers are facing and conquering in their fight to make rural New York a better place to live in.

You don't have to possess a superlative imagination to fancy that there is gratitude in the eyes of horses and cows that raise their heads from pasture to watch the grey patrols ride by.

CHAPTER X

THE THREE TOUGH TOOHEYS

By 7 o'clock on an evening in August, 1919, Trooper R. W. Morris of Troop D had completed unsaddling and grooming Bill in the Endicott, N. Y., livery stable and the Toohey brothers had finished beating up young George Manetis who lived on the floor below them.

A little weary from the long hot day's patrol, Morris sought the hotel and supper. Likewise somewhat tired, but with the consciousness of a job well done, the Toohey brothers gathered for their evening meal, and, in celebration of the almost complete extinction of young George Manetis, passed round the was-sail bowl.

Meanwhile, young George, no longer the cocksure dapper lad of eighteen who had started off for work that morning, had limped home from the place of his assault on the public highway, sobbing with pain and humiliation, to present to

his aghast parents the wreck of what had once been their son.

For a long time that sultry evening, James, father to George, sat upon the lower of the two porches jutting from the rear of the two family house, rocking and debating moodily on many problems; chiefly the Toohey brothers.

From the floor above, came the thumps and howls of revelry that had become only too familiar to James in the months that the Toohey and Manetis clans had led, side by side, an actual rather than scriptural lion and lamb existence. The noise rankled more than usual to-night, for the father knew its inspiration.

Clearly, he thought, as he rocked back and forth, the Tooheys had never liked the Manetis family. From the day James, his wife, and numerous family had moved into the floor beneath them, the Tooheys had afforded no foundation at all for an *entente cordiale*. Rather, they had hailed James, in whose veins flowed as pure a blood as Greece could afford, as a "wop" and worse.

Three roystering, two-fisted, fearless Irishmen, they had lorded it over the Manetis tribe as they did over the rest of Endicott. No man in the town cared to cross Richard, Francis, or William,

knowing that he was certain to have to lick three men with perhaps a woman or so thrown in, to win the argument.

Uncrowned kings of Endicott were the Toohey brothers, and if they had demanded diadems, no doubt the citizens, with a natural aversion to having their heads punched, would have procured them.

James, head of the Manetis family, pondered these things as he sat and rocked and smoked, looking somberly out over the darkening prospect of neighboring back yards. In him the tide of helpless wrath was swelling and mounting.

Dear to his heart was his eldest son. Paternal love blinded James to the fact that George was fresh, as only the second generation of foreign born can be, and manifestly lacking in discretion, else he would never have defied the Tooheys. Now he lay inside, beaten almost beyond recognition. His moanings came faintly to the ears of the father sitting there on the dark porch and mingled with the uproar of the Tooheys overhead.

Presently James Manetis knocked the ashes from his pipe, entered the house, and under the wondering eyes of his wife, put on the celluloid collar and gorgeous necktie that were usually reserved for Sabbaths and feast days.

"I go," he explained, "to complain of the assassins on the floor above."

"It will do no good," she protested, "you will only bring more misfortune upon this house if they learn of it."

"No," he responded determinedly, "men told me to-night of the presence here of a new policeman; a servant of the law without fear. Him I shall seek and demand justice."

Out of the shadows that cluster thick about even the main street of Endicott, a little swarthy man came a few minutes later and timidly approached a figure in a grey uniform that paced slowly up and down in front of the hotel.

"Poleece?" he quavered.

"State Trooper," Morris admitted, "what's the trouble?"

He listened sympathetically to the tale of fresh outrage by the Toohey brothers and then hitched up his belt.

"All right, buddy," he said, laying a comforting hand on James's shoulder. "Lead me to 'em."

Windows were open to what breeze the muggy night afforded, and while Morris and his guide were still some distance away, the sound of the Toohey celebration came to them through the night.

In the Manetis home, the woman and numerous small Greek-Americans of assorted sizes looked on, awestruck, while the man in grey and purple with the great pistol at his thigh talked quietly to the beaten George, and marked the cruel welts and bruises on face and body.

Overhead, a mighty crash shook the ceiling and a voice was raised in something eventually identified as song.

"There they are!" said James, raising his shoulders toward the racket overhead in a tragic gesture.

"How do I get up there?" Morris queried. The whole Manetis clan stared at him in amazement.

"Alone?" asked James.

"Sure," responded the trooper in a matter of fact tone. "Unless you——"

"I'll show you how," the complainant broke in. "But no more."

On the rear porch he pointed a trembling finger to the stairway leading to a door on the veranda above. Then he retired to the bosom of his family which sat silent and listening. Presently they heard many things.

Up through the darkness, Morris climbed to the door and strove to knock loud enough to be heard above the uproar inside.

Eventually, uncertain steps came clumping along the hallway and the portal opened a crack. The trooper inserted a foot and pushed it wide, revealing one Henry Johns, brother-in-law of the Tooheys, who registered amazement and alarm as well as one in his befuddled condition might.

“Who’s been beating up that kid downstairs?” Morris demanded.

His voice carried and a sudden hush fell upon the revel in the room off the hallway. There was whispering and a snicker. Then appeared in the glare of the hall light a strange figure. Naked to the waist the man stood, thewed and haired like a gorilla. There was an evil slant to his liquor-reddened eyes and his big hands hung, half closed. It was Francis Toohey, one of the unholy trinity.

“I licked the kid,” he said. “Who in a number of unprintable words are you, and whatche goin’ to do about it?”

“State Trooper,” Morris answered quietly. “You’re under arrest and you’ll have to go with me before a justice of the peace.”

“Like this?” Francis sneered, pounding his chest.

“I’ll give you just two minutes to get a shirt,” the trooper replied.

Into the hall lurched another man, short, thick-set, with a mop of flame-colored hair and a face flushed to almost the same hue by alcohol. He was William.

"If you're takin' Frankie, you'll have to take me," the new arrival said thickly, "but I misdoubt you can do it, sonny."

Out of the room where the noise had been going on when the trooper entered now came Richard Toohey, apparently a little less the worse for liquor than his brothers, and Mrs. Francis Toohey for whom even this much could not be said.

They pressed about Morris, a hard-breathing, hard-looking crew. Others had withdrawn when faced by them, or else offered compromise. The trooper did neither.

"Get your shirt on," he ordered Francis sharply, "and come along. Right away."

Something about the glint of the policeman's eyes or the forward thrust of his jaw, awed the half-naked man. He started to obey, but his wife, frenzied with drink, leaped in front of him.

"Get out of this house," she screamed in the voice of the half-demented. "You dirty scut; we'll trample in the ribs of you!"

"Ah-h," she turned upon her men like a fury,

“are you men or are you babies? Will you let this tin soldier walk away with Frank?”

Under the sting of her tongue, the half-drunk men of her household muttered and stirred. She continued to rage while Morris stood there facing the five of them, very quiet, very alert, waiting.

His vigil was not long. Her words set William, the red head, on fire. Like a springing cougar, he was suddenly at the trooper's throat. He missed his hold, but one hand caught in the collar of the grey shirt, and tore it from neck to waist. As Morris reeled, the wild man struck him twice on the head.

Then the Tooheys closed in, three of them urged on by the woman, on the policeman.

The terror that awed Endicott had fallen upon Morris, yet he did not cry for aid. They were so close about him that he could not reach the gun at his side, and against his two fists there were six of theirs.

Johns had fled at the outbreak of the trouble. Only the drink-mad woman remained as a witness to what followed.

She saw the red-headed William come spinning out of the struggling group in the hall and fall on his face.

He staggered to his feet, dazed from the blow that had struck him on the jaw, and with a bulldog snarl plunged again into the wrestling group who reeled through the hall. Once or twice there was a muttered curse, or a sob for breath; only these sounds and the tramp and shift of feet. The Toohey brothers were at the job they loved best.

But it was no terrified, half-whipped-before-he-began farmer or mill hand against whom they had gone now.

Fighting in the narrow passage against an enemy with almost as many clutching arms as an octopus, Morris retreated toward the door. Drink hampered the Tooheys and thwarted co-operation, but it also made them well nigh insensible to pain.

Out onto the porch the fighting men staggered, with the red-haired baresark swinging wildly at the trooper's head. Twice Morris caught him glancing blows, but he continued to bore in and finally reached his enemy's jaw with a short-arm hook that had all his stocky, powerful body behind it.

Down went Morris with a crash of a falling tree, and with a wild Irish yell the Tooheys hurled themselves upon their victim before he

could rise. But again they hampered each other, and the man fought his way to his feet as William rushed to finish him.

A heavy fist with all the wrath and power of the trooper behind it, met him between the eyes as he came on. The red head snapped back; William half staggered, half fell; the railing of the porch caught him midway between knee and hip and he vanished with a scream.

The others paused in horror and gave Morris a chance to reach for his gun. Seeing his motion they rushed back into the house. Panting and dizzy, the trooper ran down stairs and in the yard found the prostrate William, no longer seeking battle. He had just missed impalement on a picket fence in his downward flight, had skinned one leg badly, and was half stunned by the force of his fall.

“You’re under arrest,” the trooper gasped breathlessly, and this time William had no retort to offer, save to moan and express the opinion that death hovered over him.

While thus he lay, waiting his end, a weary, scratched, and bruised trooper with the shreds of a uniform on his body, but with the light of victory in his eye, climbed again to the Toohey home, kicked in the door, and confronted the two

battered men he found there, with a business-like gun in his hand.

They admitted they were arrested when he told them so, but said they needed to go to the hospital rather than before a justice.

Half out of their wits from terror, the Manetis family, crouching on the floor below, shuddered in unison when at length there came a pounding on the door.

“Open the door!” a familiar voice ordered.

Gladly they obeyed. At least their defender was still alive.

A strange procession marched through the home of the bullied Greeks and out into the street. Three bruised and bloody victims staggered and limped along ahead of a tattered, triumphant man in grey who shepherded them by gestures with a Colt .45. They made no protest, but obeyed, mutely and meekly.

So the Toohey brothers passed en route for the hospital where they were bandaged and the jail where they were locked up. Their fearsome reputation passed with them, and a chorus of Greek-Americans, young and old, added the unfamiliar word “State Trooper” to the prayer they offered that night to the power that watches over the bullied and oppressed.

CHAPTER XI

“QUEER, BUT HARMLESS”

THIS is the story of men who hammered at the gates of death and conquered the terror that walks in darkness for the sake of the uniforms they wore.

It is a tale of riders of Troop K, who, because theirs is a service that never turns back, went forward at dusk into a woodland thick with undergrowth, where an armed maniac lurked waiting for them. Men told them it was suicide to enter that dark patch of forest. They rather thought so themselves, but they went.

This was a little after sunset on the night of May 2, 1919. The causes of the crime that had brought the troopers from a quiet supper miles away to gamble with extinction, run back, not days but years, to the time when the brain of William Albright began to wither and decay.

Many crimes of violence in the rural districts have a similar source, for country folk seem to

insist on regarding an idiot as “queer but harmless” until he commits some atrocity to prove the contrary.

So it was with William Albright. For ten years his mind had been fading. In an old white farmhouse on the Haverstraw Road, just outside of New City, he lived with his son and daughter-in-law. For a decade they and their neighbors watched his brain die. From sixty to seventy, Albright seemed to age twenty years. He became irascible, and subject to violent, blazing fits of wrath. These were directed chiefly against his daughter-in-law, for no reason except that on the woman fell the chief duty of looking out for him.

Still, neither his own blood nor his neighbors would admit that there was any menace to the community in the roaming at large of William Albright. He was queer but harmless, they said, and was too old and doddering to do any harm, even if he wanted to.

You do not have to be a Hercules to pull the trigger of a shotgun.

On May 1, 1919, William Albright refuted the opinion of his friends, as hundreds of other “harmless” maniacs had done before him in rural New York.

He bided his time until his son had gone off to work. Then he crept upstairs, got his shotgun, brought it downstairs, hid it, went into the kitchen and began his familiar performance of berating his daughter-in-law.

His querulous whine rasped her nerves and she snapped back. Their voices clashed and mingled, scaled higher and higher, and then the woman screamed. There was a sound as though a door had been slammed violently, another shriek, and Mrs. Albright burst out of the house and staggered into the road, blood streaming from her breast and arms where the shotgun charge had lodged.

She threw a terror-stricken look behind her and started running up the road toward her aunt's home, a mile away. Out of the house she had just quitted, came the "queer but harmless" old man, the shotgun reloaded and ready, and a hideous grin lifting his lip from his yellowed teeth.

He half hobbled, half ran down to the gate and there flung the gun to his shoulder and emptied both barrels at the fleeing woman. But she was out of range, and though he pursued and fired four more shots at her, none of them took effect.

Then William Albright, breathless but still



Patrols Leaving the Troop K Barracks, White Plains

vindictive, returned to his home and prepared to go to war against the world. A little later he stole forth, his pockets stuffed with ammunition, his shotgun still clutched tight, and crept into the patch of woodland behind his home.

Meanwhile his daughter-in-law, ridden by all the fiends of terror, had run on; sobbing; not daring to look back; hearing the footsteps of her father-in-law behind her until she reached the gate of her aunt's home. Then she dropped, gasping and bloodstained in the road, and when they had carried her in, was so hysterical and incoherent that it was hours before they obtained any clear account of what had occurred.

Then the shadows were lengthening and night was near and the country folk frankly professed no desire to search the Albright home for the madman at that hour.

The next morning, the Sheriff of Rockland County was told what had happened. That morning also the four men of Troop K who rode patrol from the substation at Spring Valley—Hackett, Rogers, Mangan, and McCormack—turned their horses' heads back toward the station where on the morrow there was to be inspection.

They had been far afield by devious routes,

these four, and through the whole hot day's ride their minds returned again and again to the gorgeous supper that was to be theirs that night in a certain home in Spring Valley where the men in grey are always welcome.

The glow of work well done and entirely completed suffused them that afternoon as, horses groomed and fed, and reports made out, they sat down at the table, prepared to realize their dream. Peace and comfort filled their souls for the space of some minutes and then was driven out entirely by the whirl of the telephone bell.

Ten minutes later Troopers McCormack, Hackett, Mangan, and Rogers, having stopped the first auto that passed, were racing for the Albright home.

The old man had been found, the telephone message ran, in the woodland back of his house. He had refused to surrender and had insisted he would slay the first man to enter the forest, and the next and the next for as long as his ammunition held out. Having a natural aversion to sudden death, the country folk bided their time and telephoned for the troopers. If anyone has to be killed, they argued, let it be someone who makes getting killed his business.

Dusk was falling when the car the troopers had commandeered halted in front of the Albright home. In the woods the shadows of night already were heavy. Somehow they seemed deeper and more sinister than usual this evening.

About the Albright home, several men lingered watching the patch of evergreen and scrub oak where the maniac lay hidden. They moved cautiously and spoke in half whispers as though he could hear them. The troopers listened soberly to their explanations, eyes on that darkening clump of trees. Then they spoke together briefly, examined their revolvers, tightened their belts, and walked slowly out across the meadow toward the woods.

They had arranged to go through in pairs. Whoever found Albright was to fire two shots in rapid succession as a signal.

To the people who watched, it seemed as though the grey dusk of the woodland welled up and melted the troopers away as they reached its edge.

For fifteen minutes there was silence. In the pale sky a star came out to see and the last embers of the afterglow smoldered out in the west.

From the black depths of the woods came the

bang of a shotgun; the double hand-clap of two pistol shots. Again the shotgun spoke. Then for what seemed an hour, utter stillness.

When they reached the woods' edge Hackett and McCormack swung to the right and Rogers and Mangan to the left. Then where the thick underbrush afforded openings, they plunged in. Before them, they could see dimly patches of scrub oak, and above, glimpses of the dark sky against the darker masses of the trees. An infantry battalion might have been hidden there.

Twigs crackled and leaves swished and brushed about the men as they pushed forward. Behind them, the western sky still gleamed. The noise of their progress could be heard all through the wood and they were no more invisible than a man standing with footlights at his back. Somewhere, in the blackness ahead of them, the madman lay hidden, waiting. He had plenty of ammunition. On the face of things, that was all he needed.

Mangan and Rogers had progressed only a little way when they discovered what had evidently once been a path, leading away dimly into the gloom. It was overgrown in places and once or twice they were forced to clamber over

trees that had fallen across it, but they followed it along.

All this while the wood was deathly still save for the noise of their own movements which seemed magnified a thousand times. Not once did they peer ahead into the darkness without wondering whether the next step would bring a charge of buckshot whistling out of its depths. Yet they kept on, driving deeper and deeper into the black thicket that seemed to be holding its breath—waiting.

Then, suddenly, whatever god on Olympus loves brave men best, intervened to save the lives of Mangan and Rogers. Through a heaven-sent opening in the brush and trees, the groping troopers caught sight of a pale patch of clear sky. They paused for an instant. Across that patch, something stirred and moved; a swollen figure that loomed gigantic in the half light.

“Drop!” Rogers yelled, plunging face downward into the undergrowth. Mangan crashed to earth beside him just as a load of shot stormed over their heads, showering them with torn leaves and twigs.

Mangan fired twice, not at the figure of the man silhouetted ahead of them, but into the air—the signal agreed upon beforehand.

As he fired, Rogers rushed Albright. He was quick, but not swift enough wholly to prevent what he had seen about to happen. The madman had placed the muzzle of the shotgun beneath his own chin and was now striving awkwardly to pull the trigger.

Rogers struck him just as the gun went off and they rolled over on the ground together, the trooper deafened and dazed by the explosion, Albright stunned and bleeding from the glancing wounds he had received.

When the others, called by the shooting, arrived, they found Mangan and Rogers carrying their quarry back along the overgrown trail they had followed.

In a few minutes they were out of the blackness into the soft half-light of the meadow again. Never had field looked lovelier; never had the few stars above seemed so bright.

A neighbor of Albright approached them as they bore the senseless man away toward a car.

"That," he said, "ain't never William. This here's a big feller."

When they reached the Nyack Hospital with their charge the reason for his great bulk was disclosed. Orderlies divested him of four coats, three pairs of trousers, three shirts and then

finally reached the emaciated body of the madman. He was later sent to the Hospital for the Criminal Insane at Matteawan.

The troopers returned to their supper at Spring Valley.

In rural districts of New York and other States, the mind and morality of man is left to grow much as it pleases. The reasons for this are numerous. Chief among them, is the fact that country folk have physical elbow room. The space between houses is larger than the narrowest airshaft that will comply with a Department of Health ordinance. Man does not live eternally within eye and earshot of his neighbor. Consequently, his interest in what his neighbor does, while perhaps more active than that of the city dweller, is less personal and more tolerant.

If John Jones chooses to run about the barnyard clad solely in his red flannel shirt, his neighbor, being several fields away from the convention-breaking John, may discuss the matter with gusto in the grocery store, but there, in nine cases out of ten, his interest ends. The conduct of the sans-culotte Jones, in a city, would set a hundred persons to shrieking for the police and a

strait-jacket. In rural New York, or the countryside of any other State, his neighbors shrug their shoulders and opine that John is "queer."

That usually is as far as it goes. Until John Jones swaps the wearing of an abbreviated and brilliant costume for some more violent form of mania which threatens the life or property of his neighbor, that neighbor is perfectly willing to let him alone, and does.

This tolerance of eccentricity inevitably stimulates it. With the forbearance of the farmer, mania ripens into crime. The loneliness and the tough, exacting life of a farm dweller breed insanity, which frequently first makes its presence known by some apparently harmless bias or habit. No one thinks of suggesting that the man in whom dementia is beginning to smolder be sent to a hospital or asylum for observation. He simply dubs the person in question "queer," generally adding "but harmless."

The farmers adopt a *laissez faire* policy. They permit the "queer" one to go his way until his mania flames up into crime. Then the folk who have tolerated him while this crime was coming into fruition, howl desolately for the troopers. All that the grey riders can do is capture the maniac and see that he is placed where he can no

longer threaten society. The appreciation that a man with a demented mind is a latent criminal has never taken hold of the farmer folk of New York.

Why should they intervene? “Queer” persons are too common in the counties where houses are far apart to excite any special interest. In the second place, the average farmer will inform you piously that “Live and let live” is his motto. This generally means that he is reluctant to intervene in what he regards none of his business and also that he fears that if he does, his hayricks and barns some night will go up in flame.

That is why hideous murders are committed year after year in lonely farmhouses. That is why the dreary tale of cruelty to animal cases keeps up winter after winter. Likewise, it is why certain pages of the records of the New York State Troopers read, despite the formal brevity of the reports entered therein, like the dreams of a dope fiend.

Picture a hard-pressed author of most violent fiction introducing as a character a crack-brained tramp who wandered about the countryside lassoing small boys and hanging them! Imagine the smiling incredulity with which the public

would greet the tale, if an editor were found sufficiently weak minded to publish it.

On August 16, 1920, a resident of Potter Hollow, Greene County, N. Y., heard strange choking sounds coming from a patch of woods he was passing. He plunged into the timber and found its source. Dangling from a tree by a rope looped about his neck, flopping about three feet above the ground, was the eleven-year-old son of Melvin Cook.

The man who found him cut him down, revived him, and then carried him home. There the lad told a tale that sent his father telephoning frantically for the State Troopers.

He had been on the way back from the grocery store, the boy said, and was passing through the wood when a tattered man leaped at him from behind a tree. He bore the boy down like a tiger, knotted a rope about his neck, flung the loose end over a limb, strung him up, and left him there.

That was all the youngster knew. For ten days Troopers Myers and Turner of Troop G sought for the man, guided in their pursuit by reports from parents of other children whose offspring had been chased by the maniac.

Finally they ran him down. On August 26th, near Norton Hill, twenty miles from the spot

where young Cook had been strung up, they came upon a dirt-smeared, haggard tramp in whose shifty eyes a strange pale light gleamed. He was identified as the man who had tried to hang the boy and sent to Matteawan Asylum.

William Lyons was his name. He hailed from Mechanicsville, where he had always been regarded as queer, but harmless, by his neighbors.

Scarcely a month goes by that some of the grey riders are not called upon to go forth and gather in this or that insane person who is endangering the lives and property of his neighbors.

Sometimes this is accomplished easily, for the grey uniforms and the direct, quiet men who wear them carry a growing prestige that awes even an addled mind. Not infrequently, the riders have to subdue a madman in his fury before they can accomplish their mission.

One summer day in 1920, Westfield, N. Y., telephoned for the Chautauqua patrol of Troop A, announcing that one Michael Roman had gone baresark, declared war on humanity in general and on Westfield in particular, and was even then on the brink of removing the hamlet from the map.

Troopers Giles and Maciejewski headed their horses for Westfield. On reaching the hamlet,

a dozen persons tried to tell them at once of Roman's threats and their conviction that he intended to fulfill them. At that moment, the troopers were informed, he was in his home, mobilizing himself for the war of extinction. He had sworn to slay the first person who annoyed him.

When Giles and Maciejewski approached the barricaded dwelling, Roman, at sight of the familiar grey uniforms, forgot entirely his ultimatum to society and with a wild howl of fear announced to the quivering welkin that the police were about to kill an innocent man. Still lamenting he dashed upstairs and locked himself in his bedroom.

From behind this door, the former defier of all authority continued to lift his voice in keenings of distress, mingling these with announcements that he was prepared to sell his life dearly. After he had ignored repeated commands to open the door, and the troopers had exhausted all their powers of persuasion, Giles solved the situation by bursting in the lock.

Immediately Roman, who was six feet tall and of almost equal width, flung himself upon Giles. Maciejewski came to the aid of his mate. He was needed. Normally more powerful than most

men, insanity had given double strength to Roman.

While most of Westfield gathered in an awed crowd before the house, the fight raged through the room. Before he was thrown and quieted both the chamber and the troopers showed signs of heavy wear.

They took their prisoner away. With him they also took several axes and clubs, a scythe blade, crowbars, and numerous knives ground to razor-keenness—Roman’s armament for the extinction of Westfield. Their prisoner was committed to Gowanda State Hospital.

Again, when a certain eccentric resident of Voorheesville went violently insane one night in 1920, two men from Troop G risked their lives over and over, to catch the maniac they had been told would kill rather than surrender. From 10 P.M. to 8 A.M. they sought him—a madman with a loaded shotgun ready for action—and at length they found and caught him through sheer persistent courage.

Early that evening the telephone in the Barracks of Troop G brought word that a man had gone suddenly demented in a house at Voorheesville. He had taken a shotgun, barricaded himself in his room, and had sworn to kill the

first person who attempted to interfere with him.

Five minutes later, Troopers Myers and Sheehan, in an automobile, were roaring away toward Voorheesville. When they reached the little town they found, though it was then the scandalous hour of ten, that most of the inhabitants were grouped about a certain house, staring fascinated up at a window behind which, they said, the madman lay awaiting to fulfill his threat upon the first person who dared to intrude.

For a minute, Sheehan and Myers listened to the awe-stricken reports of the crowd and then ran into the house and to the door of the room where they had been told death lay waiting. They hammered on the door.

There was no response. Two shoulders surged against the portal and it fell in, but no answering bang of a shotgun followed the crash of its fall. The room in which the crazy man had lurked, ready to kill, was empty. He evidently had seen the approach of the men in grey and, fearing them, had vanished. An open window in the rear had been his means of exit, and the men who had charged into what they believed was the face of death found that the encounter they had sought was still ahead of them.

There is a certain type of courage that will stand up under a single great crisis. There is another, rarer and finer, that will face peril over and over again without breaking or faltering. This latter was the quality of bravery that Sheehan and Myers displayed that night.

From the empty house, they followed the directions of the people outside to another dwelling where they thought that the madman might have hidden. Again the troopers searched a silent, empty structure, not knowing when the charge from the shotgun might come out of the blackness upon them. The man they sought was not there, either, and they then turned to a cider mill into which it was said that the maniac had gone.

Once again, they risked extinction, blundering through the dark silence of the mill, but the man was not there.

Villagers ventured the opinion that it would be well to wait till daylight. Others said that the man had probably resigned his expressed desire to kill and had hidden away somewhere. All urged the troopers to abandon their search temporarily, at least.

But Sheehan and Myers kept to their work. They had been sent out to get their man and

they were going to carry on their hunt until they did.

All through that night, they continued their search. From the village they circled through the outlying countryside, faced through the dark dead hours when ordinary courage ebbs, with the picture of a reckless killer lying in wait for them somewhere with his shotgun ready.

At length in the early morning, they got word that the lunatic was hiding in a farmhouse, five miles from town, still with his gun ready and still insistent that he would never be taken alive.

They crept up to the door of the kitchen where he sat ready and for perhaps the tenth time burst in a door and rushed, not this time into an empty room, but straight toward the muzzle of the madman's shotgun. Under the sudden violence of the attack, he flinched momentarily and before he could recover and fire, two leaping forms in grey struck him and overthrew him.

Then with their job completed, the troopers and their captive returned to barracks. The madman was taken to Albany Hospital.

Multiply the above cited cases by one hundred—for they are typical, not unique—and you will have some idea of the problem confronting the

men of the service, a problem whose solution is made doubly difficult by reason of the reluctance of country folk to lock the door until the horse has been stolen. Their insistence that their “queer” neighbors are harmless until they have proved themselves otherwise has complicated the work of the grey riders, but it also has furnished some of the most dramatic chapters in the history of the organization.

CHAPTER XII

THE ART OF ORPHEUS

THE bitter wind that swept down the main street of Honeoye Falls, N. Y., one bleak December day in 1919, stung the ears of citizens who faced it and brought to them from the distance unholy sounds.

“For Gawd’s sake!” said the citizens, one to the other, and stood shivering to listen.

It sounded like a Ford car, traveling along in the pangs of dissolution. But no machine ever invented by the magician of Michigan wailed and shrieked, banshee-like, as it fell apart.

Rattety-bank! Bump! Crash! Sounds that rose high into howls and fell away into dreary moans.

One of those who heard wagged his chin whiskers sagely.

“It’s someone a-singin’,” he announced.

The others smiled scornfully. He was known to be deaf. The noise drew nearer and the smiles

of scorn for the deaf one faded into expressions of envy. He had been right, in part at least. Some of the racket was human. But even the untrained ears of the citizens of Honeoye Falls refused to classify the outrageous sounds as anything approaching music.

At the far end of the street, an ancient Ford car hove into view. At its wheel was a figure in a grey uniform, partly hidden in a sheepskin coat. Beside him sat a lean, rawboned, stubble-bearded man, mighty of shoulder and wild of eye. One hand beat time unsteadily as the car bumped along over the rutted road. The heads of both occupants were thrown back. Their mouths opened and closed in unison. The loud complainings of the car merged into their bellowings:

“Wa-a-ay down u-pon theeee Suwannee Riv-e-er—”

(Bang-bang-bang! “Sing louder!”)

“Far, far a-a-a——”

(Ker-bung; wham! “Keep in time, dern ye!”)

“There’s whar my ha-a-a-art is turnin’ eve-e-er——”

(Rattle-rattle; crash! “Guess I’ll sing sopraner!”)

Past the amazed citizens the vehicle thundered and shrieked, like a steam calliope gone mad. The noise was sufficient ground for a charge of disorderly conduct and possibly felonious assault.

And most amazing part of it, one of the perpetrators was a State Trooper.

Around a corner the car swung, and the kindly winter wind swept its noise along after it. The townsfolk looked at each other with unbelieving eyes. Robbed of more coherent expression by amazement and indignation, they swore deeply. From the distance came a last faint recurrence of the atrocious racket.

Trooper George of Troop A, New York State Troopers, was on his way toward triumph in one of the most delicate cases ever policeman was called upon to handle. Single-handed, he was attempting what six men once before had had difficulty in accomplishing. The terror of Monroe County, the madman of Mendon, who swore that no law officer would ever take him again alive, was sitting contentedly at his side traveling to the insane asylum.

The citizens of Honeoye Falls rubbed their outraged ears and started about their business again.

"He ought to be 'rested; yes, sir!" they said to one another as they parted.

The day was bitter cold but at the wheel of the bouncing, lurching car, Trooper George was sweating copiously. All morning long he had

used his wits with the deft, certain touch of a scalpel in a surgeon's fingers. For hours, he had kept control over a dangerous madman without once lifting a hand. Infinite tact had accomplished what otherwise it might have taken eight men to do.

Beside him, Lew Hemaline, maniac of the most violent sort, sat contented. But—and this was what made George sweat—at any moment the volcano might explode. One ill-advised move; one carelessly uttered word might make it necessary for the trooper to shoot, and shoot to kill.

Monroe County knew Lew Hemaline well and dreaded him accordingly. When the mania was not upon him he was a powerful, rather stupid farmhand. At other times he was a devil whose path no one crossed if he could help it. With that strange, blind tolerance of country folk, the people of Mendon, where he lived, made no complaint against him save when his insanity actually threatened their lives.

The night before, a child of the hotel keeper at Williamson, N. Y., had come running to the stable where George was grooming the stains of the day's patrol from Abe, his mount.

"Mr. Trooper," the boy panted, "somebody's been callin' you on the phone."

“Call the barracks,” the hotel keeper directed as George appeared. “They’ve tried to get you three times in the last half hour.”

Over the telephone, George received instructions from First Sergeant Miller.

“Get to Mendon as quick as you can,” Miller ordered. “A crazy man is threatening to tear the place apart. Lew Hemaline is the name. If you can’t get him alone, we’ll send help.”

One minute was devoted to giving the hotel man instructions concerning Abe. Then the trooper sprinted for the station and swung aboard the Rochester train as it was pulling out. At 10:30 that night he dropped off another train into the blackness that shrouds Mendon at that ghastly hour.

A light still shone in the general store and there George sought information from the postmaster who jumped as he entered and then laughed in relief at the sight of the grey uniform.

“I thought you was Hemaline,” he grinned. “Where is he? Gosh, I don’t know! Don’t want to find out, neither. He’s in one of his crazy spells.

“I s’pose,” he added resignedly, “he’ll kill someone one of these days. Then they’ll send him away for keeps.”

In the next fifteen minutes, George learned enough to impel the average policeman to send in a hurry call for the reserves. Hemaline was quiet enough until a "spell" took him. Thrice before, when the mania was upon him, he had been overpowered with difficulty and sent to an asylum. Each time he had been discharged as "cured."

When insanity gripped him, he was utterly careless of his own or his neighbors' lives; tremendously strong and quick and treacherous as a snake.

"Last time he was took," the postmaster reminisced, "they had two dep'ty sheriffs, the constabule, and a hull posse of farmers. When they caught him he fit like a wild cat. They all had to set on him to quiet him. Then they handcuffed him to an iron bed for the night. Say, he ripped the cross bar right out of the head of that bed. Then they had to set on him again. The only way they could keep him quiet was to let him go down the cellar and peel potatoes. He peeled a hull barrel of them before morning.

"They took him to the 'sylum. Now he says he'll tromp out the guts of the feller that dares to tech him again. Says he'll die fightin' before they ever take him to that place. He's a bad,

bad man, Lew Hemaline. When is the rest of you fellers comin'?"

When George explained that he was to handle the case alone, the postmaster immediately withdrew earlier offers of coöperation.

"I'll drive ye part the way to the farm he lives on," he conceded, "but I won't go right up to it. I wouldn't tech Lew with a twenty-foot pole with only one man with me. No, sir."

Out through the wintry darkness, George and the postmaster rode. At length the latter pulled in his horse.

"You get out here," he quavered, "I'm a goin' back. Lew he's that crazy he might be hidin' anywhere 'long the roadside and he'll kill ye. Yes, sir; quick as winkin'."

The hoof beats of his horse faded out in the blackness. All alone, the trooper tramped forward until he saw the bulk of a farmhouse against the starry sky. The place was as silent as a cemetery. The sound of George's fist against the door seemed to echo through the universe.

Presently from the inside came a husky whisper:

"Who's there? Is that you, Lew?"

The trooper explained and the door was

opened cautiously. Through the crack, a farmer peeped and when he saw the uniform pulled back the portal.

"My God," he gasped, "I thought 'twas Lew. He told me he was goin' to kill us all before mornin'. I ain't dared to go to bed."

He swung a club the size of a ball bat in his hand as he spoke. Lew had left, he explained, three hours earlier after promising wholesale extinction for the farmer's family upon his return. He had gone west, toward Ionia, four miles away, driving a pony he owned in an open buggy.

It was nearly midnight now, but George set out through the darkness toward Ionia.

Only one light shone in the little village as he approached. This was in the general store where the proprietor sat late over accounts.

He admitted George and by the light of the single kerosene lamp, took up his part of the saga of Lew Hemaline.

The madman had been in his store just before closing time. He had said that he was going to call on one Jamieson a farmer living some four miles beyond the town. To the trooper, the storekeeper explained that Jamieson was the only man in the neighborhood who could quiet Hemaline when the spell of madness was upon him.

Over the telephone, Jamieson admitted that Hemaline was there and had gone to bed.

"You had better stay where you are till morning," he advised the trooper. "There'll be trouble if you wake him up. I'll hold him till you come after breakfast. He won't run away. If you take him to-night, he will certainly resist and Lew is a very bad man when he's in this state."

On this assurance, George accepted the room offered by the storekeeper and caught a few hours' sleep. At dawn, as he had requested, his host aroused him. Over the breakfast table the storekeeper and his wife talked of Hemaline and the strange and savage things he did when the madness gripped him.

With his sausages and cakes the trooper absorbed anecdote after anecdote of the strength, the recklessness, and desperation of the man he had been sent to get. And the burden of the cheering tales recounted by his host and hostess was:

"He's a bad, bad man. He's a-goin' to kill the next man that tries to 'rest him."

"Lew come in last time he was took with a crazy spell," said the storekeeper, "and told me to move my gas pump back from the road and put up a mile of hitchin' posts. Said he expected

three thousand wild ponies from the West and he had to have somewhere to tie 'em while he was breakin' 'em in for the soldiers. He told me he'd saw me in half with a cross-cut saw if I didn't. But they caught him that time before he got the chanct. He's a tough, hard feller; a bad man to cross when he's in one of his spells."

So, to the accompaniment of recitations of outrage, and predictions of calamity, the breakfast with comforters who might well have attended Job, came to a close. At the end of a tale of a peculiarly revolting atrocity committed by Hemaline, George pushed back his chair and went to the telephone. He called up a physician at Honeoye Falls and announced he was bringing Hemaline in that morning for commitment papers to the Rochester Asylum.

"What! Again?" queried the physician. "Was anybody hurt when you caught him."

"I'm catching him this morning," the trooper replied.

"How many of you?"

"Just me."

"Hem!" said a dubious voice over the wire.

"Well, I'll be in all morning—if you need me."

"I want a car to take me out to Jamieson's," George told the storekeeper.

"Sure," the other complied. "Sure. Only—well you'll have to drive it yourself. And that wouldn't be any use because you'll have to keep your gun in Lew's stomach all the time and watch him like a fishhawk. I'd go with ye to drive, but I'm busy—and everything."

"Get the car," the trooper said. "I'll drive it."

Presently the roar and rattling outside told that the Ford had been drawn up in front of the store. The storekeeper entered and wished the trooper a solemn good-bye. George went out into the brisk morning air as a rickety buggy drew up alongside the car and a tall rawboned man clumped up the steps and into the store after sweeping the trooper with a pair of singularly piercing dark eyes.

A minute later, the storekeeper came tip-toeing, stuttering in excitement.

"He's here now," he gasped, "that's Lew that just went inside. What we better do?"

Without replying the trooper wheeled and re-entered the building.

Hemaline had been peering into a show case but swung around quickly as the man in grey appeared. He came toward the trooper, great hairy hands held ready, the unshaven lips curling

into a snarl. His threadbare coat seemed too small for the mighty shoulders and thick chest. He stared at the trooper with the fixed gaze of one who looks through, rather than at, a thing.

"You are Lew Hemaline?" George asked quietly.

"I am. What of it?" the other retorted.

"I want to see you outside," the trooper ordered and turning on his heel, left the building. The madman followed. On the steps he clutched the other's shoulder with a heavy hand.

"And who in hell are you?" he croaked.

George told him and added in the tone of one who imparts deep confidences: "I'm a State Trooper, Lew. I want you to come with me and see Dr. Fleming over at Honeoye Falls."

He met the bleak glare of the crazy man without flinching.

"Can't go," Hemaline answered flatly, "I got to do my chores."

"Suppose I help you with them," George proposed. "Put up your horse and we'll go together in the car to Honeoye Falls. It's a fine day for a ride."

A grin softened the stony face of the madman. He grabbed the hand of the trooper and shook it hard.

“They’ve always told me,” he remarked, “that the State Cops beat hell out of a fellow and then talk to him afterward. Let’s go!”

He took the cigar that George offered, lit it and then climbing into his buggy started down the road, the trooper following in the car. The amazed eyes of the storekeeper and his wife trailed them out of sight.

Under the even more startled gaze of the farmer, whom Hemaline had promised to kill on his return, the madman and the trooper unhitched the horse in the barnyard and led it into the stable. There they fed and watered the stock and did the other chores while the trooper talked, soothingly, inconsequentially; as one might speak to a nervous horse or a frightened child. They drew the wagon into the barn. From beneath the seat, Hemaline drew out a dinner pail and a large club. He stepped softly toward the trooper, swinging the weapon about his head, a strange leer on his face.

“We’re not going to need that, Lew,” George said pleasantly, standing quite still. “Better leave that here if we’re going for a ride. What’s it for anyway?”

The madman hesitated a moment, then with a weak grin he threw the weapon into a corner.

"It's for the Spaniards," he whispered. "They live a ways down the road and they make whiskey for the hull United States. I been lyin' out every night for the last two weeks watchin' them and collectin' evidence."

He opened the dinner pail. The upper part was filled with crackers, the lower with oysters frozen into a solid mass.

"I eat these," Lew explained, "while collectin' the evidence. Let's go ridin'."

It was a bitter morning and the wind was rising. Hemaline wore only trousers, shoes, shirt, and thin jacket. George proposed that he get an overcoat before they started. He followed the madman up to his room which was cluttered with battered suitcases.

"What's in these Lew?" the trooper asked incautiously.

Instantly the baleful light that had flickered in the maniac's eyes as he had swung the club about his head, flared up once more. He clutched George's arm.

"Mustard gas and dynamite," he hissed. "I'm goin' to use it on the feller that lives here."

George opened one of the suitcases. It was filled with old clothes. At once Hemaline flew into a rage. He tramped up and down the room,

cursing his employer and charging him with stealing the original contents.

"I been watchin' him!" he stormed. "I'm goin' to kill him! Yes, sir. He's a thief and he's got to die. He steals my things. He steals horses, cows, everything. The world won't be right till he's dead. I got his grave already dug. I'll show you where we'll put him."

He led the way to the cellar. There in a corner was the grave, a hole nine feet long, three wide and about four deep, dug in the earth floor. The dirt piled beside it was still fresh.

"Come on," Hemaline muttered, trembling violently. "Let's fill it now!"

"Well," the trooper temporized, "not right now, Lew. Let's go for a ride first. We'll go to Honeoye Falls and then to Rochester."

"Not to the 'sylum," the madman warned, glaring at the trooper.

"Troopers don't take people to asylums," George pointed out. "They put them in jail."

"That's all right," Hemaline said, pacified.

For the first half of the journey to Honeoye Falls, the madman leaned back in the front seat of the Ford, eyes half closed and puffing at the cigar the trooper had given him. George

watched him narrowly. No one could tell when the smoldering fires would flare up again.

Suddenly Hemaline swore and held up the cigar he had been smoking. He grabbed the trooper with his other hand so that the car swerved and nearly left the road.

"Do you know what this is?" he shrieked. "It's a bomb and liable to explode any minute!"

He threw it into a ditch and turned to watch it as the car sped on.

"Yes, sir," he continued, the hard shrill note of madness strong in his voice. "A cop in Rochester was smoking one of these things in front of the Chamber of Commerce Building and the damn cigar exploded and blew his head off which they found the next day five blocks away on the banks of the Genesee River! It's a bomb, a bomb and——"

His voice broke into a shriek. His head wagged from side to side.

The trooper reached into his pocket and drew forth another.

"This one is all right, Lew," he assured him. "This is the kind Caruso smokes."

"Caruso!" Lew scoffed, "I can sing better than Caruso. So can you. Can't you?"

"Oh, yes," George agreed.

“Well,” the maniac suggested, “let’s sing.”

They sang. Not even the most tolerant critic would have called it music, but it soothed Lew. The louder the volume of sound, the calmer he became. He slipped one arm over the shoulders of the trooper and with his face close to George’s devoted himself to coöperating in unimaginable discord.

The wild, strained look faded out of his face. He leaned back and with mouth wide open, gave vent to sounds such as an innocent countryside had never known. George sang with him. Lew refused a solo part. Mile after mile they traveled and the fragments of the ravished “Suwannee River” was strewn in their track.

The faces of both were red. The trooper’s throat grew sore. Yet they continued to mourn together for the “old folks at home.” Once George suggested they rest. Instantly Hemaline insisted that he be permitted to get out of the car. He raved that he would not stay with anyone who did not like good music. So they sang some more.

They reached the outskirts of Honeoye Falls. Little children ran shrieking home as they heard them approaching. Only once the chant slack-

ened. Hemaline paused, drew a long breath, turned to the gasping trooper and said:

“We’re coming into town. Now let’s sing loud so’s they all can hear us.”

They sang loud. Dogs in back yards tugged at their chains and protested to high heaven. Traffic drew close to the curb and gave them as much of the street as possible. When the trooper lagged, Hemaline encouraged him. When they finished the “Suwannee River,” straightway they began it over again. They sang, interminably, intolerably.

So Trooper George of the State Police, by the art of Orpheus, pacified the beast that dwelt in the brain of Lew Hemaline. The spell of the song they had chanted still lingered when he took his meek prisoner into the office of Dr. Fleming. Examination over, the physician took the trooper aside.

“You must be crazy yourself,” he said in a low voice, “to try to bring this man in single-handed. He’s bad clear through. It’s only bull luck that has got you this far with him. One little slip and he’ll kill you if you’re alone with him.”

“No,” replied George hoarsely. “Not while I can sing he won’t. I can handle him alone.”

At the insistence of the physician, the chief of police of Honeoye Falls accompanied them to Rochester. Hemaline would not sit beside him on the rear seat. Neither would he permit the interloper to join in their further renditions of the "Suwannee River." All alone in the tonneau sat the chief of police and suffered.

Still apparently convinced he was going to jail, Hemaline permitted himself to be taken into the hospital for the insane at Rochester. Only once did he exhibit violence. That was when an indiscreet doctor in the office asked him if he had ever been committed to an asylum before.

It took four men five minutes to subdue him and fifteen more to rearrange the furniture. Then the officials decided to withdraw the question. In a whisper—all that was left of his voice—George told his charge good-bye.

"I'll never forget you," the madman said. "You've been a friend to me. You can sing better'n anybody—except me."

"But as for you!" he snarled, turning upon the wholly innocent police chief, "if I ever get out of here, I'm gonna kill you!"

CHAPTER XIII

THE GHOST CATCHERS

ON an afternoon in June, 1920, Sergeant, now Captain, D. E. Fox and Trooper Thomas McQuade tracked down and exorcised a ghost; fought a wildman in his lair; captured two creatures with the shapes of humans and the hearts of beasts, and rescued a baby who, in the six weeks of its life, had had no food but sour milk and no clothing but newspapers.

All this took place near the placid little town of Stamford toward whose staid houses the hills of Delaware County stretch out mothering arms.

Pleasant are the streets of Stamford. An air of peace and prosperity broods in the shade of the great trees set upon their curbs. Beyond them stretches a pastoral landscape of rolling hills and fat farms.

Such is the background—best fitted for a rural idyll—against which Sergeant Fox acted his part in a drama belonging rightly to ten thousand

years ago. It was in this frame that he and Trooper McQuade stumbled upon a situation lifted bodily out of the age of the mammoth and the flint axe and set down amid the sleek Delaware hills in the year of Our Lord, 1920.

For weeks before the troopers came, farms on the outskirts of Stamford had been visited over and over again by a ghost—a lachrymose phantom that wailed eerily and stole sour milk left out for the pigs and, when opportunity offered, made off with a chicken.

It wasn't an animal, for traps were employed against it in vain. Therefore, the farmers decided with uneasy stirrings of the hair on their necks, it was a spirit. Half glimpses caught of a figure drifting away through the dusk confirmed this, and more than once in the evening a woman lifted her eyes from work to window and screamed at the apparition she saw momentarily therein.

So, through that spring and early summer, the ghost drifted at twilight through the outskirts of Stamford, wailing fitfully, while tales of its horror grew more swiftly than the springing corn.

A few generations earlier, and the townsfolk would have called upon the village parson to drive off the unhappy spirit. Instead, this being

the twentieth century, they called for the troopers.

George Taylor summoned the grey riders. Less emotional or harder headed than his neighbors, he did not hold to the ghost theory. But of this much he was certain:

Something was astray on the countryside that had no right to be there; a something that wailed like a sick cat; that fled at the approach of men; that lived upon small thievings.

Men in his employ had caught distant views of the creature while they were at work in a maple grove deep in the heart of the hills. Before they could summon sufficient courage to rush it, it had flitted into the woods and vanished.

Others whom Fox and McQuade questioned told of similar experiences; of the banshee wail of the thing as it prowled about the out-buildings at midnight; of glimpses of a creature that looked as it fled, like a man, and yet was not a man.

And the troopers, uncertain whether this was the strangest case that had ever found its way into the records of the department, or an enormous hoax, set about capturing the phantom quite as calmly as though they were searching for a violator of the motor vehicle law.

It was certain that the creature had been seen

on more than one occasion lurking about the shack in the Taylor sugar grove. This was in a somber valley set between hills in the depths of Delaware County's wilderness. For this Fox and McQuade set out, uncertain whether it were best to start upon their quest armed with issue ammunition or silver bullets for their revolvers.

The macadam gave way to a dirt road and this to a grass-grown trail leading down to the valley and the maple grove in which, though it was only a little past midday, the shadows hung heavy.

The two slipped through this grove as cautiously as Indians and at length came within sight of the sugar shack standing gaunt and lonely in the clearing.

A little breeze set the leaves overhead sighing mournfully, but nothing else stirred. The interior of the cabin was empty and the weird shape that had been described to them so often was nowhere visible.

But as they searched they became aware of a path running off into the blackness of the deeper woods—scarcely even a path; merely the shadow of a track laid over the lush grass and the last year's leaves.

This they followed. More than once they lost



Trooper and Mount; Parade Dress

it and had to circle like hounds to pick it up again. Faint as the trail was, it drew them on, down from the maple grove through underbrush and swamp to the edge of a sluggish creek flowing through the valley.

Far above, the Catskill peaks shone golden in the afternoon sunlight, while they, where they stood, were in deep shadow. The fitful breeze running through the leaves and the slow voice of the water were the only sounds that rose above their own breathing.

All at once McQuade halted and turned to his sergeant.

“Hear it?” he asked.

“What?” demanded Fox with the irritability of strained nerves.

The trooper was silent for a moment and then grinned.

“This ghost chasing is getting my goat,” he confessed. “I thought I heard the darned thing. Let’s go.”

Fox in the lead, they pressed forward along the faint trail. The woodland through which it threaded was virgin. Its shadowy depths had held out no inducement to the local explorer. And yet that wraith of a track ran on through it and once or twice in damp stretches the men

in grey thought they discerned the impress of human feet.

At length they came to an open space beside the creek and halted to rest and war against the wood flies that sang about their ears. Fox suddenly gripped McQuade's arm.

"Listen!" he commanded tensely.

Over the brawl of the stream and the incessant singing of the flies came another sound; a far-away, faint, wailing cry.

"Wildcat," said McQuade without conviction.

"No," Fox replied, with a forced grin. "Guess we're on the trail of our ghost, all right."

On through the gloom of the heavy undergrowth, they pressed toward the sound.

All at once, before them, the trees began to thin out again and Fox, stepping cautiously forward, found they were coming out on another loop of the creek.

McQuade saw him stiffen suddenly like a dog coming to point. Then he nodded dumbly toward something on the bank across the stretch of murky water.

"God!" McQuade whispered.

Over the pool at their feet, a bank of shale ran up to the perpendicular rock above. Where talus slope met cliff, there gaped a black hole

as though the preeipice snarled and, seemingly from this, came the wailing cry that had drawn them on.

But it was not this that had inspired Me-Quade's exelamation. Something stood on the shore listening intently; something that might have been a man, and yet was not; something with matted hair covering skull and faee and with a shirt in tatters about long, stringy, apeline arms. Lean legs reached down from shreds of what had onee been a pair of overalls. The creature's mouth was slaek and half open, showing yellow teeth. His little eyes shot suspicious glanees here and there.

Fox gasped. Out of the underbrush eame another ereature and stood at the side of the first. This was, or had onee been, a woman. Rags that had lost all semblanee of garments clung about her. Her faee was vaeant, brutal and hideously thin; her hair elotted with burs and bits of stick.

There in the afternoon sunlight they stood beside the stream, a paleolithic man and woman recreated beneath the gaze of two members of the poliee of New York State. Above, where the door of their home gaped, the crying continued. The man turned and his teeth shone in a snarl.

One of the troopers shifted his weight and a stick broke beneath his foot.

Instantly, as though snapped by a spring, the strange things across the creek wheeled and catching sight of McQuade and Fox scrambled hastily up the bank to their cave, uttering squawks and gabbles of alarm.

Fighting back their horror, the men in grey followed. Throaty snarling mingled with the wails as the men clawed their way up toward the cave's mouth, and then—adding immeasurably to the hideousness—the wild animal noises were supplemented by perfectly plain and entirely unprintable words.

Fox pulled himself up to the mouth of the cave first, and the stench of the place rolled out like a blast of heat from a furnace to meet him. Here were humans who had lost their human tradition and had not assumed the decent conventions of the lower animals.

The sergeant had no time to debate the particulars of their throwback, though, for the male-thing that dwelt in the den was upon him, screeching with rage, teeth and long sharp fingers searching for any hold whatever.

For a few minutes, the filthy place was filled with a whirl of fight. McQuade, following Fox,

gripped the woman and held her back from the struggle, though she bit and clawed as well as she might for the newspaper bundle she held in her arms. Meanwhile the sergeant was having all he could do to beat down and overcome a madman who fought with a catlike fury and with that animal's complete disregard for the rules of combat.

At length, the bearded, frenzied creature was on his back on the floor with Fox sitting gingerly on his chest while McQuade made him fast. They dragged their prisoners out from the cave, devoid of all furnishings but two blankets on which the couple slept, and into the fresher air of outdoors.

Then, deep in the newspaper parcel the woman held, they found the voice of the Stamford ghost—a wizened, dirty, six-week's old baby, with a sharp-featured monkey's face and the least possible flesh on its limbs.

From the pair who had trod back over the trail of civilization for twenty thousand years, the troopers, by continued questioning, managed to obtain enough information to explain all possibly explicable parts of the grisly case.

Both man and woman were degenerates—throwbacks. They were natives of the region and products of a long line of inbred ancestors. The man had been jailed numerous times for

various offenses. The woman had two husbands living, beside the mate with whom they found her. The baby had been born without any medical aid whatever, in an old cabin on the outskirts of Stamford.

Neighbors had threatened to report the couple's neglect of the child to the authorities, so the three had fled to the deep woods and had taken up quarters in the cave. From there, they had gone forth at night on forays; stealing, beside food, property to the value of about \$500 which was recovered stored in the cabin from which they had fled.

The man was sent to jail, the woman to a house of refuge, and the ghost that had wailed nightly about Stamford wept no more.

The life of the twentieth century, flowing like a great tide over the enlightened Commonwealth of New York, fashions in its currents strange eddies and backwaters. Into these drift bits of human flotsam and jetsam, men and women who are unable or unwilling to play their rôles in the exacting drama of modern life.

Hermits withdraw to lonely valleys or hills and there rear cabins, living in unimaginable squalor and not infrequently making petty forays on nearby villages for the necessities of life. Else-

where communities, estranged by some shift in the tide of civilization, robbed of all initiative by degeneracy, slowly rot away, a menace to more advanced neighboring villages.

There are spots in the Catskills, the hills of Columbia County, the Adirondaeks, where natives of the sovereign State of New York dwell in a condition of savagery. Compared to these festering, forgotten hamlets, the mountaineer settlements of the Blue Ridge are advanced communities.

The country folk who tolerate the insane, who submit to the depredations of the hermit until he becomes too bold, bear with the degenerates of Schoharie and the "bushwhackers" of Columbia County with the same spirit of "live and let live."

Uneducated, without religion or even the most elementary social traditions, these folk have endured in the heart of one of the foremost States in the Union for generations, godless and also lawless until the troopers came.

To-day, the passing of these backwaters is at hand. Horsemen in grey have ridden into the foul settlements and have taken from reeking cabins desperadoes, thieves, murderers who long have regarded themselves immune from the law of the folk of the lowlands. For the first time in

generations, the State has reached out an arm and come into actual contact with the native born aliens who have flourished within her borders.

Where the criminal law has placed its hand, it is not unreasonable to hope that the less stern functions of the State will follow through. The grey riders have disclosed the degeneracy that has lain hidden for unnumbered years in the heart of New York. To the sallow pale-eyed mountaineers they have in the four years of their existence taught the lesson that laws were not made to be broken with impunity.

They have taught the dwellers in squalid Catskill mountain hamlets that incest is not the natural state of men and women. They have ridden far into the fastnesses of the hills and brought down to the lowlands young men who had refused to register for the draft because they were not "goin' to fight to free no niggers." They have tracked down criminals who never before had realized that lawbreaking could be followed with retribution.

They are opening up the degenerate hamlets of the State. All that police officers can do toward that end, they are doing. It is now for the State itself to follow the trail they have cut to the feeble little plague spots that mar its civilization.

CHAPTER XIV

THE FRIGHTENED PEOPLE

“THEY’LL hear you on the trail,” he predicted, “but you’ll never hear them. They’ll see you, too, but you’ll not know it. Then they’ll run into their cabins and bar the doors. They’re frightened of people. They’re frightened of me and I’ve known ’em for years. They’ll be scared stiff of you troopers.”

From another room he brought a half-bushel basket. It resembled in shape those rickety containers in which the corner grocer heaps potatoes. In texture and workmanship it was as superior to these as is a carpet of Ispahan to the rag rug of a New England farmhouse.

It was woven of brown weathered strips, ribbon-thin and a half inch wide, cut with strange skill from the heart of a white oak. So tight was the weave that when you held the basket up to the sun, and looked into the flaring mouth, no ray of light filtered through. This was

not the product of slip-shod factory methods. The man who had made it had evidently loved his work. There was perfect craftsmanship here, from the ingeniously contrived base to the rim, bound delicately with smaller withes.

"That's the sort of work they do," our host explained.

"It will hold water," he added, after we had inspected it. Then, reading the incredulity in the sergeant's face, he went to the pump and proved it. This hand-made fabric of oak strips was not only a basket but a bucket as well.

"They make the best baskets in the world," our host asserted and probably was correct.

"But you'll never get within a hundred yards of any of them," he predicted, but in this he erred.

For by grace of the uniforms we wore and the favor of the Goddess of Luck who relented after misleading us for hours on the hill trails, we found the group of tumble-down cabins that is the city of the Frightened People and spoke to their inhabitants, face to face.

For many years—people of the lowlands say two centuries or more—they have lived in the heart of the hills, slipping with each generation a little farther from man-made law; a little nearer

those elemental statutes framed by cold and hunger and the mating cry.

They have no religion as the foxes and squirrels have none. What statutes and traditions they brought with them out of the unknown land from which they hailed died of age and disuse, long ago. Birth and mating and death come to them as they come to the furred and feathered wild creatures of these hills. They keep no livestock, no poultry, and their efforts at agriculture are limited to draggled little patches of corn and potatoes, which live or wither as rain and insects see fit.

Thus have they lived, for perhaps ten generations, shrinking in fright from outside contact, untouched by the swelling tide of civilization. They dwell, these feeble frightened folk, in the hills—not of the Virginia or Carolina hinterlands—but of Columbia County in the enlightened State of New York which yearly sends its thousands of dollars to aid the mountaineers of the Blue Ridge and forgets the Frightened People of the range that rises about Lake Charlotte.

Ten miles, as the crow flies, from the flourishing city of Hudson; a short day's ride, as the automobile counts time, from the greatest city of the western world; an hour's walk from the

summer colony that clings to the shore of the little lake, men and women are mating, bearing offspring, and dying without knowledge of the name of God; ignorant of the alphabet; never having seen a railroad train or a modern highway.

Fear of the outlander, strong as animals' terror of fire and dating from no one knows what forgotten period in their history, keeps them away from the civilization which now washes the bases of the hills in which they live.

The folk of West Taghkanic and Glencoe Mills, the nearest lowland villages, look upon the Frightened People with the *laissez faire* attitude so common to country folk. They exist. There they are. That's all there is to it. Taxes are heavy enough now without thinking up new ways to spend the county's money.

The fear that has driven the hill folk to shun the stranger has also kept them from such flagrant violations of the lowlander's law as might have brought them, willy nilly, into contact with the outside world.

"Steal?" the villager snorts when you ask him. "Shucks, no! They ain't got spunk enough. They mind their own business and they'll thank you to mind yours."

So they do, with passionate fervor. Yet had

it not been for a charge of theft laid against them by the folk of West Taghkanic, the Frightened People might have remained, unheard-of, in their squalid huts until the end of the chapter. It was this charge and the investigation of it by the New York State Troopers that established the slender liaison now existing between them and the world that most of us know.

In 1919 several summer cottages on the shore of Lake Charlotte were robbed. West Taghkanic, when apprised of the foray, telephoned for the troopers. When Corporal—now First Sergeant—R. A. Kelly and Trooper—now Corporal—H. R. Snyder rode into the village, they found that the case had been solved for them by the amateur detectives at the grocery store. The “bushwhackers” were the culprits, the troopers were informed. All they had to do now, was ride up into the hills and arrest them.

Who were the bushwhackers? Oh, they were that queer gang that lived back in the mountains. No one knew why they were called that. Such had always been their name to the lowlanders.

Did these people steal much? Well, perhaps not. But they were queer and there wasn't any question that they had departed from their ways

of timid rectitude this time and had pillaged the cottages. West Taghkanic was certain of that, and two young men of the village were most vociferous in reiterating the charges against the Frightened People.

Corporal Kelly and Trooper Snyder promised to investigate. For the first time in two hundred years, horsemen rode up to the doors of the hill cabins, frightening the sallow, bedraggled occupants therein out of their feeble wits. The riders were much astonished, a little sickened, at what they found there. They asked questions, few of which were answered. They made notes and embodied them in a report they sent later to headquarters. Then they rode back to West Taghkanic with the case still unsolved.

On their way to the stronghold of the Frightened People, they had stopped at the plundered cottages on Lake Charlotte. They had listened to the lists of articles stolen, recited by the victims of the foray. They had inspected the broken doors, the empty salmon tins and ale bottles that told of the meal the robbers had enjoyed. And Corporal Kelly, after noting all this, had picked something from the floor of one of the cabins and dropped it without comment into the pocket of his riding breeches.

RAILWAY AND HIGHWAY



Hunting Freight Thieves



Protecting the Highways; Weighing a Truck Believed to be Overweight

Later, he showed it to Snyder. It was a wad of chewing gum, hardened by exposure. In it were clear incisions of someone's upper and lower front teeth. There was doubt in the troopers' minds whether the Frightened People had advanced on the road of progress as far as the chewing-gum stage.

Back to West Taghkanic the riders went and reported progress. There was audible comment on their ability as policemen. The case was solved already. Why didn't they arrest the bushwhackers? Loudest and most insistent in the making of such queries were the two young men already mentioned.

Corporal Kelly went shopping. Trooper Snyder went sleuthing. Corporal Kelly returned from his mission with some plaster of Paris and a lump of beeswax. Trooper Snyder came back from his, somewhat ruffled as a man will be who has been laughed at over much. He had been making inquiries as to the record of the two insistent accusers of the Frightened People, and had received in return some scorn, considerable jeering, and a little information; all of the latter favorable to the pair in question.

Together, Kelly and Snyder mixed the plaster of Paris with water. They filled the indentations

in the gum with the paste and when it had hardened found they had fairly accurate casts of someone's upper and lower incisors. Then they went to the two chief accusers of the hill folk and told the pair they wanted to talk to them.

They talked for a long time. They watched the air of injured innocence turn to indignation and then to downright defiance. Eventually under the continued strain of questioning, the nerve of one of the pair broke. He began to cry but continued to insist that he was guiltless. The other clung to his bravado. He laughed at the troopers. He jeered at their questions. He insisted that they had nothing on him and never would have. The one who wept now lifted up his voice to announce that he would do anything in the world to convince these cruelly suspicious men in grey that he had had nothing to do with the Lake Charlotte robberies.

Kelly wheeled on him suddenly at his words and thrust forward a lump of beeswax.

"Bite it!" he commanded and the other obeyed before he realized.

Then Snyder and Kelly mixed more plaster of Paris explaining meanwhile what they were doing and why they were doing it. The bravado oozed out of the blustering youth like wind out

of a toy balloon. The tears of the other were suddenly dried.

They sat, silent and pale, while the east made from the incisions in the wax was compared with the earlier one obtained from the gum. They were identieal.

Eventually, the lately defiant young man spoke.

"All right," he conceded, "you've got us. We confess. Now we'll show you where we hid the stuff."

In a barn, fifteen miles away, Kelly and Snyder found the stolen property. They took it and their prisoners before a Justice of the Peace, charging the captives with indiscreet gum chewing and other offenses.

Such was the first contaet of the troopers with the Frightened People. The report that the patrol sent to headquarters made no furore. There are too many such backwaters of eivilization in New York for the men of the service to get exeited over one of them. They themselves are too few to attempt to reform and enlighten people whom the other departments of the State government have neglected entirely.

Yet since then, they have done what they could. Several times a year now, the grey

riders penetrate into the hills and preach to the Frightened Folk the necessity of sending their children to school.

Sometimes the hillmen obey, when the snow does not lie too heavy on the trails. But the methods for teaching the young, prescribed by the Department of Education, were not designed to bring back into the fold the children of folk out of touch with all civilization for a century or more; who in addition have no desire to return. You might as well send fox cubs to kindergarten.

Yet each fall, now, a patrol rides through to maintain the liaison they have established with the Frightened People and to inform them, if they can catch them, of the advantages of education. It was the privilege of the writer to ride on such an errand, authorized by Captain E. F. Tobey of Troop A, and shepherded by Sergeant J. R. Lockman, as patient and considerate a gentleman as ever wore spurs.

Apart from these visits of the troopers, the folk of the rest of the State have few dealings with the "bushwhackers." Occasionally, one of the hillmen ventures down to the general store in West Taghkanic, there to trade the burden of baskets he carries for provisions and clothing. The folk of the Columbia County hinterland

have far less native resource than the mountaineers of the Blue Ridge. They weave no homespun. They do not even brew illicit liquor. A little hunting with ancient muskets, some trapping and fishing, the harvesting of their meager garden patches, and the weaving of perfect baskets are their only gainful activities.

The process of shopping is long and ceremonious. The storekeeper takes the baskets and announces that he will give two dollars for the lot. The hillman insists that the money be handed over. Then he returns it to the storekeeper and demands salt pork. He will not, under any circumstances, make known the entire list of his wants at once and have it filled, as far as his money will go. After each purchase, he demands the change, looks at it wisely—though there is doubt whether he can count it—and then after some hesitation orders another article. When the last coin has been spent, he slings the resultant bundle on his back and the village has seen the last of him until these provisions run out.

He and his sallow brothers and sisters of the woods have no more idea whence their stock came originally than has the negro who mows your lawn. One theory is that it was a part of

the wave of pioneers that swept west across the New England border two centuries or more ago. Others say that the original forefathers of the Frightened People were folk of ill repute who left Connecticut when it became too hot for them and hid in the New York hills.

The latter theory accounts for their inherited fear of the outlander. Only two facts are fairly certain concerning their origin. They were few to begin with, for there are only two surnames in the clan—Proper and Hotaling. If the evidence of complexion and feature goes for anything, they have kept the white strain unadulterated.

“The flu wiped out about half of them a couple of years back,” the sergeant remarked.

We had left our horses stabled at the Lake Charlotte Hotel, for the going was rough for mounted men, and were clambering up through a brush-choked gully, following a trail that was little more than a game run.

“They died like flies,” the sergeant added. “They buried their dead—sometimes. Otherwise—well, there were two cabins, each with a family. The flu got the father in one and the wife in the other. So the survivors just combined forces. They do that.

“But that isn’t all of it. They took the dear departed and stacked them up in the shed outside the cabin—just rolled them up in blankets and left them there. There they stayed, all through the honeymoon, and then some. They’d have been there yet if a hunter hadn’t passed and found them—which wasn’t much of a job. The poormaster of West Taghkanic came up with a couple of men and buried them.”

The trail climbed to a knoll overlooking the lake. There the gaunt ruin of a cabin stared at us with empty windows.

“They lived here once,” Lockman explained, “but when people began to come to the lake in summer, they took to the deep woods. They can’t stand looking at strangers, even a mile away.”

Past the crumbling shanty, the trail ran up to meet the virgin growth of beech and oak, gold and crimson in their October foliage. Several times it forked, and at length the branch we followed ran out entirely.

We backtracked and tramped another fork until it vanished in the undergrowth. The hills were laced with little blind paths, running in and out of ravines, between boulders, twisting and branching endlessly. These were the highways

of the Frightened People, used for mysterious ends of their own.

At length, when breath and patience were growing uncomfortably short, and the pessimistic predictions of the proprietor of the hotel had begun to assume all the weight and veracity of the decalogue, Luck relented.

Above the speech of the breeze in the leaves and our own heavy breathing, we heard the voices of children. We headed toward them, cautiously as possible, over the brittle leaves underfoot. At length they heard us and their voices were cut off as quickly as though the needle had been lifted from a phonograph record. But we had been going up-wind and were close to them. We came out on another trail and met the Frightened People, face to face.

They were frightened. Five children and two women, one little more than a child, though two babies clung to her, huddled together and stared at us, as deer do before they wheel to run. The arms of the women and older children were filled with the dead wood they had been gathering.

Their clothing was ragged and dirty past all identification. Lank hair streamed over sallow faces that bore no evidence of even a remote acquaintance with soap. The eyes that watched

us were not humanly curious. They held the blank terror of wild things.

"It's all right!" the sergeant called. "We're State Troopers. You know us."

But they cowered and shrank away as we approached. The old woman grimaced, monkey-like. We were in her presence probably an hour altogether. In that time she never said a word to us; only glared at us malevolently. The young girl held her children close to her and answered our questions mainly by nods. The eldest boy, a lad of eleven, grinned at us from beneath the ruin of a derby hat which he wore pulled well down over his ears. His name was Abie.

Gently, the sergeant explained our mission. They continued to stare.

The young mother at length told us her name. She spoke with a queer blur, a thickening of speech, that we found to be characteristic of the entire tribe. Her maiden name, she said, had been the same. She denied that she had married her cousin. She did not know the ages of her children but said her father did.

The older woman tossed her head, muttered something, and started off down the trail. She had seen my camera. Behind her, the flock

trailed along like geese. When we made to follow, the beldame snarled at us.

For fifteen minutes they traveled as swiftly as the smallest toddler could walk. Abie of the derby brought up the rear of the procession, tripping persistently over the armful of wood he carried.

Eventually, the trees thinned out and through them we saw the colony, set in a dip between the hills. Crumbling chimneys perched drunkenly on sagging ridgepoles amid rotting shingles. Numberless seasons had stained the cabins the hue of the rock ledges and the tree boles until they seemed a part of the wilderness itself. A few of the huts were of two stories. Ladders, not stairs, were used to reach the upper floors. The best of the houses, toward which the procession was hastening, had window panes. In the others, rags or paper had been stuffed into the gaps.

The vindictive old woman hustled her flock into the cabin, holding the door open just enough to let them squeeze through. Then, as the sergeant tried to follow, she slipped in herself and slammed the portal in his face. Entirely unruffled, he set his shoulder against it and pushed it open, before she could bolt it.

There was an ancient stove, beside which Abie, the derby crowned, was piling his sticks. There was also a rickety double bed covered with an old red blanket, a workbench, and one senile chair. These were the chief furnishings of a chamber not larger than the average city flat living-room. The air was filled with the pungent reek of dust and neglect that seems always to accompany abject poverty.

At the workbench sat "Pap," patriarch of his clan and headman of the settlement in so far as it was he who generally packed the baskets down to the West Taghkanic store and traded them for supplies. Long withes of white oak were coiled like wire about his feet. Between his knees, he held the beginnings of a basket; the uprights flaring out from the plaited bottom like petals of a gigantic sunflower.

He was blond to the verge of albinism, with the face of a feeble baboon. His faded blue eyes peered up beneath sparse brows and, meeting yours, flickered down again. He was stunted and thin and wizened and evidently racked with all the uncomfortable emotions that might be yours were the Mikado and his train in ceremonial dress to stroll into your home uninvited.

Yet, throughout our interview, the withered

old hands continued the work he held between his knees. They kept on weaving as though governed by some force entirely outside what intelligence dwelt in that queerly peaked skull.

"I know you," Pap quavered in greeting. "You be 'tecatives."

The sergeant disavowed this, explaining that his mission was to see that the children were going to school regularly. He asked why Abie was at home.

"I be good man," Pap whined. "Ast Mr. Bleecker down to store. He say so. Abie kain't go school. Abie kain't talk."

Grinning at the attention, thus directed toward him, Abie proceeded to confirm this statement by making strange noises in his throat when addressed. He seemed tongue-tied rather than mentally deficient. We learned that he was Pap's son and uncle to the babies that scrabbled on the cabin floor.

There were other children, Pap vouchsafed, who were even then in school. He professed not to remember either their number or their ages. If he spoke the truth, and there were still others in the family, the problem of where and how they slept assumed insoluble proportions.

When asked, Pap replied briefly: "In te bed," and refused to discuss the manifest impossibility of this. He dwelt in this one room with the hostile old woman, their daughter, her husband, and two babies and Abie, not to mention the alleged other children then in school. There was scarcely space for them to sit down all at once, let alone sleep.

Pap professed to be sixty years old. He had had many children but would not say how many. According to his statements, reading and writing were as far beyond his tribe as the gospel of Einstein. Only the youngest of them had ever sat before a teacher. He himself had never seen a railway train. He had no idea who was president of the United States and seemed to have less of what these were. Yet he was the globe trotter, the traveled man of the settlement who several times a year went down to West Taghkanic where Mr. Bleecker would vouch for him as a good man.

For the rest of the Frightened People, residents of the State of New York in the year of Our Lord, 1921, the world was bounded by the uneven horizon where the Columbia County ranges rose to meet the October sky.

Fifty miles away stood the capitol of the

Empire State where laws were made for the enlightenment and comfort of a people that prided itself on its high standard of culture, and here sat Pap in his primitive cabin; stunted of mind; dwarfed of body; ignorant of God or law; with his inbred children and grandchildren about him; dreeing his feeble weird while the basket grew into form beneath his hands.

Passionately, he wished to be rid of us, yet he was afraid to say so. He went forth into the sunshine at our request to be photographed as one might go to the scaffold. While he sat, stiffly posed on the stoop, two others of the tribe drifted out of the woods and advanced, tacking away and coming back, alert and wary as wolves. At length they squatted in the sun before the cabin; watching us narrowly; saying nothing. They, too, were far below the average in height, with a strange element of caricature in their sallow features and the shifty, china-blue eyes of their clan.

Then a strange thing happened. Suddenly around the corner of the shanty hobbled an old, old man, an axe in his upraised hands. When he saw our uniforms he let the weapon drop. Pap spoke to him sharply and he shuffled over to join the silent pair in the sun. We shall never know

what his sudden appearance meant; whether the Frightened People would actually move to the attack if their privacy was violated too persistently.

How he knew we were there, how the rest of the colony discovered, are also mysteries. Yet they did know, for when Pap had taken advantage of the flurry caused by the axeman's entrance to dive back into his cabin and bar the door, the three who squatted before the cabin rose and drifted off with no more farewell than they had given greeting. And they were the last we saw of the Frightened People.

There were other houses. To all appearances they had been deserted for months. No one answered our hails. We knocked till our knuckles were sore but only woke the echoes. Yet we felt frightened eyes looking at us out of the gloom behind the patched and wadded window frames.

There are those who said when the law that brought the grey riders into being was still a political issue, that rural New York was too civilized, too generally intelligent and law abiding, to need the ministrations of a rural police. Yet there is not a single troop commander who cannot lead you to at least one God-and-man-forgotten settlement in his territory that will

match the Frightened People for decadence and far outdo them in viciousness.

“After all they’re just animals,” said the sergeant that night at supper. “They’ve slipped so far you couldn’t bring them back. Better if the flu had wiped them all out.”

A tea tray stood on a side table. Its base was delicately plaited withes; its rim of finer fiber, perfectly woven. A handle of braided sweet grasses curved gracefully above it. The lines and workmanship were beautiful and fine.

“The bushwhackers made this for me,” our hostess said, “from a sketch I gave them.”

CHAPTER XV

LO, THE TOUGH INDIAN

ON a certain summer morning, in 1918, Wilson Prince advanced unsteadily to the doorway of his cabin, looked out with morbid eyes upon that part of the Tonawanda Indian Reservation that lay within view, and spoke as follows:

“Wah!”

Infinite pessimism and disgust were embodied in this comment on the state of Wilson’s universe. Bilious was his gaze and disillusioned his heart.

Through his veins the blood of numberless generations of Senecas coursed the more swiftly under the drive of Akron, Erie County, rum. The evening before, Wilson had stolen away under cover of darkness to Akron and there, against the peace and dignity of the United States and in violation of the law of the reservation, had purchased spirituous liquors from another mocker of the statutes.

Now, on the littered floor behind him, lay several empty flasks and their erstwhile contents had clouded the world with a haze of alcohol.

The hills of the reservation, clothed in their summer garb, ran up to a flawless blue sky in a peculiarly irritating fashion. Behind another cabin, a few hundred yards away, yellow dust arose where Mrs. Billy Nicodemus hoed lustily about the growing cornstalks. Such industry was an affront to the soul of Wilson.

In the lazy summer stillness, the clink of Mrs. Billy's hoe and the voices of her progeny gravely at play before her cabin sounded like a challenge in his ears. Along the dirt road came a trotting sedate nag, drawing a rickety buggy in which sat the venerable Timothy Doctor, head chief of the reservation, whose face is as old and sorrowful as his nation's history.

He nodded as his vehicle rattled past.

"How!" said he.

To Wilson Prince this was the crowning insult in a world containing nothing but affronts. The pulsebeats that had sounded all night like the throb of war drums were pounding faster. Strange primitive echoes rang through his brain.

He returned to his chair beside the table and tentatively shook the bottle standing thereon.

No comforting gurgle responded. Wilson Prince, the doughtiest pagan on the reservation, drew a deep breath and forthwith declared war on everything in general and his fellow citizens of the Tonawanda reservation in particular.

Now the Indian reservations of New York State are miniature republics set in the commonwealth. Over them the peace officers of adjoining townships and counties exercise no authority. A United States Commissioner as representative of the Great White Father at Washington, is the sole person overruling the dusky descendants of the Six Nations.

For generations his arm was not long and only in the case of peculiarly gaudy outrages was he called upon to intervene. As long as disturbances on the reservations did not threaten to extend to the adjacent territories preëmpted by the white man, Indian troubles usually simmered in their own juice.

But in the fall of 1917, strange horsemen in grey rode through the reservations, empowered by the representative of the White Father to enforce his laws. Theirs was the authority to see that in case of sickness, quarantine rules were maintained; that children were sent to the schools, and that none offended against the edicts

of the council of chiefs that governed each reservation.

They were quiet men, these riders, more given to action than to words. They were incurious and intervened only in case of necessity or when called upon for aid by the Indians themselves. Wherefore the law-abiding and the lawless both sighed; the first from relief, the second from realization that hereafter they could not kick statutes to pieces and escape unscathed.

Tonawanda Reservation knew the New York State Troopers. Wilson Prince had experienced the weight of their hand, but as he smashed the empty bottle against the cabin wall he welcomed the prospect of their intervention. All of the horsemen at the call of the White Father would not check him now!

“Wah!” said Wilson and went for his shotgun.

His long-suffering family immediately thereafter learned that warfare, like charity, begins at home.

To the ears of Mrs. Billy Nicodemus, at work in her cornfield, came presently the familiar noises of inter-Prince strife. There were sounds of mighty crashings in the home of Wilson, attended by shrill battle cries and the keening of the Prince squaw.

ON THE DRILL GROUND



Mounted Platoon of Troop A



Infantry Drill, Troop A

Out of the door children came scuttling like chickens before an onrushing auto. There was a pause and then Mrs. Prince herself lumbered into view, partially obscured by a haze of hurtling utensils that accompanied her departure.

Down the road the refugees hurried, wailing as they went and paying no heed to the question shouted after them by the interested Nicodemus family.

"E-e-e-o-w!" remarked Wilson Prince suddenly and came bounding out of his devastated home. He shook his shotgun toward the peaceful skies and did several turkey-like war-steps in the yard. Then the sight of the awed Nicodemus clan reminded him there was still work to be done.

Over the roughly cleared field he stormed, screaming his war song as he came. Mr. and Mrs. Billy and their numerous progeny fled to their house for shelter, being peace-loving citizens. They entered by the rear door and Wilson followed. There was an interval, filled with squalls and detonations and the Nicodemus household came out of the front door and started down the road on the trail of the evicted Princes.

Well out of shotgun range, Mr. Billy Nicodemus paused and shook his fist at the embattled

figure who stood in the yard of their late residence.

“We get troopers!” he shouted.

“Get um!” replied Wilson. “Get um whole dam army. Wah!”

He watched his victims trudge away into the summer haze. Then he shouldered his gun and set out to make himself lord of Tonawanda.

Virtuous old Timothy Doctor, head chief and pillar of the reservation Methodist Church, stood in the back yard of his home unhitching his horse when Wilson appeared before him, a baleful glare in his eyes and a shotgun in his hand.

“I,” quoth he, “am now head chief. I am boss. You are an old squaw.”

“You,” retorted Timothy, forgetting his Methodist training in the swirl of outraged feelings, “are dam fool.”

“Pow!” said Wilson, by way of response, and brought the butt of his gun down upon the venerable pate of his head chief. Timothy fell, stunned, and his conqueror departed to visit nearby cabins and drive other families forth. If they halted to argue, the muzzle of the shotgun cut short all speech. If they did not flee sufficiently fast, birdshot that spattered and stung accelerated their going.

Eviction as a form of amusement presently began to pall on Wilson. He therefore formulated new strategy and with his gun and plenty of ammunition stationed himself at the intersection of the two roads running through the reservation.

Bertha Twoguns presently hove into view driving sedately along in the ancestral buggy of her clan. With a wild whoop Prince halted her, and shouting threats and waving his gun, conveyed to the paralyzed Miss Twoguns that the road—both roads in fact—were closed. Bertha turned her steed around, narrowly escaping tipping over in her excitement, and departed, the ancient horse, spurred on by a shot fired into the air, eclipsing all reservation records.

For an hour thereafter, the warrior against the universe completely tied up all vehicular traffic on the reservation. Buck, squaw, or papoose, no one was permitted to pass the militant figure at the crossroads. One Lester Blue-eyes, proud owner of a motor cycle, took no stock in Wilson's announcement that the road was closed but gave his machine power and sped past.

He was not going as swiftly as the charge of shot sent after him. This wrecked his cycle and

came close to wrecking Lester. He dived like a rabbit into the underbrush, leaving the punctured and torn pride of his heart on the highway.

Thereafter, peace brooded hatefully over that portion of the reservation. No one else appeared to contest Wilson's assertion that the roads were closed. The sun was hot and the vigil grew increasingly uninteresting. At length, having committed sufficient devastation for the morning, the warrior retired to his deserted home, there to map out a plan of campaign for the afternoon.

A little later an Indian boy, sent out to reconnoiter, returned to the ranks of the evicted with word that Prince was sitting in a corner of his cabin, facing the only door, with his shotgun cocked across his knees.

Meanwhile, the outraged Billy Nicodemus had fulfilled his threat. He had trudged away to Akron, the true seat of all the reservation's woe, and there had shouted strange things over the telephone to a puzzled man in grey in the Batavia barracks of Troop A, who at length gathered that assault, mayhem, murder, and arson had broken loose on the reservation and at once ordered Corporal E. H. Goetzman and Trooper E. A. Rimmer forth by Ford to stop it.

On the outskirts of the reservation, a depressed

dusky gathering brightened somewhat at the approach of the two men in grey and recited the source and cause of their many grievances. They also described the present location of the enemy with much stress upon the cocked and loaded shotgun.

In a dust cloud the Ford sped up the road toward Wilson's home while the lately evicted followed its course with admiration which they fully believed soon would be turned into mourning.

Before they came within earshot of the Prince cabin, Goetzman and Rimmer left their car by the roadside and proceeded afoot. As they crept nearer they watched carefully for any sign of life. There was none. In the full flood of sunshine the dwelling stood apparently deserted. The door was ajar. This they noted with satisfaction. Insects whirled in the half-cleared fields and wind stirred the leaves of the underbrush. There was no other sound in the world but the cautious footfalls of the men as they crept closer to that half-open door.

There was no question of temporizing or calling from a safe distance upon Prince to surrender. They had been sent to get their man and long before they reached the shadow of the house they had determined how this was to be done.

The door standing ajar crystallized their decision.

Musing on his plans for world conquest, Wilson heard nothing until the door slammed back against the wall. He had no time to resist then, for when he raised his head a grey uniformed figure was already in mid air, diving for him. Prince, shotgun, chair, and trooper went crashing over together.

Another figure in grey tore the weapon from his hands while the first turned him over on his face and sat upon him. From beneath the weight of righteous retribution he announced in a muffled voice that he surrendered.

Goetzman led him forth a prisoner, and after placing him on the rear seat of the car got in beside him. Rimmer took the wheel and the terror of the reservation, apparently meek as any lamb, started down the reservation road, bound for Buffalo and the justice of the United States Commissioner.

But the proud spirit of the would-be world subduer, though bowed, was not broken. Had Goetzman had an inkling of what was passing behind that impassive copper mask serving his captive for a visage, he would have ridden with his Colt pressed against his prisoner's ribs.

At the spot where the West Shore tracks cross the reservation road, Prince, who had been leaning back, apparently resigned to a bitter fate, suddenly was galvanized into action.

With a defiant war whoop, he flung himself forward upon the back of the unsuspecting Rimmer, tearing him away from the wheel. Then everything happened at once. Goetzman clutched at an insanely fighting man, as hard to hold as a wildcat. The car, uncontrolled, swerved to the west and ran bumping along the ties while a wicked struggle, in which everything went, was being carried on all over the front and rear seats.

Wild Indian squalls and Anglo-Saxon oaths streamed from it as it progressed, punctuated by a mighty crash as the machine left the tracks, ran into an embankment, and overturned. Uncouth noises, thumps, and dolorous cries sounded from the interior of the capsized car. Then a bump like a great, black blister appeared in the top. This burst and forth flew a wild-eyed, tattered, bruised Indian, who cast one startled look about him and fled unsteadily down the tracks away from the wreck.

Two outraged figures in grey followed and finally brought him down with a savage football

tackle. One of them sat on Wilson Prince, who protested surrender to deaf ears while the other with the aid of most of the reservation population, righted the machine.

Save for some dents and a great hole in the top, it was not seriously damaged. Rimmer climbed aboard; then Goetzman entered with his captive and again they set out for Buffalo.

“Have any trouble?” asked Commissioner Keating when a chastened Indian had been arraigned and the charge against him had been recited.

“A little,” Goetzman replied.

The shadow of a smile flickered about the lips of Wilson Prince.

“Wah!” he said.

CHAPTER XVI

THE REDSKIN RISING

WITH all proper genuflections to the lamented Virgil, arms and the man I sing.

And since Troop A, of the New York State Troopers, and Sergeant R. C. Nelson, the troop's "Indian Agent," belong to a later epic than that concerning the refugees from Troy the present tale must get along with no more help from the erstwhile laureate of Rome.

Consider first Sergeant Nelson, the man. Tall and lean and taciturn is he and since Troop A first became a force for law in far western New York, he has been the representative of the white man's statutes on the Tonawanda Indian Reservation.

The Indians of the Tonawanda Reservation call Sergeant Nelson "Chief." The raw-boned horseman in grey, of few words and quick action, has contrived to win their respect and trust. To him, as the years have passed, they have turned

more and more for aid and advice. They have come to regard him as the sole representative of law and order whose word and whose deeds it is worth while respecting. With their growing trust of him, there has come to Sergeant Nelson increasing understanding of them. There is probably no man in the State who can read as well the motives and intentions of the copper-hued wards of the Government.

This mutual understanding has not grown up without clashes and painful moments. There have been wordy squabbles a-plenty between the red men and the quiet representatives of the whites. More than once warfare has raged on the reservation—very temporary warfare, from which Sergeant Nelson has emerged, somewhat bumped about and mussed up, but still calm and taciturn.

Which brings us by a somewhat devious route to Christmas Eve, 1917, and the story of the "Good Indian."

Along about the time that the bells of Santa Claus's reindeer team should have been chiming over the roof of Troop A's barracks, in Batavia, another bell sounded on the expectant stillness. This was the telephone, and it rang with a hysterical loudness and persistence. To the ear of

Sergeant Miller who responded came a guttural voice. Its owner was sputtering with excitement and announcing something that sounded important though entirely unintelligible.

"An Indian," Miller decided, and called Sergeant Nelson.

By the time Nelson got on the wire the party at the other end had departed. The operator managed to call back the number and the farmer who responded explained that an Indian from the reservation had come bursting into his house, had called the troopers, and into the telephone had shouted a message in Seneca-tainted English to the effect, as far as the farmer could gather, that the Christmas social at the mission church on the reservation had been assaulted, insulted, attacked, maltreated, and otherwise broken up by a pagan Indian who had been celebrating the era of peace and good will by getting gorgeously drunk.

The Indian, the farmer said, had then departed as abruptly as he had come.

On Christmas Eve, in the year of Our Lord, 1917, Sergeant Nelson summoned Troopers Keeley and Weinstein and set out to quell the uprising of the redskins, using as means of transportation, not the traditional cayuses, but a Ford truck.

Over the frozen roads they bumped along to the reservation, and turned into the even more uneven dirt track that led across the Indians' territory, toward the church. The lights of the little edifice were gleaming in the distance when Sergeant Nelson saw a dark-skinned figure dart across the road in the glare of the headlights and plunge into the bushes like a frightened rabbit.

Some instinct told him that this was the man they wanted. The sergeant leaped from the truck as it jolted to a stop and shouted for the fugitive to halt. Then, when this had no effect, he fired twice into the air. The first shot lent additional speed to the runaway's feet, but the second which whistled above his head, made him turn around and come bounding back toward the Ford even more rapidly than he had fled.

"No shoot!" he gasped, "Good Indian!"

The remnants of the broken-up Christmas celebration, who had been waiting about the church, appeared, attracted by the shooting. One of the erstwhile celebrators examined the prisoner by the lights of the Ford and then announced that this was the disturber who had turned a social evening into a battle royal.

It was bitter cold and very dark. In the glare

of the headlights the breath of the men steamed up in white clouds. Even there in the open it could be marked that the vapor that issued from the prisoner's nostrils was such as might have poured from a whiskey still.

The party of three troopers and the "Good Indian" then repaired to the deserted church where there was warmth and light.

But the sight of the battle-ground on which he had so recently been victorious revived the warrior spirit in the captive. With a wild triumphant squall, he swung at Nelson, who ducked. Keeley caught the Indian's arm and immediately found himself smothered in a liquor-tainted embrace. A minute later he was free, for his assailant was sitting gravely in the road looking up to the stars. Weinstein had hit the Indian on the jaw and Weinstein, when not wearing the grey of the troopers, had enjoyed no little repute as a ring man.

"I," said the prostrate red man gravely, "will be good Indian."

They raised the fallen and temporarily repentant warrior and escorted him inside the church. There several complainants from the dispersed congregation came forward and told their tale of persecution. This prisoner, they said in effect,

had descended upon the carol-singing worshipers like Brant, Red Jacket, and Sitting Bull rolled into one. The things he had done to the Christmas party, they averred, were scandalous. The things he had said were even more so. The witnesses explained that they weren't vindictive or anything like that, but they did think that the best thing that could be done with this bad Indian was an immediate hanging and a subsequent skinning.

The prosecution having rested its case, the captive took a long breath and began his defense. He spoke of the rights of Indians on their own reservation with an accompaniment of anathema. He dwelt at length on the fact that the courts of New York State had no jurisdiction over him and embroidered his every statement with profanity. He then turned his attention to the physical peculiarities, mental deficiencies, and moral lapses of his accusers. The information he gave was interesting, though pungent. Before this mingled flood of scandal and blasphemy, the would-be lynchers grew embarrassed and then vanished, save one, who, the troopers insisted, should stay and later prefer charges against the disturber of Christmas socials.

Having thawed themselves out about the

stove, Nelson, Keeley, and Weinstein arose, girded up their loins, and announced to their prisoner that they were going to take him to jail.

"I am not going to jail," responded the other and attached himself to a pew with a barnacle-like firmness.

The three troopers attached themselves to him and pulled valiantly. They did not get him to relax his grasp until the pew gave way. In the confusion, the stove went over with a thunderous crash and, in and out of the hot ashes it spilled, rolled three men in grey and a figure that had once been a good Indian, but was now, judging from the fight it put up, all bobcat.

Words never heard in the sanctuary floated up from the combatants. There were thuds and grunts and strange expressions of anguish. Seldom had even an Indian church witnessed so godless a proceeding.

At length, from the heap of contorted figures came the muffled announcement: "I am good Indian!" The troopers relaxed their holds and peace was again temporarily restored. When uniforms had been readjusted and the torn clothing of the prisoner put on as nearly as possible as it should be, the convoy again started for the halls of justice.

Out of the church it filed; first Nelson; then Weinstein, followed by the prisoner, while Keeley and the complainant brought up the rear. As they passed through the narrow dark vestibule, something struck Weinstein in the back; a something with at least a hundred teeth and a couple of thousand claws. Down went the trooper with the Indian on top of him and Keeley threw himself upon the contestants.

For five minutes the darkness was filled with flying feet, howls and grunts, and anxious expressions from the fighters concerning features they were in danger of losing. Nelson hovered about the outskirts of the fight, trying to sort out the animated sandwich and get the Indian that was in the center of it. One foot he grasped and began to pull violently only to discover that there was a spur attached to it. He let go and a squalling from the center of disturbance ceased and a muffled voice that he recognized as Weinstein's urged frantically, "Hit him with a crop, Jack."

Keeley complied and after several blows a voice that had become all too familiar announced:

"Ugh! Enough! I am good Indian."

Four miles through snow and mud they drove their prisoner who borrowed cigarettes and

smoked continually during the ride. They routed a justice of the peace from his bed and after wishing him Merry Christmas, arraigned their prisoner.

His honor looked once at the battered and bruised and disheveled troopers and then pronounced sentence:

“Ninety days in the county jail.”

Nelson then sought information from the captive for the purpose of making out commitment papers.

The prisoner announced blandly that he had lived one hundred summers and no winters; that he had three wives and forty-four children; that his occupation was lawyer and that he had no name.

These facts having been duly recorded, they piled once more into the truck and the good Indian begged permission to see his wife and child before going to jail. He said that he had not seen them in three months, but would vouchsafe no explanation for this long estrangement. They drove him back to the cabin where his family lived. There he bade his people farewell and returned to the truck where he promptly fell asleep.

All the way to the Genesee County jail he

slumbered in snatches, awaking each time the truck jolted over a bump sufficiently to murmur: "I am good Indian. Give me a drink."

It was three o'clock Christmas morning when they reached the county jail. The sheriff was awakened and demanded from a window who was there.

"It's me; it's Bill," explained the good Indian affably.

When they had entered the sheriff's office, the affair took on the nature of a reunion.

"Why, it's William Printup!" exclaimed the sheriff.

"Howdy, Sheriff," replied William gravely.

"He's just got out of here this morning. He'd been in for three months," explained the sheriff.

"What you been doing now, Bill?"

"I have been fighting Germans," explained the prisoner. "I have been to France. I am good Indian. Wah!"

He relapsed again into slumber and the sheriff dragged him off to a cell, sleeping peacefully.

CHAPTER XVII

HOW THEY RODE TO ROME

A HORSEMAN in grey trotted out of the weeping mist that hung over East Dominick Street, Rome, N. Y., on the morning of July 15, 1919. A black tide was creeping up the thoroughfare toward him. Its foremost surges were armed men. Its rear was lost in the fog.

Terror brooded with the dawn over the city. Above the clatter of hoofs came the savage long-drawn "Ah-h-h!" of a triumphant mob. For forty-eight hours this mob had dominated Rome. It had defied authority. It had chased the police off the streets and thrown deputies into the canal. It had halted street cars; checked traffic; tied up industry, and taken East Dominick Street for its own in the name of the Soviet Republic of America.

And now, having broken all the forces of the law that had been sent against it, the mob was moving out through the morning mist against the

rest of the city that had lain, the night before, wholly in its power. Bad liquor and worse counsel had fired its members; red agitators urged it on. Under the banner of Communism the mob was marching forth, eight thousand strong, to capture the rest of Rome.

Straight into its teeth trotted the grey rider. A few yards from the advancing ranks he halted and flung up one hand. The growl of the mob scaled higher into a shriek. Oaths and defiances were screamed in a half-dozen alien tongues. Rifles and pistols were brandished.

Yet no shot was fired at the horseman who had come out of the dawn like a part of the fog itself. He waited an instant, one arm still lifted, the other reining in his mount. Then above the lawless clamor he raised his voice.

“Go back!” he shouted. “Disperse! Get off the street or——”

His voice was blotted out by the uproar. For a moment longer he waited, then he wheeled his horse and trotted back into that fog that had given him birth. The mob came on singing and screaming.

But the voice that it had heard and mocked spoke the order of the State of New York. The grey horseman who had carried that command

was herald of the paramount police authority of the State.

The New York State Troopers had come to Rome in the hour of her dismay. The message the rider carried to the mob marked the second crisis of the riot that had surged for two days through the city with the blind savagery of a great fire.

Two months before, the mass of armed men, drunk with power and alcohol, had been wage earners in one or the other of the half-dozen great plants which are Rome's boast. A month before, they had been strikers who, under apparently conservative leaders, had walked out with the old familiar demand for higher pay and shorter hours.

For a time, the strike had been law-abiding. Then the morale of the strikers, Italians for the most part, had been sapped by idleness and rotted by I. W. W. and Communist agitators who swarmed like flies to the slums of Rome.

At first it was only a few words, spoken along the bar in one of the many saloons of East Dominick Street where the majority of the strikers lived. Then the labor meetings changed in tone. Defiance of authority, control of the factories, capture of the city itself were coun-

seled by the speakers and acclaimed with rising frenzy by their audiences.

East Dominick Street was preparing to secede from the United States.

By July 1st, the city authorities woke up to the fact that this was no ordinary strike. Police reports told of a secret force working underground among the idle employees of the Rome Brass & Copper Company, the Spargo Wire Company, the Rome Manufacturing Company, the Rome Wire Company, and smaller concerns.

The smoldering fire could not be found, but there were puffs of smoke and now and then showers of sparks that told of the coming outburst.

City officials laid their fears before Captain Barnes, of Troop D, at Oneida. They were told that this was a local matter for the local police; that the troopers could intervene only in case of riot and then solely at the order of the Governor of the State.

Belatedly, Rome prepared for the sinister conflict that was coming. The police force was increased and the sheriff, at the behest of the city, swore in an army of deputies.

The shabby residents on East Dominick Street wore, all at once, a new and defiant

swagger. Pamphlets in scarlet covers were being circulated among the strikers. From the saloons, late at night, came howls of defiance of police, Rome, and the Government itself. Voices more strenuous than tuneful chanted the "Internationale" and other hymns of the embattled proletariat.

The authorities at Rome then uncovered the disquieting fact that almost every one of the strikers had a permit to carry a gun. For more than a year the arming of the workers had been carried on. From this authority and the other, in Rome and elsewhere, the men now on strike had received their permits.

The outbreak could not be far off and the subjects of the forming soviet were not only eager for combat but prepared for it. Disarmament then might have precipitated trouble. The officials of Rome made no attempt to revoke these licenses.

June faded into July and the lawless voices along the shabby reaches of East Dominick Street grew louder and more insistent. There were rumors that a soviet headquarters had been set up and temporary officers of the new republic had been chosen. Policemen, who hitherto had been received in the factory district with awe and

respect, now had strange things shouted at them in foreign tongues which, fortunately for their peace of mind, they could not understand.

The hidden fires were roaring and crackling louder and louder.

On July 13th, the few faithful workers on their way to the strike-hampered plants found the factories surrounded by a cordon of armed men who told the job holders they were to work no more; that no wheel was to turn in any of the plants until these were taken over by a committee of the workers and run for the workers' own profit.

Most of the loyal men turned back without argument. The few sturdier souls who tried to force their way through were beaten thoroughly and enthusiastically and fled, bruised and tattered, to gasp their story of outrage to a police force that was not quite certain what to do about it.

No wheel turned in the factories that day. From morning till night they were blockaded by armed men. And when the shadows of evening crept along East Dominick Street, the lights of the saloons and meeting places blazed as though it were a feast day.

All night long there was activity; councils, no longer furtive, in the rear rooms of saloons;

meetings in the halls; hurrying to and fro of messengers. The "proletariat" was organizing for war.

The devoted patrolman who ventured to walk the length of that revolution-drunk thoroughfare heard, thrilling through the darkness, high wolflike shouts of triumph. Now and again the crowds in the saloons would break into a chorus, stumbling over unfamiliar words and wandering off the key and out of the tune, but nevertheless bellowing defiance to authority with all the emphasis overtaxed lungs could give. The patrolman heard and passed on, thanking God it was no worse.

Somewhere in the squalid tenements and shabby foreign stores that are strung on the thread of East Dominick Street, there was a room in which a few swarthy men sat and plotted out the campaign of the morrow. The complete roster of those who served on the general staff of Rome's revolution has never been known. It is certain, however, that they planned the taking over of: first, East Dominick Street; second the factories; third, the foreign quarter; fourth, the rest of the city. What was to happen after that no one ever will know certainly.

All through the night, East Dominick Street

hummed like a swarming hive and slept not at all. Each hour, alarming and more alarming reports poured into headquarters; reports that made the sheriff wonder where he could scare up more deputies, and the chief of police worry whether he could make his whole force stay at work.

Dawn saw the factories again invested by the armed ring of pickets. This morning there was no attempt at parley. Anyone with the hardihood, after the warning of the day before, to try and go to work was beaten into insensibility, revived, and told to go and show himself to his "capitalist master."

The crowd this morning was snarling. Minute by minute it felt its own strength increasing and Rome's terror mounting higher. When a squad of city police was sent with orders to open the road to the mills, the mob fell upon them with a bellow of joy. They took their clubs away, subjected the majesty of the law to untold indignities, and then literally chased them out of that part of town.

This was the first crisis of the riot and the strikers had triumphed in it. Here was the moment when the police should have begun shooting and kept on until the trouble had ended or they themselves had gone under.

Five thousand impressionable Italians had seen demonstrated that morning the, to them, surprising fact that a policeman was a human like themselves; that he was not a demi-god in blue and brass whose word was law, but a most humorous creature of flesh and blood who shrieked as loud as anyone when he was hurt and, when pursued, ran faster than most.

Entranced with this delightful new conception, little groups of earnest rioters started out to hunt policemen. Gradually, back to headquarters where a worried chief was trying to cope with a situation that was looming up like a thunderstorm, there began to trickle bruised and tattered patrolmen who announced with loud voices for the benefit of all and sundry that they were through with police work for ever and ever. They turned in their badges—if the strikers hadn't taken these already—and their equipment and went forth into the early morning with a sigh of relief, civilians and safe.

Meanwhile the soviet republic of Rome had taken over East Dominick Street completely and announced that hereafter it was closed to traffic. Street cars that attempted to keep going were forced to run a gauntlet of flying bricks and

cobbles and, emerging with windows broken and sides shattered, ran no more.

Automobiles and horse-drawn vehicles were checked and turned back. Even pedestrians who looked as though they had no business in the neighborhood were told to get out.

Feeling that the situation was slipping out of the hands of the police, President Bent, of the Chamber of Commerce, decided to intercede with the mob. His action was brave but ill-advised. The rioters having whipped every policeman in sight desired action; not persuasive oratory. With entire unanimity they fell upon Mr. Bent when he tried to address them, jostled him, pushed him about, yelled curses in his ear, and finally ran him out of the district.

After that, few men had the courage to penetrate the revolutionary stronghold. President Spargo of the Spargo Wire Company had that courage and almost paid his life for it. In his automobile he ventured down East Dominick toward his plant.

A mob overwhelmed the car, dragged him from it, beat him severely, and completely wrecked his machine.

An officer of the Ordnance Department, on his way to one of the mills to consult on some govern-

ment work, was torn from his car and rescued with difficulty. Clarence Beckwith, son of the assistant chief of police and one of the employees of the Rome Wire Company, was attacked and beaten insensible.

Hour by hour, the mob was growing in size, in courage and wickedness. The police—those of them who remained—were utterly unable to handle it. As a desperate measure the officials of Rome sent in the crowd of deputies the sheriff had mobilized, with instructions to break up the mob.

But the rioters, flushed with victory and delirious from their taste of power, would not break.

Into East Dominick Street the attacking party swept. Mounted men at its head charged the crowd which with a roar met the onset halfway. Scores of hands reached up and tore the amateur policemen from their saddles. Other rioters closed in upon the men on foot and took their arms and bright nickel badges away.

A few escaped; others were beaten before they fled and half a dozen, borne shoulder high on a triumphant surge of men, were carried to the canal spanned by the street and thrown amid shrill cheering into the water.

Thus died Rome's last attempt to help itself.

For the rest of the day East Dominick Street was a republic in the heart of the Empire State with armed men patrolling and jealously guarding its boundaries.

No stranger was permitted to cross the lines drawn by the leaders of the mob. Traffic was completely shut off. Over the frontier of the newly formed soviet-land that afternoon there came a funeral procession, rolling along in black solemnity.

Sentries sprang to the heads of the horses drawing the hearse and halted them.

"It's a trick!" men and women screamed; "they're smuggling guns and thugs to the factories!"

In an instant men were dragging the dazed mourners from the coaches. Others tore open the doors of the hearse, scrambled inside, and callously pried up the lid of the coffin, to see if arms were concealed therein.

After this desecration, the hearse was turned around and the driver instructed to take his burden to the cemetery by another route.

Meanwhile the heads of a city that lay in the tightening grip of lawlessness and violence were in conference. To their terrified queries, Chief

of Police Keating, who had striven valiantly to overcome the rioters with a wholly inadequate force, held out no hope.

“We’ve done our best,” he said. “We’ve held them for four weeks; but the job is too big for us. I had twenty men. Sixteen of them have quit the force——”

He was interrupted by the appearance of four more battered men in blue uniforms that had evidently been used to scrub an exceedingly dirty street. They muttered shamefacedly a few words in the chief’s ear. When they had left he shrugged his shoulders.

“They make it unanimous,” he remarked. “There’s no police force.”

From end to end that night, East Dominick Street blazed with light and hummed and throbbed with voices. Armed men swaggered along its sidewalks or breasted the bars where fiery liquor and flaming words were absorbed together. All night long, the drone of thousands preparing for further action resounded through the shabby thoroughfare. Street lights gleamed on rifles and pistols. Now and then came fresh bursts of fierce singing.

The men of the soviet republic of Rome had met and overcome constituted authority. They

had abolished the police force; they had thrown the deputies into the canal. Now the city lay helpless before them.

The celebration of the day's triumph and the victory that the morrow might bring culminated in a great open air meeting held in East Rome and attended by the bulk of the strikers. Here agitators, with the oratorical gift of their kind, fired and spurred the undisciplined crowd that listened to them into frenzy.

No one was sober or clear thinking enough to appreciate that those who from the platform were urging the workers to rise and take their own—meaning the mills and the city—were not of their ranks. They were the red provocateurs who gather wherever mills and mines lie idle. Their one aim was to incite to violence; their one gift was an uncanny knowledge of the psychology of the foreign-born mob.

Law-abiding citizens elsewhere in New York State knew little and cared less about what was happening and what might occur in Rome. Not so the radical element. Communistic and I. W. W. leaders in New York, Bridgeport, Paterson, Pittsburgh, and other centers were watching developments there closely. Captured correspondence indicated that they were directing

from a safe distance a campaign which, if successful, might have been carried to heaven knows what limits.

Rome's riot, it is now believed, was the attempt of Communists, Bolsheviki, I. W. W.'s, and the rest of their breed to determine whether the East was ripe for revolt; whether the body politic of New York State was sufficiently apathetic and unprotected for the destroying fire of a labor uprising to catch a firm hold.

How far that plot extended or what its ultimate end was to have been is little more than a guess. It is known certainly, however, that when the troopers intervened, radical leaders in other nearby industrial centers were stirring up the workers to similar "direct action." Proof was found that Binghamton would have been the next town to "revolt" if the Rome effort had been successful.

While the mass meeting was going on, men in grey were riding swiftly through the night, bringing to Rome New York's answer to Communism's challenge.

That part of the city not yet invaded by the rioters lay dark, fearful of the night and the violence that might walk out of it, and dreading the coming of the morrow. Better even than the

rioters themselves, the authorities of Rome knew the city's helplessness. It was utterly at their mercy unless——

Hours before a wire had gone to Albany, almost hysterically begging the Governor for aid. At last came the reply. The troopers had been ordered in.

To the officials of the stricken city this may have seemed like a single load of sand bags against the flood of the Mississippi. For there were thousands of rioters and the troopers all told were 232, far flung on patrols throughout the length and breadth of the State. Rome had seen its own police broken; its deputies scattered by the rising tide of lawlessness. What could a handful of strangers do?

From the office of the Governor word had been sent to a grey haired, keen visaged man at the headquarters of the New York State Troopers in the Capitol. Four times Major George F. Chandler had spoken into the telephone. That was all, yet rescue was on the way.

From White Plains where K Troop has its barracks; from the home of Troop G on the Albany-Schenectady Road; from D Troop's barracks, and the distant headquarters of Troop A at Batavia, the words Major Chandler had

spoken were being relayed across the countryside, calling in the outlying patrols.

There was haste but no confusion. Fresh violence was coming to Rome with the dawn. The men of the service must get there first.

In every barracks, rifles and extra ammunition were broken out and issued to the men. By lantern light, troopers in the stables struggled and swore as they saddled up. Hooves beat a long roll on the driveways as patrol after patrol came galloping in.

And then presently mounted platoons were drawn up, horses and men dimly seen in the lights streaming from the barracks. They listened to final instructions and then rode off into the blackness, to Rome.

Early that evening there was a roar of motorcycles outside the police headquarters of that city and a half dozen men in grey tramped into the building. They were the advance guard of the troopers on the way by horse from Oneida.

Later thirty more of D Troop's men headed by Captain Barnes rode into the city through the drizzle that was falling and picketed their horses in the jail yard.

A little later Major Chandler arrived and after

conference with the police chief and city officials assumed charge of the situation.

All that evening a stream of refugees poured out of Rome. Scores closed their houses and with their families and their most precious valuables fled by car and by horse to the country, away from what the morrow might bring.

Members of one of the leading clubs of the town were preparing their building for a siege. There was no question concerning the sincerity of Rome's fear of the coming day.

Batavia's complement came in on reeking horses toward midnight. Later a detachment from Troop G left their special train at Utica and rode overland to Rome. Last of all K Troop's men arrived, just before daylight.

All night long grey riders spurred through the darkness toward the helpless city. Beside the details sent from the four barracks, patrols in the nearby counties came cross country to the city. Some of them did ninety miles in twenty-four hours and were turned out for work as soon as they arrived. There was no sleep for any of the men in grey for the first two days they were in the city.

Through the drizzle, detachment after detachment came riding in, hooves beating an end-

less "hurry-hurry-hurry" along the roads; men cursing the rain and the darkness and beset by the fear that the dawn might beat them into the city.

The rioters, celebrating victory and planning new deviltry in their stronghold, must have known of the advent of the troopers, for the streets sounded to their horses' hooves all night long.

Sentries may have caught glimpses of horsemen drifting past in the rain. But they took no fright at the vague rumors of their presence and Rome itself took little comfort therefrom. The city was to learn more of the grey riders in the ensuing twenty-four hours.

When the watery light of dawn touched the roofs of Rome, some sixty troopers had gathered; lean cavalymen, weary but cheerful. At daylight, they mounted and formed in rank in the jail yard; grey uniforms and grey slouch hats with purple cords sodden with rain; booted and spurred; pistols at belt; riot sticks hanging from saddle bows; rifles in scabbards beneath the left legs of the riders.

From far away through the depressed quiet of the wet morning came raucous shouting and wild howls. East Dominick Street was awake and

preparing for war. Reports that had drifted into headquarters during the night said that the rioters had mined the bridges about the city and were about to cripple it still further by blowing them up. Already sentries in grey had been posted to guard these.

A command was chanted and the horsemen wheeled by fours out of the jail yard and trotted into the mist-filled street toward the noise that proclaimed the rioters were already abroad.

There were eight thousand rioters and sixty troopers.

The bellow of the mob rose and throbbed like surf as the troopers rode toward it. Near the head of Dominick Street Captain Barnes gave the command to halt and sent forward men with orders to the crowd to disperse. The eight thousand who filled East Dominick Street, ready for war, hooted and jeered when these, after delivering their command, wheeled and reported back to the silent grey ranks waiting beyond the weaving wall of mist.

The rioters had seen the police flee; they had beaten and dispersed the armed deputies. Now the tin soldiers in grey were showing their backs. Nothing could stop the victorious forward march of the social revolution. Rome was theirs!

Slowly and clumsily, with much shouting and singing, the unwieldy army got under way again. Out through East Dominick Street they moved toward victory.

Suddenly in the fog before them something also was moving. The leaders of the mob heard above the racket of their followers the mutter of many hooves on wet cobbles. Out of the mist, men came riding.

They came deliberately and their front filled the street from house line to house line. Three ranks of four horsemen each rode down the street. To the right and left of them along the sidewalks came six more troopers riding two by two.

Out of the grey cloud the grey line of cavalrymen came, sitting their mounts erect, alert, determined. Their pace was a slow trot. They did not quicken it at the bloodthirsty yell that rose from the rioters.

Before the onslaught of these strange riders from the dawn, the front ranks of the "soviet army" gave way. Straight into the crumpling mass twenty-four men rode, sweeping back a mob of eight thousand.

It was minutes before the amazed strikers realized what was happening and by that time

fifty yards of Dominick Street had been retrieved from the soviet republic. Then, over the heads of the men the troopers were pressing back, missiles came whirring and thudding. The bel-
low of the mob became articulate:

“Pull them out of their saddles!”

They had done this the day before to riders of another breed. They tried it again.

The grey wall of horsemen surged forward like a football team in scrimmage. Through a storm of bricks, bottles, cobbles, tin cans, and the like the troopers drove their mounts ahead. Men clutched at them and went down beneath the saber swing of riot sticks. They flung themselves against the advancing grey ranks, shrieking and clawing, catlike and desperate. But the men of the service came on.

Once or twice, the ranks were broken temporarily and each trooper became the center of whirlpool of fight. Rising in their stirrups, they struck savagely to right and left, driving off the strikers with stick and rifle butt. Then they reformed and attacked again.

Sometimes horses stumbled and fell and were jerked to their feet again by the breathless riders. Many of the mounts were cut and battered by the hail of missiles and the men themselves did

not come through unscathed. A few shots were fired by the crowd but these went wild.

With conflict boiling before them like foam at a vessel's prow, the riders went on. A hundred yards of East Dominick Street had been reclaimed.

A man in a soldier's uniform, one of the leaders of the mob, leaped at a trooper and strove to get the undrawn revolver from his holster. For a moment the pair struggled while the frightened horse reared and bucked. Then a rifle butt came down. The man dropped.

Injured by missiles, horses plunged and tried to bolt but were swung back into line again. Their screams of pain were lost in the savage, roaring growl of the mob.

As the press grew denser, the fighting became still more savage. Again and again rioters surged forward and strove to break the line. Under the threshing riot sticks, the flailing rifle butts, they broke. The grey wall moved forward again.

Law and order were returning to East Dominick Street, stern and terrible. Behind that thin line of horsemen who were driving back thousands by sheer courage, the State of New York was coming back into its own.

Horses and men were dizzy with the punish-

ment they were receiving, but two hundred yards of East Dominick Street had been reclaimed.

The throaty snarl of the mob was changing. It was shredding out into wails of terror. Through the edges of the fight, fear-stricken men began to break and run for shelter. The stream of fugitives increased. The pace of the advancing horsemen quickened.

And then, even the front ranks of the rioters who had been fighting so desperately began to give way. On the cleared street behind the charging cavalrymen, other troopers held in reserve were picking up the battered men who had been lately members of the army of freedom and Communism, but who now were frightened foreigners holding bruised heads and trying to remember what had happened to them.

Straight down the street the troopers continued to drive, sweeping the mob before them more and more rapidly. The terror they had inspired spread. These terrific horsemen were not human. Nothing could halt them. All was lost!

Into alleys and doorways darted the fugitives, shrieking their surrender in a half dozen different languages. Over the bridges, they poured in

their flight and were disarmed by the dismounted details there.

One group, evidently composed of leaders of the mob, fled squalling along the sidewalk and behind them like the wing-beats of avenging furies sounded the clatter of a pursuing rider.

The runners darted into a saloon and what they believed was safety. The swinging doors were still waving from the force of their entrance when something crashed against them and tore them from their hinges. Into the saloon plunged a foam-streaked horse and astride him was an awful form in soiled grey with blood-smeared face and a nightstick in his hand.

Over the bar plunged the fugitives and from behind this breastwork lifted hands and voices in earnest profession of surrender.

Doubly horrible to the defeated soviet army was the ghastly ability of the troopers' horses to go anywhere. From the apparent safety of a high porch a group was directing a fusillade of missiles against the advancing line when one of the riders wheeled and drove his mount straight into the teeth of their fire.

They did not run, for they believed he would have to dismount to scale the flight of porch

steps and then, they argued, they would have him at their mercy, being some ten to one.

The rider reached the steps and then—oh horror!—slapped the spurs into his horse. Up the stair the animal scrambled like a dog, and before the amazed battery could recover its senses, vengeance was upon them in the shape of a mounted man some twenty feet high with a nightstick that played above them like Excalibur.

The final remnants of the army that set forth to conquer Rome for the cause of Communism were thinking much more of flight than of the lurid gospel of Lenine and Trotzky. At last the wall of riders that had driven down East Dominick Street was broken, but it had dissolved into hunters that harried the fugitives and broke them up into still smaller groups.

Behind them as they chased, came ambulances and automobiles manned by more of these terrible men; these took over the scores the hunters were arresting. For hours, there was a steady stream of vehicles carrying human loads to the jail, where physicians bandaged up the injured and overworked turnkeys then locked them up.

At length the street was cleared, save for the jetsam of weapons that troopers were picking up

and carrying away in bushel baskets. Rifles, shotguns, revolvers of every make and caliber, and knives of all known and many unidentified varieties rewarded the gleaners.

Meantime, men in grey had forced the door of the hall in which it was known that the leaders of the revolution had had their headquarters.

They found pictures of Rosa Luxembourg, who strove to drive Germany into the arms of Lenine and paid for her work with her life, as well as smaller portraits of lesser lights in the great cause of world disturbance. In addition the troopers confiscated enough Communistic literature to fill a truck and debauch a hundred thousand men.

The oath of the revolutionary army, the constitution and by-laws of the organization that had almost captured Rome also were found.

A disillusioned group of Italians, all of whom looked as if they had done a good deal of running before breakfast, stood on a porch and watched the men in grey cart the evidence away from the rioters' headquarters. Said one to another:

"Hey, Mike, State troopa pooty good, huh?"

"State troopa!" replied Mike, still a little breathless, as he surveyed the littered but painfully empty expanse of East Dominick

Street. "Like hell! Godamma cowboys. Dass what."

The change in the entire atmosphere of the late heart of the red rebellion was startling. Where eight thousand men and women had milled about, screaming for the blood of a predatory plutocracy, a few cavalrymen in grey walked their sweating horses up and down over a liberal sprinkling of broken hats and weapons cast away when the soviet army took to its heels.

Now and then, some citizen would issue from his house on a mission of importance, and scuttle across the thoroughfare to his destination with the speed and evident dislike for exposure of one caught in a heavy thunderstorm.

Peace and an air of morning-after piety brooded over East Dominick Street.

The troopers, having cleared the thoroughfare, kept it clear. Traffic was resumed and no walker was molested—as long as he kept walking. But loitering or collecting in groups was forbidden. This rule made the defeat of the soviet force complete. It never had a chance to reform its broken ranks.

No sooner did a group of staunch believers in the supremacy of the proletariat gather on a street corner to talk about it, than two or three

grey riders would descend upon the group, break it up and chase it in all directions.

Strict guard was also kept on the bridges that had been threatened with destruction. No one was permitted to linger in crossing them and those who stopped to argue, regretted it afterward.

The attention of Corporal Voelker, on guard on one bridge, was brought to the fact that a large and unprepossessing Italian was loitering on forbidden ground.

When this was explained to the loiterer, he merely shrugged his shoulders and spat contemptuously into the water.

"Get off of this bridge," commanded Voelker, his eyes narrowing.

"Like hell," replied the other. "Me, I am American citizen. I stand where I dam please."

From far, far away through a universe filled with bursting planets the "American citizen" heard a voice explaining:

"You can lie on this bridge. There's no rule against that, but you can't stand here."

Ten minutes later he was in jail, contemplating the vanity of argument and a swollen jaw that seemed to have no limit of inflation.

All that day, the troopers rode herd on the

fragments of the mob; keeping the rioters from reuniting; establishing stern rules for conduct in the affected district and seeing that these were carried out to the letter.

As evening drew on, it was feared that rioting would be renewed, but motorcycle and foot patrols of the men in grey who went up and down East Dominick Street effectually prevented any further attempt to take over the city. The red army knew when it had enough.

Meanwhile, the county jail was overflowing with the bumper crop of its existence. Every cell was full and so were most of its occupants.

All night long the troop horses picketed in the jail yard strove to sleep while drunken shouts, snatches of song, and other unclassified noises boiled out of the jail. They got as little slumber as their riders.

Not only was there danger of a rally by the rioters, but the order had gone forth to search every house in the affected district. This the men in grey did. In almost every dwelling on East Dominick Street they obtained one or more weapons. The whole district bristled with arms. Police headquarters into which the confiscated material was dumped soon housed enough to equip a division.

Of the seventy-five men arrested by troopers during the course of the trouble seventy-five were convicted, chiefly on charges of inciting to riot or carrying concealed weapons.

On the morning of the sixteenth, Sabbath-like calm hung over the district where the strikers lived. On the eighteenth a committee of Italian residents on East Dominick Street complained to the officials of Rome concerning the continued presence of the troopers. The basis of their protest was at least novel.

“While they keep everybody moving,” they complained ingenuously, “how can our little children play on the street?”

For six days the grey riders stayed in Rome while the city recovered from its hysteria; got a fresh, firm grip on itself; reorganized its police department and resumed the reins of government. A handful of Major Chandler’s men had broken the most serious attack against government that had yet been organized by radical labor in New York State. They had restored order and brought back the law to a city on the verge of anarchy. They had met in battle and beaten a mob of 8,000 but they had killed no one and had injured few seriously.

They had not settled the strike. That was

not what they had been called in to do. They had ridden to Rome, not as aids to Capital in a war upon Labor, but as the servants of the people of New York and of the laws they had made.

Said H. Clayton Midlan, Mayor of Rome, when they departed:

“Without bloodshed and few arrests and with no great show of authority, they have straightened out the mess which certainly appeared to have passed beyond the control of police power. Their showing on the morning of the 15th was spectacular, firm, and efficient. Through their aid, the forces of law and order once more gained control of the situation.”

But none of the troopers will tell you this; nor will you find any of them eager to expound upon their part of the battle of East Dominick Street.

“Rome?” the grey rider will say, “Yeh, it was bad. Gosh, I remember they didn’t give us mattresses for the cots we had up to the courthouse. In the morning—well, say, we looked like a whole flock of waffles.”

CHAPTER XVIII

TRIAL BY FIRE

THE New York State Troopers in 1919 endured their trial by fire.

They were tested, not in the clean fierce flame of open battle, where one can turn his face to a definite foe and fight, but in the treacherous flare-up of industrial strife.

They were proved by the confusion and turmoil and swift action of riot duty. They were tried and weighed and the bottoms of their souls were probed by week upon week of weary strike patrol—work that sickens men used to the open road; that wears patience raw; that undermines morale.

Officers of the troops into whose care is given the watch and ward of rural New York knew that sooner or later the grey riders, though essentially a rural police force, would be called upon by the Governor to intervene in a strike that had degenerated into a riot. They knew

it and they dreaded it, for they appreciated what intervention of that sort might mean.

Had it been that presently they might be obliged to lead their troopers into an open fight against a declared foe, there would have been no worry. Then, their course would have been simple and plain.

But strike duty is different. Here there is no well-defined enemy. Strikers and employers alike are citizens in whom class anger has risen until it threatens the law; the law that the troopers have sworn to uphold impartially.

Into this cauldron of emotions where American rails at American; where neither side is wholly right or wholly wrong, the troopers are forced to ride, and not as allies of either party.

They are plunged into a situation that may bear all the earmarks of a pitched battle; not to fight save to restore order, but to act chiefly as referees; to uphold the law. Infinite tact, infinite determination; firmness coupled with gentleness; justice tempered with mercy—these are the requirements for strike duty.

A sudden blaze of rage on the part of one of these referees; a decision guided by passion rather than clear-headed thought, might fill the gutters with blood, cost many lives, and, con-

ceivably, soil for all time the standard that the troopers have carried unsullied since the birth of their organization.

That banner is still unstained. The thing that their officers dreaded came to pass in the summer of 1919 when New York State seethed and muttered in industrial revolt. Strike followed strike, each more bitter than the last. At first the local police were able to cope with these. Then it was found necessary in some cases to summon the sheriff and his deputies.

Then the rising tide of unrest began to overwhelm both local and county authorities. After Rome, Olean, strike-ridden and desperate, appealed to Governor Smith for the militia, for the regulars, for any agency that might hold the situation in check.

And the men in grey rode out again on strike duty. There were only a handful of them—never more than a fraction of the tiny force of 232 men. They were members of a service with only two years of background. Hitherto their work had been the purely outpost problem of rural police duty. Now they were hurled into class war to face the things that happen when both workers and employers get past the arguing stage.

In Olean the same story was repeated as in

Rome: first, riots, then, the State Police; then, order restored. It was reiterated with minor variations in a half-dozen other communities during the summer. Appeal after appeal came to the Governor for troops. Always it was the State Police that responded, restored order, and administered neutral, impartial justice until the town came out of its frenzy and was able to go ahead with its normal life once more.

The labor troubles that made life unbearable for thousands in general and the troopers in particular eventually found their climax in the steel strike. In New York State this industrial revolt was centered in Lackawanna, on the outskirts of Buffalo, where the mighty plant of the Lackawanna Steel Company stands.

A strange town is Lackawanna. Grimed and sooted over by the breath of the great blast furnaces; holding in its shabby rows of houses as strange and conglomerate a population as even an American city ever boasted.

Twenty-two thousand persons lived in the swarthy town. Six thousand, or practically every able-bodied male, served the big steel plant, which dominates the community and is, in fact, its only excuse for existence.

The political temper of the population is in-

licated by the fact that it had a Socialist mayor. Its composition is most quickly described by saying that fifty-three languages and dialects were spoken within the city limits.

Many of the workers in the mills are Poles; Buffalo, four miles away, having the largest Polish population in the United States. Hungarians and Italians are also there in large numbers and there is an endless variety of smaller racial groups. There are even Moroccans and a few Somalilanders—termed by the local police, “thim Simoleons.”

With a material like this in which to work, agitators found their task easy. When the steel strike was called, the mills were shut down completely. The company straightway prepared for trouble by calling on the sheriff to reinforce the local police with a legion of deputies and by importing on its own account one hundred and fifty armed guards to protect the plant.

From a passive strike, it was no long step to violence. No more difficult and impulsive crowd was ever presented for men to handle than these polyglot strikers. The deputies and plant guards lacked that great essential to the trained police officer—ability to keep their tempers and act impartially in crises. Their efforts to maintain

order in Lackawanna were not unlike an attempt to extinguish a blaze by flooding it with kerosene.

Daily the situation became more menacing. Incited by agitators, imported and local, exasperated by the actions of the hastily-enrolled deputies and guards, the steel workers became more and more unruly. Resentment flared higher and higher on both sides, and the Lackawanna authorities began to telegraph the Governor frantic appeals for the State Troopers.

The Governor hesitated. Lackawanna seemed too big a job, even after Rome and Olean, for the handful of men that the department had to offer. An unruly outfit in their most peaceful moments, the workers of Lackawanna had been drinking deep of the wine of power and were thirsty for more. A "blow-up" was coming. That was evident. With the ingredients concerned in the impending explosion, no one could predict how widespread and terrific the results might be.

And then, before a decision could be reached, the blow-up came. As is always the case, the company said it was the fault of the strikers; the strikers insisted that it was the fault of the company guards.

This much is sure. The strikers attacked Gate Number 4 of the Lackawanna Steel Com-

pany's plant. Shots were fired. It cannot be certain which side fired first, but in the battle that followed, men and women were slain and children were wounded.

And Lackawanna became one roaring, furious hive of riot.

Remember, the town has an estimated population of 22,000 souls. When trouble began in Gary, Ind., 5000 regulars—an infantry brigade, fully equipped—was rushed to restore order. In fairness let it be said that Gary is probably larger than Lackawanna. The last available figures are ten years old. At that time the towns were practically of a size, but the growth of Gary has presumably been somewhat greater than that of her sister steel town.

It would have taken precious hours to mobilize and entrain the regiments of the Guard that many persons believed would be necessary to cope with the situation at Lackawanna. It would have taken longer to reach the town with Regulars, and the flames of anarchy there were leaping higher and higher.

"Can you handle it?" the Governor asked Major Chandler.

"I can," replied the Major, and did.

He sent into that delirious, riotous town—not

the brigade that Gary required, but ninety horsemen!

Lieutenant E. J. Sheehan, of Troop A, and Lieutenant G. W. Carner, of Troop G, were placed in charge of the "expeditionary force," made up of men drawn from all four troops.

When the handful of grey-uniformed horsemen rode into the town, to the few calm witnesses of that entrance it seemed they were trotting toward the open doors of extinction. Strikers swarmed to the streets like hornets from a hive. They shouted and cursed and raged before the advance of the little troop—and then gave way as it came on.

The fear and respect for the man on horseback, bred through generations into the bone of the European peasant, was responsible in part for this retreat. The reputation of the troopers, known to many of the strikers, was also a contributing cause.

And then, the riders entered Lackawanna, not with the dash and whoop of a crowd of cow-punchers invading a Western town, but with the grave, well-ordered demeanor of disciplined soldiers.

But the strikers did not give up their control of the city without attempts to test the determi-

nation of the men in grey. The horsemen had advanced only a little way when a frenzied Hungarian hurled a stone into the advancing column.

Instantly a trooper pivoted his horse and drove into the crowd, leaped from his mount, and put the amazed man under arrest.

Others who started trouble suffered in the same way. One man flung a beer case at a trooper and then ran screaming up an alley and into the swinging doors of a saloon, with the hooves of vengeance clattering behind him. The trooper did not pause at the door of the "gin mill" to dismount, but charged into the bar-room and got his man, who went to the hospital, and then to jail.

It only took a half-dozen of these examples of summary justice to cause the ardor of the strikers to slacken and to inspire the most violent of their number to thought. Meanwhile, the troopers had been assigned to strategic points throughout the city and were on post; quiet when left alone; terrible when roused.

The fever that had raged in the veins of Lackawanna died away. The heterogeneous population learned swiftly that if you smiled and spoke pleasantly to one of these sober horsemen, he

returned your greeting as graciously. If you tried to "start something" when he was around, he finished it.

In the meanwhile Major Chandler had been busy in the town, conferring with the municipal, steel plant, and strike officials, voicing the neutral policy toward the contesting parties that his men were to put into effect.

Briefly, this is the message he and his troopers brought to all residents of Lackawanna:

"The law is not to be broken. Order is to be maintained. This is to apply equally to employers and their aids and to the strikers and their leaders."

There is no law on the statute books to prevent people of any class or belief from holding meetings to discuss problems affecting them, yet, in many steel towns during the strike, meetings of the strikers were forbidden by the police or troops.

The first request made by Major Chandler to the Mayor of Lackawanna was that two halls be set aside for the sole use of the strikers, when and as often as they pleased. These halls were to be their property as long as they wished to pay a fair rent for them.

When the ninety horsemen rode into Lacka-

wanna, the crowd that eddied about them screamed that epithet used so tritely these days in the pages of the radical press.

“Black Cossacks!” they shouted; “Ah-h—you hired assassins! You Cossacks!”

One thing at least the Cossacks and the troopers have in common—loyalty to the authority to which they have pledged themselves, and in the case of the grey riders, that authority is the law of the State of New York.

The chieftain of the “hired assassins” continued his work. He saw the superintendent of the steel plant and commanded him to call his deputies and plant guards off the streets with orders that they remain thereafter on the property of the company.

Violent was the protest against this decision of the Major. At last his quiet persistence prevailed and the undisciplined men, with arms in their hands, who had been a continual irritation to the strikers were withdrawn.

The leader of the “Black Cossacks” continued his nefarious work in the interest of “Capitalism” by interviewing the leaders of the strike at the Labor Temple in Buffalo, informing them that he had secured two halls in which the strikers might meet in Lackawanna and adding

that there was to be no check kept on their meetings further than to see that no sedition or incitement to violence was preached from the platforms. For this purpose, it was explained, a trooper was to be present at each meeting.

The labor leaders looked suspicious; then dazed, when they saw that the proposition was made in good faith. Decidedly here was something new in the policing of a strike. Actual consideration was being shown for the feelings of the strikers.

One of the leaders asked whether picketing would be permitted, to which Major Chandler replied that he and his men would not interfere with the pickets as long as they obeyed the law. He added, to complete the amazement of the labor men, that the troopers would also permit strikers' parades through the Lackawanna streets. Only one thing was asked in this connection. This was that the parades avoid the streets adjoining the steel plant's property.

The strike leaders promised coöperation and throughout the entire strike kept their word as far as they were able to enforce their orders upon the unruly population with whom they dealt.

Further evidence of the strict impartiality and neutrality of the troopers was forthcoming

during the first visit of Major Chandler to Lackawanna. The steel plant maintained a roomy, comfortable clubhouse for its employees. Immediately upon the arrival of the troopers, it was offered to them for a barracks during their stay.

The building was light and airy. There were showers and billiard tables and other comforts and means of recreation that would have been grateful to men assigned to the wearing grind of strike duty that was to be theirs.

There was only one other place in the city where they might be housed. This was in the basement of the jail, musty and damp and cheerless; almost impossible to keep clean; depressing and comfortless for weary men.

The troopers thanked the steel company for its offer, and took up quarters in the jail. A few of them for whom there was no room in the cellar found scarcely pleasanter shelter in the attic of the Hook and Ladder Company.

Acceptance of the company's offer at once would have lent color to the strikers' charge that these men were really there to fight the employers' battle. Therefore, the men turned their backs upon the comparative luxury of the clubhouse and betook themselves with the stern

repression of that earlier grey-clad brotherhood, to the cellar.

They lived in those damp, ill-lighted, poorly heated, badly ventilated quarters for 126 days. They were city property. The club belonged to the company. The troopers could not suffer the imputation that they were taking sides.

Two days of the State Police occupation saw the end with one exception of all mass violence in Lackawanna. With the conclusion of rioting and ill-advised assaults on troopers, there ended also the excitement that buoys up men's souls and makes them scoff at physical discomfort.

For weary week after weary week, the strike dragged on. Once or twice sporadic trouble began, only to be shut off again by the stern, impartial hand in control.

That was a heavy hand, but a just. From the beginning the way of the transgressor against the law was more than ordinarily hard. Men arrested were held under high bail until their cases came up, thus keeping a dangerous element out of circulation, and then were punished so severely by the judges that they had either no desire to repeat their offenses, or else no opportunity.

Pickets in front of the steel plant were not



The "Cossacks of Capitalism" Lunch While on Duty

interfered with, so long as their picketing was orderly, but experience taught the troopers the wisdom of searching each striker thoroughly before he was permitted to take up his post.

The result of these systematic searchings justified the precaution. Day by day there grew in the troopers' headquarters a strange and conglomerate armory contributed to unwillingly by the strikers. There were sawed-off guns of all styles and periods. There were pistols ranging in type from the old single-shot to the modern automatic. There were dirks, home-made or fashioned in almost any of the countries of the world. The climax came when the horsemen confiscated in a saloon a Browning automatic rifle well supplied with clips of ammunition!

Day by day, the strikers repaired to the halls set aside for their use and listened to the exhortations of their leaders while an impassive figure in a grey uniform listened too. If sedition was flung like a challenge at the trooper in attendance, he did not rush to the platform to arrest the speaker. He permitted the agitator to shout himself breathless. Then, when the orator left the hall, triumphant at having defied the police, he found himself placed under arrest, arraigned,

and jailed, before he quite knew what had happened.

That bit of efficiency also taught its lesson. Speakers on the subject of direct action toned down their exhortations as they looked upon the sober uniformed figure that stood for law. Even "Mother" Jones, that stormy petrel of the labor movement, when assailing the action of the police in strikes in general, hastened to add to Sergeant Croasdale of Troop A, who was listening to her address:

"I don't mean you, young man!"

Gradually the strike, fed only on harmless oratory and checked in its every attempt at violence, began to wear itself out. Employees who had quit the plant by the hundreds because they had been terrified by the threats of the strike leaders, began to return to work. The Lackawanna strike was burning itself out, despite the efforts of agitators to furnish the fuel for a fresh conflagration.

Once or twice the flames spurted up for a few hours. A renegade Russian priest with a tongue like a searing lash was imported to arouse the women. The men had long since learned the vanity of attempting to "start something" with the police.

Armed with ammonia and red pepper, a thousand or more women formed a mob and attacked the workers on the way to the plant. Here was a situation almost impossible to handle without stirring up more trouble. While the wives and daughters of the strikers raved like maniacs before the mill gates, Major Chandler considered the situation and eventually solved it.

A wild whooping suddenly rose above the shrieks of the women. They looked around. Far down the street a grey rank of horsemen had formed. They waved their arms and yelled like demons. Then they jammed their spurs home and came tearing down upon the mob, in a tempest of hooves and howling.

Few men can stand a cavalry charge. Chandler knew the women would not. They scattered and fled, shrieking disaster, while the charging troopers were still a block away. A half block more and the troopers pulled in their horses according to orders issued previously. They had broken the last of the riots without coming within a hundred yards of the rioters.

That was the last expiring outburst. During the final sixty days of the troopers' stay in Lackawanna there was less crime in the town than in any like period for years.

After 126 days of the hardest, most nerve-wearing, morale-shattering sort of service, the men were withdrawn gradually. For some time afterwards, patrols stationed in Buffalo and Hamburg, another adjacent community, rode through Lackawanna each day for the sake of the salutary effect that the grey uniforms possessed.

But the trouble was over. Lackawanna, the roaring city of violence, had come out of its delirium.

For four months, ninety men had sat on a volcano of class-hatred that at any moment threatened to blow them into extinction and overwhelm the entire region with anarchy. Not only did the handful of police cling to their position, but by delicate tact, steel determination, undeviating justice, actually succeeded in smothering the fires of revolt until they had burned themselves out.

And—and this perhaps is the most amazing part of their tremendous accomplishment—when they finally turned their backs on Lackawanna, they left behind them three great classes of friends. These were the officials of the Lackawanna Steel Company, the police of Lackawanna, and—strangest of all—the strikers.

There can be no more pertinent comment upon

the impartiality and innate fairness of the grey uniformed men who served in Lackawanna, not as mercenaries of any party or class, but as referees sent by the State to see that the law was upheld.

CHAPTER XIX

“CALL OUT THE GUARD”

BEFORE daybreak on February 9, 1921, the latest of Albany's series of riots had boiled away. Even the most enthusiastic of the striking street car employees and their allies had run out of missiles and invective. They had gone home to bed with the consciousness of having enjoyed their most lawless day thus far, to dream of further victories and sabotage unending, later on in the morning.

For a week the capital of the State had considered each day of the strike as its climax, only to be disabused by the still gaudier events of the succeeding twenty-four hours. The trouble had begun on January 28th when the employees of the United Traction Company, operating trolley lines in Albany and nearby towns, had struck in a body.

For a few days, the strike had been orderly. Then the inevitable friction between strikers and their sympathizers on one side, and the police,

company detectives, and strike breakers on the other, had burst into open violence. Trouble began in Albany. While the fire blazed higher and higher there, it gradually extended to neighboring towns served by the traction company—Troy, Rensselaer, Cohoes, Watervliet, and Waterford.

Day by day, street fights and the numbers taking part therein increased. To each side were flocking those sinister folk who appear inevitably in every labor crisis. Either party in the controversy was gathering mercenaries for the fray. Gradually, it came to be seen that the riots were not of the old pre-war type, flaring up quickly and as rapidly dying down. There was a new element of persistent savagery in them, injected possibly by prophets of strange new doctrines from Russia and elsewhere. Officials of Albany watched these vengeful, determined fights, first with concern; then, with downright fear. The howls of victory or dismay; the barrages of cobbles and other missiles; the splintering of glass and the thunder of cars overturned got on the nerves of Albanians. Voices began to be raised in panic for the National Guard. The situation was fast getting out of the hands of the local police. On February 8th, while the fiercest

rioting yet seen was raging through the streets of the capital, Mayor James Watt appealed to Governor Miller for aid.

He pointed out how daily the attacks by the strikers and the defensive tactics of the company had grown more savage; how those whose profession is industrial strife, and men with a taste for dirty fighting were pouring into Albany to join one or the other standard.

The local police had done their best, but gradually their effectiveness and power had crumbled. Cars were being stoned, captured, and toppled from the rails; street fights were almost incessant. Wires were being pulled down, tracks ripped up.

The plea of the Mayor of Albany was shortly followed by a similar appeal from the Mayor of Troy. To the Governor's office other messengers like Job's calamity bearers brought tales of riots in smaller cities; of unruly mobs that the police could not handle and the promise of graver trouble to come. All united in a terror-stricken petition to the Chief Executive.

"Call out the Guard!"

Major Chandler had been called away from Albany by the critical illness of his son. In his office, a smooth-faced, boyish-looking Irishman sat and waited word from the Governor. He was



Captain George P. Dutton
Deputy Superintendent, New York State Troopers

Captain George P. Dutton, deputy superintendent. In barracks, the four troop captains were ready. They had watched the situation and knew what was happening.

Two fears sat heavy on the broad shoulders of Captain Dutton. He dreaded the work ahead if the troopers were called in, for there is no man who wears the service grey who does not hate strike duty from the bottom of his soul. And being Irish, he also dreaded the possibility of the Guard being called out to take charge of a situation he knew his riders could keep in hand.

The strikers and their allies were numbered by the thousands. There were only 232 troopers in the entire State. The mobs had been brewing wickedness for more than a week. They had overridden the local police authorities. They would be extremely hard to quell. In addition, the strike was bursting into violence in other towns. The handful of troopers at Dutton's command would have to be supermen indeed to take care of all the wide-flung trouble centers at once.

All this was presented to Governor Miller by those who clamored for the National Guard. Rumors flew about the capital that the troops were to be called out.

Several of the regiments in New York City received unofficial word that they might be needed for strike duty. In his office where he sat waiting, Captain Dutton writhed and thought things which, if uttered, would have disbarred him forever from the Holy Name Society.

Early that evening the word that the troopers dreaded, yet hoped for, came. They had been ordered by the Governor to take over the strike area in Albany the next morning, if possible. This meant mobilizing a hundred horsemen from the far corners of the State in the capital by dawn. The grey riders were to have their chance to hold the industrial revolt in check before the Guard was turned to.

So, in the fading darkness of the 9th, the city lay waiting. Wet roofs glimmered faintly in the light from the quickening east. A cold fog seemed to have spread a great silencing blanket over the town. Only the footfalls of a weary policeman sounded in the stillness.

All at once, the footfalls seemed to have taken on a double echo. The policeman stopped to listen, peering through the mist toward the head of the street. Behind the murk, something was moving. The murmur grew and became the sound of many hooves, clattering and slipping

on the wet cobbles. Then the mist gave birth to a double file of cavalry of its own neutral hue.

Out of the dawn they came, riding slowly into the sleeping town. Grey slouch hats, sheepskin coats belted over grey uniforms, were dark with rain. Revolvers were strapped about lean waists. From the saddles, riot sticks hung.

They passed in a clamor of hooves and squeaking leather and the fog swallowed them up again. The State Troopers had gone into Albany to protect the laws that men were mocking.

In the police headquarters, battered and scarred patrolmen shrugged their shoulders at the news.

“They’ll last about an hour and a half,” they said.

Guard officers grinned when they heard of Governor Miller’s decision.

“It’s just postponed,” they predicted. “Better keep a regiment ready. The troopers are good, but this isn’t one town. It’s a half dozen. They haven’t the men and this will be a job for a brigade unless it’s stopped quick.”

It was not a half-dozen towns. It was eleven before the trouble was over. They never needed that regiment, kept waiting. One hundred and sixty horsemen of the service checked the

violence that flared up successively in Albany, Troy, Watervliet, Waterford, Cohoes, and Rensselaer and then skipped cross country to Green Island, Ogdensburg, East Syracuse, Hoosick Falls, and Tonawanda as well.

One hundred and sixty men, worn haggard under the terrific strain of the task they were attempting, but still cheerful and confident, brought the law back to eleven cities and kept it there. For a time it seemed as though all Central New York had gone riot mad. No sooner was trouble over in one town than there was an hysterical call for aid from another. The work the troopers did through that fearful month was the endless nerve-wearing task of trying to beat out a widespread prairie fire. They won, this handful of men, because out of all the people of New York State, they alone never for a moment considered the possibility of failure.

The restoration of law and order in Albany was their first and greatest task. The men and some of their horses were quartered in the 10th Regiment Armory. The rest of the mounts were placed in nearby livery stables.

The trouble in the capital had centered on the car barns in the northern part of the city.

At 7 o'clock on the morning of the 9th,

twenty horsemen, under the command of Lieutenant Nagell of Troop G, relieved the hard-pressed Albany city police who had been guarding these structures. Strikers, who flocked to the barns a little later to begin the enjoyable daily task of police-baiting, found that the blue-coats had gone. In their place were men in unfamiliar grey uniforms, slouch-hatted, and with sheepskin coats turned up about their ears to fend off the driving sleet that lashed them and their mounts.

Strange policemen, these. They spoke to one pleasantly when questioned. When epithets were hurled at them experimentally, they did not frown or fret. Apparently they were deaf to the threats and predictions that the continually growing crowds shouted all morning long. Presently the mob made the common and painful mistake of identifying this passive demeanor as a sign of weakness.

Shortly after noon, a repair wagon, guarded by mounted troopers commanded by Sergeant McGarvey of Troop K, started out from the car barns to patch up the cut overhead wires, two blocks away. The grey riders cleared a path through the shouting crowd for the wagon, paying not the slightest heed to the curses and filth

screamed at them. The mob was ugly, but still a little puzzled and forbore to attack.

But when the truck had reached the broken point in the wire and mechanics on its raised platform had started the work of repair, from the roofs on both sides of the street a shower of cobbles came pouring down. Strikers well supplied with ammunition rose from behind the coping and hurled missiles at the workers and their escort. In the rain of stones the repair men sought shelter beneath the truck. Several horses were hit and reared and bucked while the mob shrieked its delight.

In the face of the storm of cobbles, Sergeant McGarvey rode forward and shouted to the throwers. Yells and catcalls of derision greeted him. The missiles came faster, falling on troopers and crowd alike. Unless they were checked it was certain someone would be seriously hurt or killed.

McGarvey's hand dropped to his holster and came up with a Colt .45 cocked and ready. There was a grim look about his mouth as he raised his voice and shouted above the tumult:

"Cut that out or I'll shoot."

"Ba-a-ah," yelled one of the attackers, lean-

ing over the coping. “Shoot, ye tin soldier! Ye can’t hit nothing.”

Too often before he had heard policemen threaten to shoot to be awed by this threat. The double bang of a .45 answered his defiance. A foot to the right, a foot to the left of where he was standing, chips flew from the coping.

McGarvey shook the smoke out of his eyes and raised his gun muzzle in readiness.

“I’m going to shoot *at* the next man who throws a stone,” he bellowed. “Now, go ahead. Throw ’em!”

The strikers on the roof tops looked at one another, at their mate who stood dazed by the coping, “braeketed” by the sergeant’s shots, at the horseman waiting in the street below.

A calm as of the Sabbath suddenly settled over the block. The repair men issued from their hiding places and mended the break in the wires.

But meantime, between them and the car barn, the crowd was becoming increasingly dense and ugly. As the repair crew, its work done, started back for shelter, men blocked the street. They met the approaching troopers with another volley of stones.

A minute later they were flying, shrieking like

Indians, for the riders had slapped spurs into their mounts and charged.

The onslaught of horsemen trained in breaking up crowds was something that the rioters had not been schooled to expect in their earlier experience with the local police. They scattered like chickens with cavalrymen in grey urging them on. When the flight and pursuit were over the horsemen returned, three of them dragging by the collars unwilling leaders of the mob who had been too slow of gait. These were arraigned and held without bail.

Peace brooded over Albany for the rest of the day. The troopers had reminded the rioters that laws were not made to be broken.

The order that Captain Dutton had given to the United Traction Company on taking over the city had also much to do with the restoration of quiet. The concern had followed the usual method of strike-beset corporations and had employed a number of armed guards and strike breakers, as well as numerous private detectives. Their presence on the street was as conducive to order as dynamite on a stove.

“Take those men off the streets and keep them off,” was the ultimatum served on the company by the deputy superintendent. “If

we find them starting anything, we'll arrest them, every last one of them.”

The guards and strike breakers were withdrawn. Through the ranks of the strikers the word began to sift that while the men in grey were undoubtedly shameful sons of disgraceful ancestry, there was this much to be said for them—they were fair.

Had the strike been confined to Albany the problem confronting the men of the service would have been simple. But the riot fever had spread until every community touched by the traction company's line had been filled with the epidemic, and it had jumped to other far-off towns.

Order had no more than been restored in Albany when the Troy authorities began to howl dolorously for aid. On the morning of February 10th, Governor Miller extended the jurisdiction of the troopers to that city as well. More men were drafted from the four barracks of the organization, and, on the morning of the 11th, fifty horsemen took over the policing of the riotous city.

Here again, the old formula was repeated: first a riot, then the troopers, then peace.

Shortly after the grey riders had arrived and

taken up quarters in the Washington Volunteer Fire House, the mob that had mocked at the authority of the local police force gathered in Franklin Square, howling defiance to the heavens and daring the police to intervene.

The police did intervene—a police strange to most of these city dwellers. A platoon of slouch-hatted horsemen trotted to the head of the square and formed a line there, as quietly as though going through drill. From the silent grey line an officer rode into the milling mass of men and women, and above their curses and threats lifted his voice to order the square cleared.

The mob laughed at him. The officer glanced at his watch.

“You’ve got just forty-five minutes to get out of here,” he shouted as calmly and cheerfully as though he were announcing trains, “if you haven’t cleared out by then, we’re going to charge.”

This to the rioters, who had learned recently to scorn police mandates, was a rare jest. They hooted and laughed raucously and long. Then they resumed the hurling of threats and obloquy at the rank of men in grey, at the head of the square, immobile as a wall, save now and again for the restless tossing of a horse’s head.

“Five minutes more,” Lieutenant Nagell of Troop G shouted.

The yelling redoubled. Hundreds of voices screamed:

“We dare you charge!”

They charged.

The wall of grey suddenly became a swiftly moving wave of horsemen. It swept across the square like wind over a field, and before it, running too fast to spare any breath for yelling, sped the erstwhile mob of a few minutes before. In less than ten minutes the horsemen had the square to themselves and the riot was over.

Watervliet was crying for aid. Troopers were sent there. Within a week, the handful of grey cavalrymen were patrolling the strike-ridden towns of Cohoes, Waterford, Green Island, Hoosick Falls, Ogdensburg, East Syracuse, and Tonawanda as well. In each of these they met violence and overcame it. In each they took no side, but upheld the law. They forbade rioting and sabotage and crushed all attempts at its commission. But they also visited swift wrath upon company guards and private detectives whom they discovered on the streets.

The widespread area of the strike, and the few men available to handle it, strained the depart-

ment almost to the breaking point. Only a man of marked military ability could have prevented that break coming about. Major Chandler, a skilled strategist, returning from the sick bed of his son, assumed charge of the situation.

So mobile was his force and so deftly did he maneuver it, that the strikers were willing to swear it was ten times its actual strength. The men were continually on the move, shifting from this town to the other as the disorder blazed up or died away.

There was never a moment during the two long months of the ordeal when a single misstep by one of the men on duty might not have brought about disaster. The original stamina of the troopers and the tempering that they had received in the service now were proved to their uttermost.

By absolute devotion to duty, immediate and impartial enforcement of the law, calmness and courtesy wherever possible, and swift and forceful action where commands were ignored, one hundred and sixty horsemen were enabled to restore order in eleven towns with a total population of five hundred thousand.

They made no effort to break the strike. That was not their concern. But they did uphold the

THE ALBANY STRIKE



Guarding the Albany Car Barns



"Ah-h, you dirty Cossacks!"



law, jealously, fearlessly. Rioters soon learned to recognize that there was no room for argument, no chance for appeal when a trooper had spoken.

Lieutenant Broadfield of Troop K, now Captain of Troop B, came upon a crowd at Quail Street and Central Avenue, Albany. He ordered them to disperse. They hooted. He charged toward them, night stick drawn. Thirty seconds later, the spot where they had stood bore only one trace of their late presence—a pair of arctics standing unoccupied in the mire. The owner had been in such haste to comply with Broadfield’s order that he had parted company with them in his haste.

A riot started in the Albany armory during the playing of a basketball game, when it was charged that one of the players had been seen riding on a street car. Immediately, earnest efforts were made to string him up to one of the baskets. Troopers plunged into the fight and rescued the cause thereof.

“Yah, who won the war, you damned slacker?” one of the battlers yelled as the men in grey dove into the mêlée.

A mighty hand gripped the breeches seat of the questioner. Another clutched his collar. Wildly

clawing he was rushed across the armory floor, through a corridor and heaved down the steps to the sidewalk. There the seeker for information sat for a moment, dazed. Then he remarked sadly to the world in general:

“There ain’t a bit of doubt who won that war.”

Gradually the one hundred and sixty gained the upper hand in the last and greatest of that series of industrial upheavals which had followed the war in New York State. They worked any number of hours a day. They scattered innumerable mobs. They handed back pacified towns to the local police forces. They ate when they could and more than once got all the sleep they might expect, during that twenty-four hours, in the saddle.

Eventually, even in Albany, the situation seemed to clear. The strike continued, but the strikers seemed to have abandoned violence permanently. Slowly, the grey uniformed garrison in the armory was withdrawn. By the last of April, Albany’s police were once more handling the situation alone.

In the eleven towns where rioting had necessitated the calling of the troopers, all was outwardly peaceful. The troopers had returned

control of the communities to the local authorities and had faded out of the picture to return to their proper work as rural police. Then, all at once, it seemed as though the weary men would have it to do all over again.

In Albany the revolt had been smothered, but not extinguished. Unseen, it continued to burn. The strike had frayed the nerves of all concerned. There were plenty of trouble makers still in town. All they needed was a provocation.

This provocation came through a dispute between the drivers of jitney busses and the police. During the early days of the strike, when no cars ran, jitneys were commissioned by the score to carry stranded passengers. When the traffic was resumed on the rails of the strike-ridden traction company, the jitneys continued to operate and, since the sympathy of Albanians in general was with the strikers, they got almost all of the trade.

Complaints were made by the traction company officials that these jitneys were operating on streets through which car lines ran, in violation of the terms of the franchise. The police were ordered to withdraw the special licenses of the jitneys. With a complete absence of tact, they chose to put this ruling into effect on the

night of May 19th, when the streets were crowded with sympathizers with the jitney men and the strikers. In the presence of these hostile thousands, they proceeded to tear the licenses off the motor hacks.

In fifteen minutes, a riot such as Albany had never seen was surging through the main streets of the city. The police were helpless against it. Cars of the traction company were stoned. Strike-breaking crews deserted them and were chased by howling hundreds for blocks. The tension had snapped. Albany was in for another reign of terror.

Immediately the old familiar cry went out.

“Call the National Guard.”

What good were the State Troopers, people asked? They had been called in months before to stop rioting, and now look what was happening! The fact that the troopers had not been in the city for weeks, and that there were none nearer than the Troy barracks at the time the rioting started, made no impression on the minds of the panic-stricken.

They continued to bleat frantically for the National Guard. These soldiers, they said, alone could stop the trouble that was now making night hideous. They had never seen the result

of machine gun fire, nor did they appreciate what an army rifle, fired into a mob, might do.

Meanwhile, Governor Miller had called, not for the guard for which Albanians were clamoring, but once more for the State Troopers. An hour after trouble started, horses and men had been ordered to Albany by rail from Oneida, Batavia, and White Plains, and ten troopers—all who were in the Troy barracks, were riding hard toward the riot-gripped city.

They were only ten, but when they formed at the head of the street in which fighting was still going on, and bore down upon the riot, they looked like a hundred. Under the surge of horses and men the mob broke and fled. They knew the uniforms and the prowess of the men who wore them.

Ten cavalymen in grey that night broke a riot that it was thought the guard alone could handle. By morning their number had been swelled to twenty. But the rioters, returning in the hope of more trouble, thought they were a regiment.

By horse, by motorcycle, and by automobile the troopers kept circulating through the business district. A guard had been placed over a building in the course of demolition which had

served the rioters as an ammunition dump the night before. Through the crowds all that day the men in grey kept weaving, breaking up groups, keeping everyone on the move.

No one raised a hand against them. No one dared. In the Albany papers that morning Major Chandler announced that his men had orders to shoot to kill if they saw anyone with a weapon or a missile. There was no trouble. The rioters had been bluffed out by twenty men.

Before that evening, reënforcements had arrived and the men in headquarters at the Capitol breathed a sigh of relief. The worst was now over. They had the men, and the men, they knew, could handle the situation.

There had been rumors that there would be further trouble that night. Reports had reached the troopers that cars would be fired upon as they passed the Ten Eyck Hotel in the heart of the city.

Persons passing the hotel that evening found themselves hurried on by importunate men in grey who would listen to no argument. Searchlights flooded the houses across the way from the hostelry with their glare and behind the lights on the roof of the Ten Eyck was a line of grey uniformed men, rifle in hand, waiting grimly

for the trouble that was predicted. There was no trouble that night. There was no more trouble at all.

For a week thereafter, the troopers patrolled Albany. No hand was raised against them; no shot was fired; no stone was thrown. The disorder that only the National Guard could stop was over.

It was over permanently. After a year of riots by labor, the State over, the workers gave up “direct action” as a futile and painful proceeding while the troopers were in existence.

During that year 232 men quelled disorder in a score of towns. They broke an open rebellion against the government in Rome; they restored the law among the unruly foreigners of the State’s largest steel city; they put down the most stubborn rioting that Albany and its sister towns had ever seen.

From the beginning to the end of their strike duty, they took no sides. They accepted no favors from either party. They merely upheld the law.

They saved the citizens of the State untold amounts in property that without their intervention would have been destroyed or damaged. They kept millions of dollars in the State treas-

ury which, otherwise, would have been squandered in calling out the Guard and keeping it in the field.

And during that bitter year, in uncounted riots, they killed not a single man, while the number they injured severely might have been counted on the fingers of two hands.

These are the men whom labor leaders will tell you are "Cossacks" and "the paid thugs of capitalism."

CHAPTER XX

SQUADRON, FORWARD!

THROUGH their conduct in the bitter class combats of the three years following the end of the Great War, the New York State Troopers proclaimed that they had achieved their majority. The ordeals through which they had passed not only served notice on the world that they had come to man's estate. They disclosed, as well, that this maturity was well tempered, sane, and courageous.

In four years the grey riders had become veteran policemen of a type far higher than any the Empire State had known heretofore. Long since they had ceased to be an experiment. Their value as rural guardians of the law had been proved in the first year of their existence. Now, they had demonstrated their ability to take over and handle successfully difficult situations, filled with possibilities of disaster, which, hitherto, many had said only the National Guard could control.

They had demonstrated that they were more than merely rural police. They had proved themselves to be the State's first line of defense; its sure sword in time of need.

The strike frenzy of those years marks the conclusion of one epoch and the beginning of another. To-day, the troopers have ceased to be on probation in any sense whatever. They no longer face the task of demonstrating their usefulness to the people they serve. That period has passed. Before them lies the work of maintaining—even raising still higher—the standard they have already established. Theirs is now no mere struggle for existence. The battle they fight hereafter is for further illumination of a splendid record; for increased helpfulness to the people of New York whose servants they are.

The tried and vindicated body of 348 men, who maintain the peace and enforce the law of the State's open places to-day, is a far different organization from the 232 who rode out from the pleasant meadows of Manlius in 1917. Yet the change and improvement has come about, not by any tremendous overturn of existing conditions, but by gradual evolution. The ideals of Service and Fidelity that inspired the rookies of Camp Newayo have not been altered or dimmed.

Years of trial simply have taught the officers and men of the command how best to achieve those ideals.

In the main, this evolution has been accomplished without external aid. The members of the squadron have been tested and sifted again and again. Those who have been unfit, whether officers or men, have been discarded. There have been some slackers and two or three crooks in the organization. This is unavoidable in any body of men assembled so quickly, organized so speedily and invested at once with such heavy authority. But the time of the drones and the trouble makers and the isolated breakers of their enlistment oaths has been always brief. Not only are they eliminated, but in addition many blameless and earnest men are asked to resign simply because, for one or another reason, they cannot fit themselves into the service; can not enter into the finely balanced teamwork that the department demands. It still is exceedingly difficult to get into the service, but it is simplicity itself to get out.

Twice since the formation of the organization, the legislature has recognized the value of the work it is accomplishing by adopting measures designed to aid toward greater achievement.

In March, 1920, Governor Smith, originally the most bitter antagonist of the troopers, signed the Walton-Martin Bill providing increased salaries for the organization and creating two new ranks.

The enlisted men of all grades received a ten per cent. increase in pay with the further guarantee that \$60 per year additional would be paid every man who reënlisted at the conclusion of each two-year "hitch."

The salary of the deputy commissioner was raised from \$2500 to \$3500; captains were increased from \$1800 to \$2500 and lieutenants from \$1300 to \$1800.

In addition, provision was made for the creation of a Troop Clerk for each outfit with rank and pay of sergeant and one Inspector with rank and pay of lieutenant.

On the shoulders of the troop clerks was loaded the responsibility of attending to the ever-increasing volume of office business-correspondence, filing, listing, and so forth.

The Inspector is actually a liaison officer between headquarters and the widely scattered troops. He sees that teamwork is carried on smoothly. He keeps watch over the conduct of the patrols and investigates complaints and pro-

tests received at headquarters. Practically, he is a glorified aide-de-camp to the superintendent.

Stephen McGrath, then first sergeant of G Troop, was the first man to hold this post. When he was promoted to the captaincy of Troop D, Lieutenant A. B. Moore of Troop D took his place and still retains it.

In April of 1921 further tribute was paid to the value of the troopers to the State when Governor Nathan L. Miller, whose watchword was economy and reduction in the expense of all departments, signed the Fearon Bill, creating two new troops, and raising the salary of the superintendent to \$8000 a year.

Provision has also been made for the establishment of a pension fund for those who grow old in the service.

Three months after the measure authorizing their creation was passed, the new units were in the field; one, Troop B, with headquarters at Malone; the other, Troop C, stationed at Sidney. Permanent barracks for each troop were nearing completion in the winter of 1921.

The officers of the six troops of the service are now:

Troop A: Captain W. W. Robinson, Lieutenant Edward Heim.

Troop B: Captain C. J. Broadfield, Lieutenant Walter Croasdale.

Troop C: Captain Daniel Fox, Lieutenant Daniel Faber.

Troop D: Captain Stephen McGrath, Lieutenant John M. Keeley.

Troop G: Captain E. F. Tobey, Lieutenant H. J. Nagell.

Troop K: Captain J. A. Warner, Lieutenant E. C. Roberts.

Of the twelve troop officers, only one, Captain Warner, entered the service in 1917 with a commission. All the others have risen from the ranks.

Captain George P. Dutton, the present deputy, likewise advanced from work in the saddle on patrol to his present post. He was successively sergeant, lieutenant, and commander of Troop G, and when Captain P. E. Barbour resigned in 1918, was chosen his successor. Large of frame, bland of demeanor, unruffled and sunny of disposition, yet a strict disciplinarian and a keen policeman, to him as much as to any man, save Major Chandler, is due the triumph that the command has won.

To him, also, it was that the men of the department turned instinctively when, early in 1921, it appeared for a time as though the dirty

fingers of politics, so long held back from the department, were at length to reach out and clutch it.

In February of that year, Major Chandler, believing that the work of organization was completed and that the department had obtained a sufficiently firm footing to permit some other hand to control it, handed in his resignation.

His reasons for this step were many. Chief among them was the realization that while he gave his time to police work, he must neglect his earlier profession, surgery.

"I'm not a rich man," he told his friends. "These are the best years of my life I'm living now. I've got to think ahead."

"I feel," he wrote Governor Miller, "that I must from now on devote my entire energy to my profession, having been away from it a great part of the time during the last five years—on border service, World War service, and State police work. The department is, I believe, a living human organization, well officered, uniformed and equipped, and with a definite and tried policy. Therefore, I feel that I can now leave the command with some degree of satisfaction."

Captain Dutton was the logical man to suc-

ceed him, yet in the interim that maintained before, at the earnest pleading of Governor Miller, Major Chandler withdrew his resignation, a dozen other names were mentioned for the post. None of them had the qualifications that were Dutton's but all of them had political pull. Earnest workers for the party, Guard officers, and others with even less claim for consideration, flocked to Albany and volunteered persistently to take the command.

The real peril that hung over the organization was averted by the withdrawal of the resignation of the Superintendent, but to those who knew and loved the State Troopers the great weakness of the system—which was also its great strength—was made manifest once more. To be what it was; to do the work it was accomplishing; the organization had necessarily to be under the command of one man and responsible to him only. That is the chief strength of the service. The flaw in that strength lies in the fact that a change of command under such a system may wreck the entire department. It is also gloomily significant that when the crisis came, almost anyone was spoken of as fitted for the post save the man who alone was qualified to be Major Chandler's successor.

In the four years of their existence, the troopers have proved themselves to be too valuable to the people of New York and their government to have their future efficiency risked by a "political move."

Year by year their work has broadened and intensified. On the foundation of law enforcement in the rural districts of the State, they have erected a superstructure of service to which each year has added strength.

They coöperate with practically every State department in its work. They are protecting highways against the destruction caused by overloaded trucks; they are enforcing quarantines established by the Health Department; they have taken over at least half of the work of game law enforcement hitherto carried on solely by wardens; they are working with the Department of Education in seeing that children get to school regularly and remain there during the years the State has a claim on them; they are investigating cases of destitution for the Department of Charities; they have carried on warfare against sheep-killing dogs, at the behest of the Department of Agriculture.

Those are only citations at random. In addition the service, over and above law enforcement,

that they render to the people of the countryside is almost limitless in its scope. Beyond these considerations, they have demonstrated that they are able to cope with whatever disorder may arise within the borders of the commonwealth. There will never be a Mingo in New York while the troopers ride patrol, for the simple reason that when they take charge of a situation they permit neither party in the conflict, whatever its influence, to violate the law.

This squadron of grey horsemen, not yet five years old, stands to-day at the peak of all police forces in the Western World. They are more than policemen. They are the link that joins the man in olive drab to his cousin in brass and blue. In them, the profession of soldier and peace officer, split up nearly two centuries ago, is once more joined. In them is this reunion—and something more. That something is the gospel of police work evolved and preached so zealously by Major George F. Chandler—a gospel that ranks service and courtesy and friendliness only a little lower than law enforcement; that is evolving the first really democratic police organization to come into being in America.

On a basis of strict military discipline, Major Chandler, Captain Dutton, and the troop officers

GAME CONSERVATION



Looking Over a Hunter's Bag



Arresting Poachers

have built up a service that has striven frankly and most earnestly to purchase popularity, tending in exchange only legitimate coin. Fairness, courtesy, tact, generosity, courage, and gentleness—these have been rendered by New York's troopers for the place they hold to-day in the hearts of New York's people.

That ideal has not been followed perfectly. No ideal ever is. Yet in spite of human nature, which stands between them and perfection, the New York State Troopers are more nearly what police officers of freemen should be than anything hitherto evolved in America. They have made themselves the servants and aids of the people, rather than armed men set in authority over them.

There has been no touch of magic in this accomplishment. It has been brought about on the part of the men by hard work, infinite patience, fairness, and friendliness in the face of early rebuffs. To this has been added the commander's knowledge of human nature and organizing ability, together with, perhaps, a poetic love of perfection. Few men who sow may see their seed spring to such splendid fruition.

The men who have figured as the heroes of the tales, recounted earlier in this volume, are not

supermen. Except for their training and a certain physical excellence bred by the nature of their work, they are counterparts of eight out of every dozen young men of America.

The stories of their achievements are faithful reporting, save that here and there the name of a wrongdoer, since reformed, has been changed. The tales may be found in briefer, more cut-and-dried form in the records of the various troop headquarters from which many of them have been chosen, almost at random. Others have been gathered during the long miles of patrol when the man with whom you ride forgets for the time that his companion wears the grey of the service only temporarily. In the main, they are typical. To gain a clear idea of the accomplishments of the New York State Troopers, you may safely multiply most of them by one hundred. If the grey riders are pictured herein as super-policemen, it is the fault of the service rather than of the writer.

Place any man in uniform, and immediately you multiply his power over his fellows in civilian garb by ten. Teach him that courage is the quality his organization values most highly and failure the one thing it cannot brook; support this doctrine by frequent references to the tradi-

tion and the ideals lying behind the service, and in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred you evolve a soldier or policeman almost as invincible as Achilles.

It is training of this sort that helped the United States Marines to whip the Prussian Guard; that enabled a sergeant of the old Northwest Mounted to ride into an Indian village and, after kicking the mutinous chief to his feet, chase the whole tribe back onto the reservation. It was the uniform, the training, the tradition, and the ideal that gave ninety men at Rome, N. Y., the power to break and scatter an armed mob of eight thousand.

A police force, bred and reared as the troopers have been, is an extremely difficult organization for anybody to whip.

Long since, the men of the service made the people of New York State their allies. To-day their gospel, which has converted the Empire State, is being spread in other commonwealths. There was the gap of a decade between the organization of Pennsylvania's force and the creation of the troopers. To-day, New Jersey, Massachusetts, West Virginia, Maryland, and Michigan all have forces in the field; each modeled in part at least upon New York's

squadron. Other States are making ready to follow—Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Delaware, Virginia, Georgia.

The lesson that New York's horsemen teach is taking hold. Within the next decade it will inevitably gather more force. The altered conditions of life in America to-day make the formation of such organizations imperative. The record created by the New York State Troopers makes clear what such organizations should and can be.

The movement is spreading and will spread until it eventually envelops the entire nation. It is not an altogether fantastic hazard that eventually the peace of the world will be kept inviolable by an International Police tracing its descent from the handful of men in grey who gathered on the Manlius meadow in the time of the Great War.

THE END

CENTRAL CIRCULATION
CHILDREN'S ROOM

770
1730



